

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1979 \$2.25

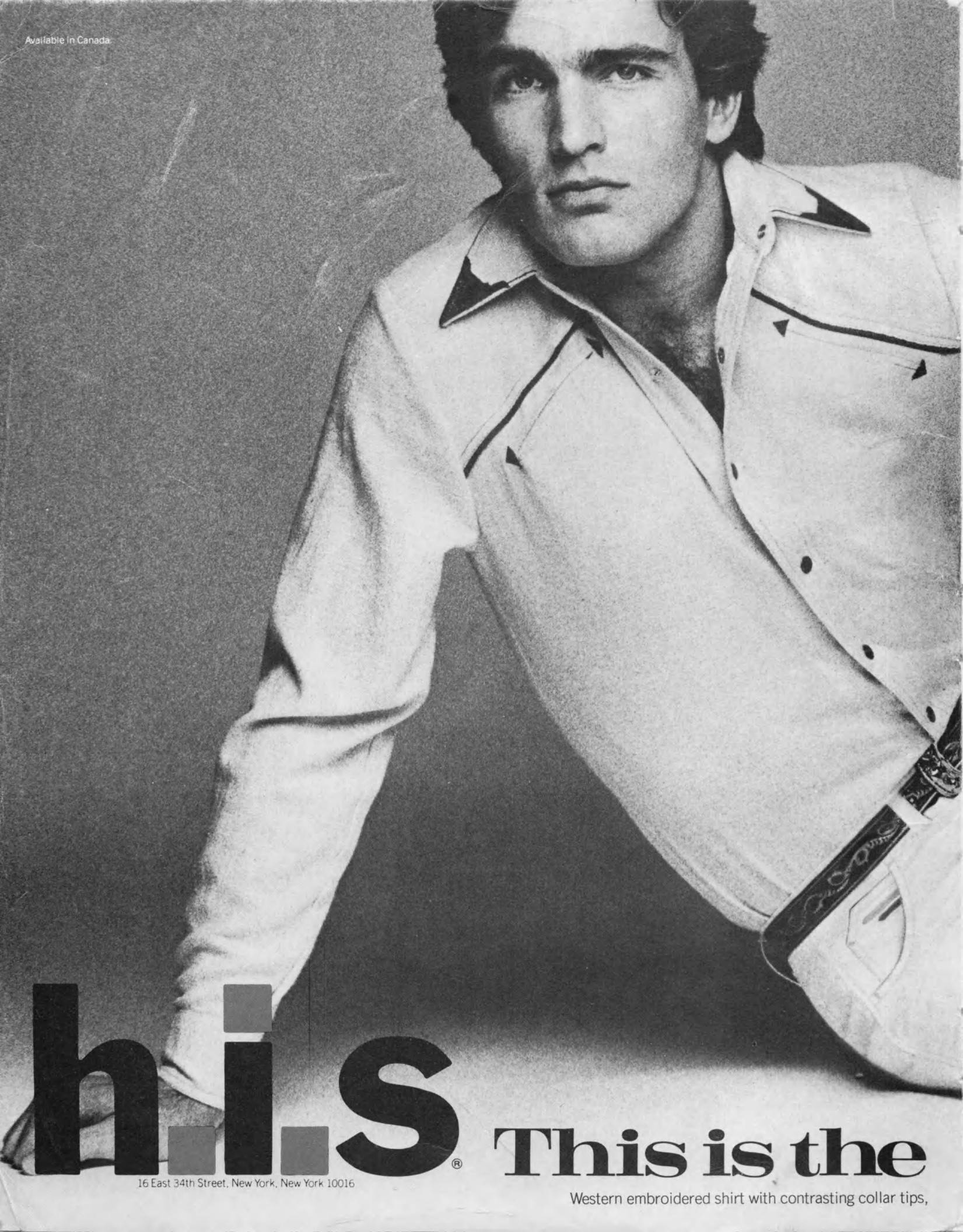


PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

THE WHITE HAND: TERRORISM FOR HIRE • THE KID: SMUGGLING GRASS •
PAUL ERDMAN: THE FUTURE OF MONEY • SECOND CITY: FIRST IN COMEDY •
CHILDREN IN PRISON: KIDS' RIGHTS • TOM T. HALL: NOT A FUNNY HILLBILLY



Available in Canada

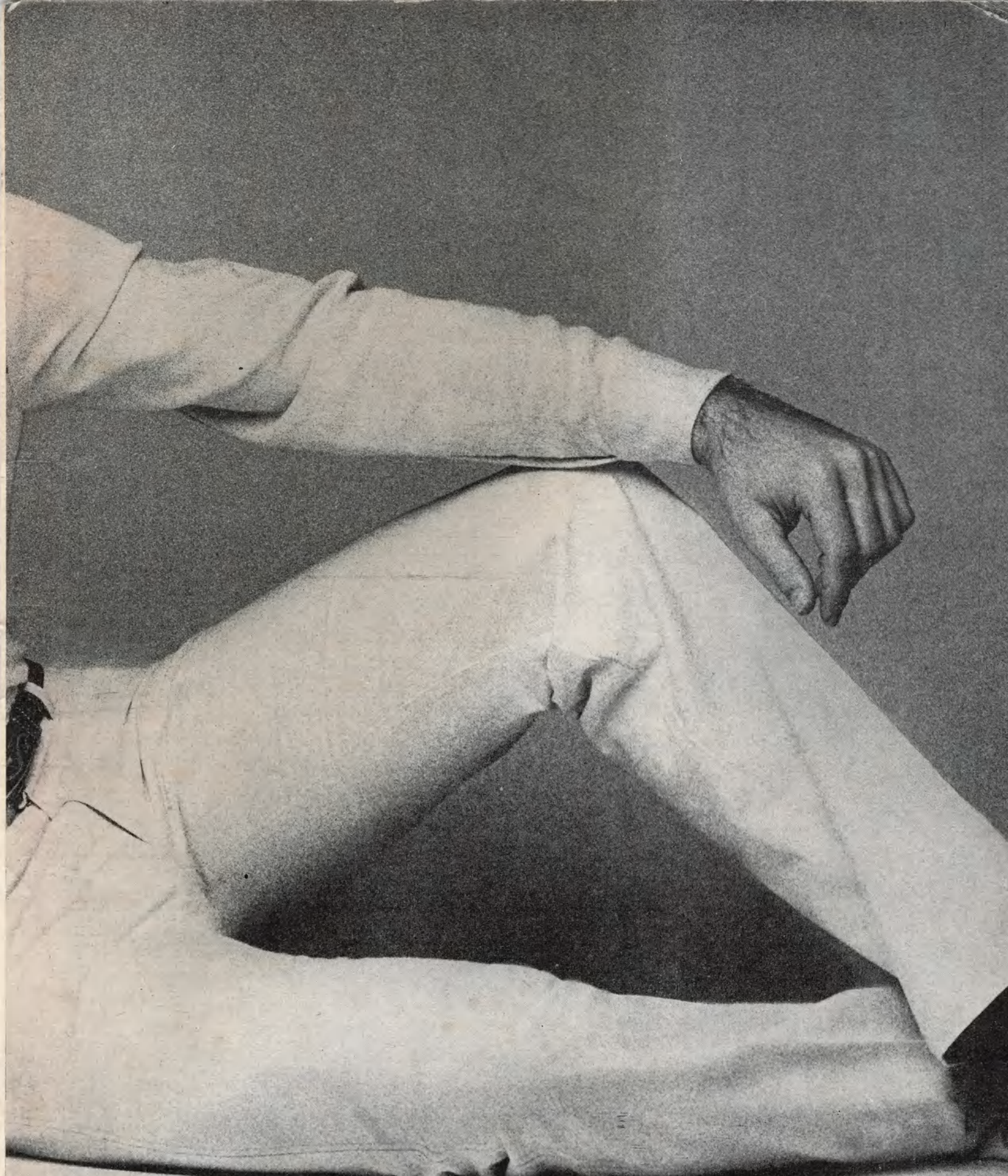


his®

16 East 34th Street, New York, New York 10016

This is the

Western embroidered shirt with contrasting collar tips,



way tomorrow looks.

in natural gauze. About \$22. Coordinating western jeans in natural sheeting. About \$20. At fine stores everywhere.



Travel through Europe and South America and you will find Pino Silvestre in every capital... Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Caracas... The international Fragrance of Pino Silvestre—Europe's and South America's best selling men's cologne... Pino Silvestre with a refreshing natural scent demanded by today's man... and now the international fragrance of Pino Silvestre has arrived in America at:

"Abraham & Straus, Bloomingdale's, Bamberger's, Buffums, Foley's, Gimbel's, N.Y., Hahne's, Macy's, N.Y., Marshall Field's, Wanamaker's, Woodward & Lothrop, Macy's S.F., Carson Pirie Scot & Co. and at other fine department and specialty stores."

International Perfumes, LTD. N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/June 1979

Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE

ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER (INT'L.): FRANCO ROSSELLINI

SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
FEEDBACK	Opinion	46
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander 55
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	D. Keith Mano 63
SCENES		Emily Prager 64
FILMS		Roger Greenspun 66
WORDS		Patrick Owens 67
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer 68
THE WHITE HAND	Article	Ernest Volkman and John Cummings 72
WE'RE PLAYING HER SONG	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller 80
TOM T. HALL	Profile	John Eskow 92
THE KID	Fiction	Albert Goldman 96
PAUL ERDMAN	Interview	Lawrence Linderman 100
DESIGNING WOMAN	Pet of the Month	Photos by Stan Malinowski 107
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	120
PET-OF-THE-YEAR PLAYOFF	Pictorial	122
MOMMY BITCH	Satire	Tom Eyan 130
HOW MANY ACRYLICS HAD TO DIE TO MAKE THAT SWEATER?	Article	Denis Boyles 134
LET'S GET SMALL	Service	Ivan Berger 140
ALANA	Pictorial	Photos by Ronnie Hertz 148
THE ELEVEN THOUSAND WHIPS	Fiction	Guillaume Apollinaire 167
THE AGE OF ANDROGYNY	Quiz	Frank Donegan 171
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service	Ed Emmerling 175
THE RAT INVASION	Article	Richard Ballard 176
CHILDREN IN JAIL	Article	Nat Hentoff 184
PORSCHE 924 TURBO: MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE	Service	Wade Hoyt 200
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton 212

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020). U.S. Volume 10, Number 10. © Copyright 1979 by Penthouse International Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by Comag, Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QF. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S. AFO—\$20.00 one year, Canada—\$28.00 one year, and elsewhere—\$26.00 one year. Single copies \$2.00 in U.S. and AFO (\$2.50 December and January issues), \$2.25 in Canada (\$2.75 December and January issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301. Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; West Coast: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067. U.K.: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

Jeep CJ

**We build 'em tough
Because you play rough!**



The Jeep CJ is built for fun. But sometimes the fun gets a little rough. So, underneath the skin of each Jeep CJ rests a reputation for rugged dependability. Backed up with decades of 4-wheel drive experience and expertise.

Sound tough? You better believe it! And what's more, the CJ-7 is available with Quadra-Trac®, Jeep's exclusive, automatic 4-wheel drive—the system with traction unsurpassed by the competition.

If you've got the urge for some really exciting 4-wheeling, you do have a choice in the great outdoors—the sporty CJ-5 or the extra-roomy CJ-7.

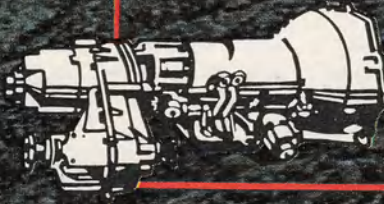
RUGGED SPRINGS AND SHOCKS for superior lateral control and stability.

OPEN-END FRONT AXLE to give the Jeep CJ optimum control in tight situations.



EXTRA RUGGED FRAME with six cross members for the strength and durability you need in tough situations.

QUADRA-TRAC available on the CJ-7 for traction when you need it, automatically!



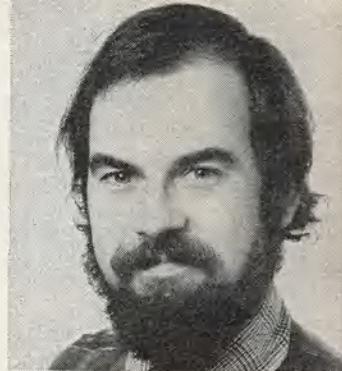
Jeep

We wrote the book on 4-wheel drive

Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corp.



NAT HENTOFF



DENIS BOYLES



TOM EYAN



JOHN CUMMINGS



ERNEST VOLKMAN



ALBERT GOLDMAN

HOUSECALL

"We created the monster. . . . Now he has broken his shackles and is running wild. I don't have any bright ideas how to stop it." These ominous words of an American intelligence officer may recall a grade-B horror-movie scenario, but this monster is real—a Latin American organization of killers for hire called "The White Hand" (page 72), whose members were trained by the U.S. government. In this exclusive report **Ernest Volkman** and **John Cummings** show how, in the early 1960s, the CIA created a group of highly trained CIA guerrillas whose sole objective was the elimination of Castro and other politically incompatible dictators. But in 1967 it was obvious that the scheme wasn't working, and the terrorists were suddenly out of a job. Not for long. Joining with other political dissidents, Cuban exiles, and a variety of right-wing fanatics, they became mercenary killers who torture, kidnap, extort, and assassinate for anyone willing to pay the tab.

Other outrages—such as the astonishing fact that America's children do not have many of the constitutional and human rights guaranteed to adults—could more easily be remedied but haven't been, not even in 1979, the year the United States has designated "The Year of the Children." Journalist **Nat Hentoff**, author of a book on education called *Does Anybody Give a Damn?* (Knopf), reveals in "Children in Jail" (page 184) that nearly a million youngsters are incarcerated annually, with little or no due process. Each year half a million children are sentenced to reform schools for the "crimes" of truancy or running away from home—obvious cries for help that are met with brutal and senseless punishment. It is hoped that President Carter's much publicized concern for human rights may soon extend to America's children.

No one would accuse country-western singer and composer Tom T. Hall of disliking kids: his best-selling hit, "Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine," has seen to that. (Hall also sponsors a children's Bible class.) The man who put a gritty social conscience into country music with the song "Harper Valley PTA" is equally devoted to his working-class, good-ole-boy background—a philosophy that, having made him rich, also appears to keep him humble. "Working people don't buy songs as hors d'oeuvres," he explains to **John Eskow**, who writes about music and pop culture. "They need songs as nourishment."

Our interview this month (page 100) is with Paul Erdman, a onetime Swiss banker who found that writing money-oriented best-sellers (*The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, *The Silver Bears*, and

The Crash of '79) is even more lucrative than banking. **Larry Linderman**, who interviewed Mort Sahl for us last March, talks with Erdman about international money markets and world politics. Erdman is considered a leading financial expert, as thoroughly in command of abstruse economic facts as he is a master of fiction. In this interview he claims, among other things, that Senator Kennedy's medical-insurance program would "really do the dollar in"; that nuclear power is our only logical source of energy in the near future; and that Carter, although well-intentioned, is a "political amateur." "We are no longer masters of our own fate," laments Erdman. "And nobody realizes it. They all think it's a plot by Exxon."

This month's fiction is excerpted from *Haulin' Grass*, a forthcoming novel by **Albert Goldman**, the author of *Ladies and Gentlemen . . . Lenny Bruce!* and *Disco*, recently published by Hawthorne. The middle-aged narrator of the story drops out of college teaching, discovers drugs, and is "reborn." On assignment in Colombia to do a story on the dope-smuggling situation there, he becomes fascinated with a young blond Adonis who, at twenty-one, is already the greatest dope dealer in that country. "The Kid" (page 96) concerns some of the more hair-raising adventures of this audacious young redneck, who wears Adidas, chain-smokes joints, and flirts with death as nonchalantly as Evel Knievel.

When you're ready for some light, early-summer reading, turn to page 130, where humorist **Tom Eyan** satirizes the recent phenomenon of Hollywood tattletale books. (Needless to say, "Mommy Bitch" was inspired by the best-selling sob story written by the battered daughter of you-know-who.) By the time Anonymous Joy has blurted out her sordid, breathless tale of woes, you'll know everything about her *but* her name.

Television satire, of course, has never been so "hot." But too few comedy buffs know that their favorite "Saturday Night Live" comedians—Bill Murray, Gilda Radner, John Belushi, and Dan Aykroyd—hail from an obscure improvisational group called Second City (page 134), which is now a Toronto-based television show. **Denis Boyles**, a former "New York Times Magazine" editor now working on a book about war correspondents for Simon and Schuster, spoke with several Second City stars as well as with its more famous graduates. Staff photographer **Stan Malinowski** provides some suitably wild and crazy pix. The rivalry between "Second City TV" and "Saturday Night Live," it seems, is quite friendly—if a little ambivalent: one SNL insider tells Boyles, "In terms of being consistently funny, Second City is a lot better than ours. Well, not a lot better, but real good."

Also "real good" this month are our uncommonly luscious and well-endowed Pet-hopefuls in this annum's Pet-of-the-Year play-off—proof positive that June is, indeed, bustin' out all over. 



There may still be places on earth
where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy, 80 proof.

PENTHOUSE[®]

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione (chairman and president)

Irwin E. Billman (executive vice-president)

Kathy Keeton (senior vice-president)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Senior Editors: Peter Bloch, Robert Hoffer, John Lombardi; National Affairs Editor: William R. Corson; Fiction Editor: Paul Bresnick; Fashion Editor: Ed Emmerling; Humor Editor: Bill Lee; Service Editor: Gwenn Lewis; Norman, Associate Editors: Cynthia Grenier (films), Gay Haubner, Laurie Lister, Kay Shaw; Senior Copy Editor: Michael Schrader; Associate Copy Editor: David Grambs; Editorial Assistants: Karen Bernard, Kathryn Green, Suzanne Locatelli, Lynette Wesley; Research Editor: Susan Bidell; Contributing Editors: Kingsley Amis, Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Henry Morgan, Frederick Mullally, Robert Palmer, Edward Sorel, Marilyn Stasio, Nick Tosches, Nicholas von Hoffman; West Coast Editor: Toni Biggs

ART

VP Art Director: Joe Brooks; Assistant Art Director: Claire Victor; Designers: Richard Aloisio, Wendy Talve; Staff Photographers: Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski, Pat Hill; Photo Editor: Hildegard Kron

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher: Kathy Keeton; VP Advertising Director: Marianne Howatson; VP Promotion Director: Alma Moore; VP Administrative Services: Jen Winston; VP Production Director: John Evans; VP General Counsel: Joseph Kraft; Associate Advertising Director: Jay Rerner; Advertising Administration Manager: Ingeborg S. Schmidt; Midwest Advertising Manager: Norman Kamikow; Controller: Marc Bendesky; Circulation Manager: Robert Castaldi; Assistant Circulation Director: Richard Fogel; Advertising Production Director: Toni Wagner; Editorial Production Manager: Camille Russo; Editorial Production Associate: Michael Weinglass; Research Director: Carole Rossant; Sales Promotion Manager: Beverly Greiper; Pet Promotion Director: Marietta Ciriello

ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. Detroit: (Christine Meyers): 950 E. Maple, Suite 204, Birmingham, Mich. West Coast: Penthouse Intl. Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, Tel. (213) 277-7125. U.K. & Europe (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.

(U.K. & European editions)

Directors: Bob Guccione (Chairman), Alan Root (Managing), Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton

Editorial, Executive Editor: Neville Player; Art Director: Alison Daines; Production Editor: Harriet Blaney; Contributing Editors: Kingsley Amis, John Blunsden, Frederick Mullally; Administrative: Advertising Director: Peter Goldsmith; Director of Public Relations: Molly McKellar; Accounts Manager: J. Herbing

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro 23039, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komjenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), those these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Slave away

I'm a single, thirty-two-year-old, sexually active male who enjoys reading every issue of *Penthouse*. For background information, I have had the opportunity to date and enjoy a relatively varied group of women. I've been told that although I'm a quiet type of guy, I'm considerably adept at satisfying a woman's needs in bed.

Up until recently, though, my sexual activities were the usual straight and intimate fucking and sucking sessions. Since then I've had an experience that took me by surprise and proves that sometimes fantasy can turn into reality.

After a long workweek, I was definitely in a party mood and went to my favorite disco. Toward the end of the evening, I took two stunning women friends to an after-hours pub, where my eyes immediately fastened on this foxy and very exotic-looking girl. She would have made any man's head spin around. Luckily, one of the women with me knew her and introduced us. She was a ravishing, twenty-four-year-old beauty, tall with long, dark hair; large, almond-shaped eyes; and a creamy complexion. Her body, in a slinky dress, was magnificently tuned from four years of modern dance lessons. She was a sight to behold.

The first chance I got I asked her if she would like to get together soon, and she readily agreed. I asked her out the next night; and at the end of a good evening of talking and laughing a lot, we went to my place to see a comedy show on television that we'd both wanted to see.

By the time we'd gotten ourselves drinks, smoked a joint, and settled in front of the television set, though, we learned that the comedy show had been preempted by a special show. We were disappointed, but not for long. Like magic, her mouth immediately met mine. We were off into fantasy land. Her body twisted and turned; moans and groans poured out of her. She whimpered and purred like a feline in heat. My hands reached out and gently caressed her firm, well-shaped tits. The nipples under her dress were sticking out so far that they looked like the nipples on a baby's bottle.

I pulled down the elastic top of her dress, and her boobs fell out free and heavy. I kissed, sucked, tongued, and nibbled her to a state of obvious ecstasy. I was hot as a firecracker, too, of course. I just couldn't believe how responsive she was. I reached under her dress to feel and massage her cunt, and to my delight her panty hose was dripping wet with her juices. My dick was

longing to free itself from the confines of my pants. I reached for her hand and guided her into my bedroom. We stripped the clothes from each other and finished what we'd both been yearning for. Words could not describe what followed: she licked and sucked my cock as if it were a lollipop; she deep-throated me countless times and licked and nibbled my balls.

My mind and body were engulfed with shock waves and tremors. I buried my lips and mouth in her drenched pussy. I tongued that luscious and sweet-tasting clit and pussy of hers. Her body was in convulsions as if she were having an epileptic seizure. She was murmuring and moaning constantly, and her legs, straight up in the air, seemed to be reaching the ceiling. Her pussy juices flowed like Niagara Falls down to her anus. The bed sheets were already soaked, and we hadn't really gotten started yet!

I eased my very long and fat cock into her hot, silky-feeling cunt. It was truly unbelievable! I was on top of her, gently easing my dick round and round. I moved it in and out, building up to a giant crescendo. We pounded away for what seemed like an eternity, and she gave it all right back to me. Then I dismounted, stood on the floor, had her kneel on the edge of the bed, and fucked her from behind while I gently rubbed the area around her clit. The sweat was just pouring off me. I was plugged into her good, feeling everything that her cunt had to offer me. I again mounted her, in the missionary position, and we made love with greater intensity. We were both moaning when we came and lay spent on the bed in each other's arms. I wasn't surprised when we realized one of the boards in the box spring mattress was cracked in two.

I'd rarely felt happier or more serene until I realized that Sharon was crying softly and whimpering. "What's wrong, babe?" I asked. She said, still crying, "You don't understand." I asked her what she meant, but she just kept on crying and sniffing. Finally, I lit a cigarette and asked her again. "Now, damnit, what's on your mind?" I asked her. "You know you enjoyed it as much as I did." She sobbed, "That's not it." "Then what is it?" I shot back, really getting exasperated. She cried out hysterically, shaking all over with emotion, and then blurted out, "I want to be your slave!"

I was struck dumb. Finally, I muttered back, "Am I hearing right? You want to be my slave?" "Yes," she answered softly. "Yes what?" I demanded. "Yes, Master!"—A.C., Concord, N.H.

The new Accutron® Quartz Alarm. An alarm watch, a calendar watch, a two-time-zone watch, an international travel watch. This remarkable bit of technology, \$195 with strap (#82102), and \$225 with bracelet (#82103). Prices suggested retail.



© Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

from Bulova's century 2 collection

Over a hundred years ago, a Bulova was one of the most advanced watches you could buy. It still is.

Beach blanket bingo

I am a single girl of twenty-eight, blonde and with what my lovers tell me is a terrific body of 36-23-35. Although I am no nympho, I can never seem to get enough cock. My favorite pastime is to lick and suck my man's cock for as long as he can stand it. His record is forty-five minutes, while I finger my clit. But I'm not writing about my *present* sex life. I want to tell you about what happened one summer in my late teens, when I became a woman and fulfilled an unknown fantasy.

I was sent off one summer in Florida with my aunt, whom I had never met. She was my father's younger sister. When I first met her at the airport, I was shocked. There stood a gorgeous woman of thirty-two, with a body that would be welcomed by the Dallas Cheerleaders. But the *real* surprise was that she had a son, Dan, who was about my age. He greatly resembled his mother. I suppose I should have been suspicious of his age in view of his mother's youth; as it turned out, it was better this way.

Mary, my aunt, had to go into Miami on business; so Dan and I were left alone. He suggested that we spend the day at the beach at a secluded little cove where we could picnic. I was in heaven! My panties had been soaked ever since I met him. Now I'd have my chance to get rid of my cherry. I thought, even though I wasn't sure exactly how. (Even masturbation was beyond me back then!)

We packed a lunch and piled into his little car for the hour's drive to the beach. The view was breathtaking, but Dan explained that we would have to hike down to the rocky beach and around the shore to the cove. In my haste to leave, I had forgotten my shoes; so it took us forever to climb down the boulders to the path that led to the cove. All of a sudden, though, we heard noises and hid behind a boulder to look down at the beach below us.

Mary, moaning in pleasure, was lying naked on the sand while a man crouched before her, eating her cunt. I was transfixed! *This couldn't be true*, I thought. Mary was in Miami! But the proof was right before us. She was tossing her head from side to side as the man ate her; clasp his head between her thighs, she arched up in orgasm. The man lay down, and Mary took his trunks off. There was the first prick I'd ever seen. She licked it and stroked it until it came to life. It was at least ten inches long, with a head as big as a lemon. She sucked the head into her mouth and throat eagerly. Her head was bobbing up and down as she fingered her clit. It would completely disappear and then reappear as she sucked. Kissing the head, she lay back in the sand. His entry was so forceful that it lifted her completely off the ground. Her eyes were closed, and she was calling to him to fuck her harder. He was ramming into her and sucking the sand off her nipples at the same time. They were approaching or-

gasm now as she wrapped her long legs around him.

Suddenly, I felt two warm hands on my bra and turned around to find Dan nude, with his cock at attention.

Then Dan took off my bra and my briefs. He began kissing his way up my legs. Bypassing my cunt, he proceeded to my breasts and sucked my nipples to attention. Now I knew how Mary must have felt. Working down my stomach, he came to my cunt and thrust his tongue inside. I cried out and begged for more. While he was sucking on the clit, I was climbing to heights I'd never known. I came in waves of pleasure. It was my first orgasm!

Not waiting for me to rest, Dan stood and pushed me to my knees and his waiting tool. Licking the circumcised head, I hungered for more. Remembering what Mary had done, I swallowed the head and began working my way down. When I had taken it all down my throat, I sucked hard and then came back up for more air. Dan pushed my head back down on the prick, and I sucked and licked the throbbing head. With a little cry, Dan came in my mouth. I swallowed all the come that I could, but some of it dribbled down my chin. I stood up, and Dan licked the semen off my face. We kissed and he tongue-fucked my mouth while I stroked his cock. It all seemed to come very naturally to me, I must admit!

After a few minutes he laid me down while I sucked him back to erection. Stroking my legs, he told me to put his sweet love muscle in. Taking it in my hands, I rubbed it along my clit and down between my legs. It was so wet that it went in smoothly until it hit my hymen. He thrust deeply then, four or five times, and broke through. I felt no pain, only incredible pleasure. My legs were wrapped around him as he moved in and out. The waves came again and swept me away with them. Twice more I orgasmed, and still I wanted more. Dan was moving into me with even more force now as he kissed my neck, face, mouth, and breasts. I could feel his cock growing inside me with my own pleasure. He was slamming into me now as I came once more. He groaned and pulled out just as a thick stream of come pulsed from his glans. It landed on my stomach and breasts, and he very sensuously massaged it into my sun-toasted skin as if it were suntan oil. Then, hearing a movement behind us, I looked back to see Mary and the man she'd been fucking applaud us.

I was stunned and incredibly embarrassed. Then I saw that Dan wasn't surprised at all—in fact, he was grinning from ear to ear. Suddenly, I realized that it had all been planned. I should have been mad, but I wasn't. Who would mind such a pleasurable practical joke?

Later they explained that they could see that I had a crush on Dan and had cooked up that afternoon scheme so that we could get together. Needless to say, we fucked the summer away and quite a few more after that!—Name and address withheld



"Tell me, Mrs. Bradley, just how artificial was your insemination?"

Benson & Hedges Lights

"B&H,
I like your style."



BENSON & HEDGES
100's



Only
11 mg
tar

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Mother's Day

About five years ago, before I was married, I was dating a girl named Jane. She was a good-looking chick, and we had some great sex together, but the day I'll remember for the rest of my life was the one I'm going to tell you about.

One Friday afternoon I dropped by Jane's house unannounced to see if she wanted to catch a movie. Well, Jane's mother, Fran, opened the door, wearing one of her short dresses, and said that Jane had gone to the store and would be back in a while. Then she invited me to wait for Jane on the couch.

I sat down, started watching television, and began talking with Fran, who was ironing behind the couch. Every time she leaned one way or the other, I could get a great glimpse of her behind, which was barely covered with black panties. I was getting horny and embarrassed, and then Fran said something that really shocked me. She said that she knew Jane and I had been getting it on and that she gave her approval since she liked me and Jane was protected. I didn't know what to say; so I mumbled, "Thank you."

The next thing I knew, she came around to the couch and sat down, facing me with her legs together but her dress hiked to the top of her thighs. I began to get a huge hard-on, and I was also afraid that Jane would show up. When I mentioned my fear to Fran, she laughed, saying that Jane was

at a slumber party for the evening and that she hadn't told me because she wanted me to come in. Next she asked me very pointedly what Jane did to get so "heated up" with me, as she put it. I was finally relaxing a little and told her that Jane and I liked to wrestle a little before sex, that it got us really turned on. Fran smiled and said that she had never done that before but that she would like to. Then she crossed her legs as a man would cross his. For the first time I noticed that the front of her panties was transparent. Needless to say, I took a good look and saw one of the hairiest pussies I'd ever seen. This gander made my dick get so hard that I was afraid she would notice it even in my fairly loose jeans.

I explained to her that my ultimate fantasy was to meet a girl who could really give me a good wrestling match or maybe even win one. At this, she giggled and told me that she thought she could beat me. I said that I doubted it, and she asked me if I was scared. I told her that I would give her a try and asked when she wanted to do it. She grinned and said, "Why not now?"

I asked her if she was going to wrestle in her dress, and she said that she'd wear whatever I wore when I wrestled with Jane. I told her that we were usually in our underwear. She smiled seductively and said that was okay with her unless it would embarrass me. I said that it sounded good to me and started taking my shirt off. She unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor.

Believe me, she was beautiful! Her figure was about 36-24-34, with no sags or wrinkles. Her bra matched her panties and was transparent in the front. I could see her beautiful nipples through it. She walked to the center of the floor and said, "Come on, unless you're scared."

I was beginning to feel in control; so I unzipped my pants slowly and pulled them off. Her eyes were glued to my cock. I took my place next to her and warned her that Jane and I made a bet before the match that the winner would get to make a request of the loser that couldn't be refused. That was all right with her; so we started. Before I knew it, she punched me in the stomach, boffed me on the head, and had me down on the floor. She had my arm bent behind my back and was pushing very hard, telling me to give up because I could never beat her.

At that point I hunched my back, and she went rolling over my head. Then I jumped on top of her and held her hands down. My cock was standing straight out and was almost touching her lips. I smiled down at her and told her that I would let her suck my cock if she gave up. Well, she screamed, "Never!" and hunched her belly. I couldn't believe that she was that strong or fast. When I landed face down, she was right on top of me and had my arm bent and a crushing hold on my balls. She said, "Give up, or I'll crush your nuts," and squeezed them very hard. Finally, I said, "I give up." She rolled me over on my back, stood right above my face, and pulled my underwear off. Then she sat down on my face and told me to eat her pussy until she came. I began licking inside her cunt and around the nub on the outside, and she came in literally seconds and then fell straight back off me from exhaustion.

I was sitting up to see if she was all right, and she smiled at me and grabbed hold of my cock and then smiled at me and said, "This is for coming in second," and furiously began to suck my aching cock. I shot my load in less than ten seconds and was still hard; so she ripped off her bra and hopped on top of me and started riding me while I played with her tits. Soon we both came. I just a few seconds after her, and lay exhausted in each other's arms.

We fucked on several occasions after that until Jane's father was transferred. I have never seen her or her horny mother since; but when people call me a mother-fucker, I don't get mad—I just laugh and say, "That's true!"—Name and address withheld

Good vibrations

I am a twenty-year-old woman whom you can call well experienced for her age. Two years ago I had a bizarre but very erotic sexual experience that I'd like to tell you about.

I moved in with a couple to work as a live-in babysitter for them and started reading "Forum" when the husband would leave his copy of *Penthouse* lying around. I can tell you that those letters left me drenched.





RABBIT AND COSTELLO.

How did photographer Marty Costello happen to opt. for a VW Rabbit?

"I was shooting for the performance," answered Costello.

See, every day Rabbit and Costello travel the 35 miles round trip from Hammond, Indiana (where they live), to downtown Chicago (where they work). That's a lot of miles.

And a lot of driving in temperatures that plummet to a merciless 20° below in winter and climb all the way up to a sticky, not-so-terrific 100° in summer.

"So why a Rabbit?" we asked.

"Look," he said, "my Rabbit and I have been performing together for over a year now, and we're still going strong. Why? I'll tell you why. I get a lot for my dollar with it. I get a comfortable ride, great visibility, incredible road handling with front-wheel drive, and sensational service from people who are even friendlier than I am."

Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all

over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anyplace, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to pack all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



My pussy was as wet as Lake Erie! Anyway, I started dating quite a bit and having sex with several men. Needless to say, I'm good-looking. I have blonde hair, I'm five feet eight inches, and I have a 38-26-36 figure that turns me on as much as it does men.

One night I was sitting with a friend at my favorite bar, and a guy I'll call Ken came over to my table and told me how gorgeous and sexy he thought I was. I must have turned forty shades of red! I also had on my bra and no underwear under my jeans, and I could feel my nipples hardening as he talked. When he asked me to come into his apartment with him to "listen to records," I couldn't say no. (He was so blond and good-looking—a really classic hunk.) I could also feel the nectar-sweet come soaking my crotch-tight jeans, and that gave me another incentive to say yes.

I smoked a little grass with him when we got to his apartment; but as we sat on his rug on the floor, I became a little nervous and spilled the drink in my hand. He said, "Don't worry, babe," and then pulled me closer to him. Then he asked me how I felt, and I said, "Fabulous." That seemed like a go-ahead signal to him. He instantly jumped up and led me to his water bed, where he proceeded to undress me, peeling off my shirt, jeans, and socks while I lay there, feeling helpless but very horny. He started rubbing my breasts and telling me how lovely they are (which is true, I must

admit). Then he reached into his bedside table drawer and pulled out a vibrator. He turned it on and explored my body with it, kissing and sucking me all over. Finally, he started tonguing my clit. He plunged his tongue deep into my twat, going into me so far that the heat from his tongue was warming my whole pussy canal. Then he began to rub lotion all over my buttocks until I squirmed with pleasure and desperately wanted to come. He slipped his middle finger into my anus long enough to get me relaxed a little and then slowly inserted the vibrator tip there. Then he pulled me down to the edge of the bed so that my pussy was up in the air, my legs around his shoulders. With the vibrator still sending shuddering sensations into my anus, he started biting my outer lips and teased my tortured clit, flicking his tongue up and down it. Then he stuck that long, narrow, very strong tongue of his into me and flicked it up and down in all directions. When I came, it was so overwhelming that I felt flooded.

Finally, after I'd recovered a little strength, he asked me to suck his cock for him. I reached down, grabbed his purplish, slightly curved, circumcised cock in my hand and began licking the shaft. While I did this, he turned me around so that we were in a sixty-nine position. I was over him. He dived into my cunt again, sucking my clit into his mouth and keeping it up until I exploded again. This time I really let loose and was actually screaming with pleasure.

He loved it! I jacked him off for another couple of minutes until he was stiff enough to slip his cock inside me. We screwed for an incredible two hours, with just about fifteen minutes for a break in between. I'll never forget it. It was the first time that sex had truly been thrilling for me physically and was also a turn-on mentally.

Now I'm very happily married to him, because I couldn't let a good thing like that get away.—*Name and address withheld*

Drum roll

Reading "Forum" has given my husband and me many hours of sexual enjoyment. It's really great to read about other couples who actually enjoy sex as much as we do and openly admit it. We are known as a "sexy" couple for the following reasons: it's our favorite subject of conversation, we practice what we preach, and we have become a kind of Dear Abby of the suburban set (which can be quite titillating). It amazes me to learn of the many sexual problems that friends have. Their problems always stem from taboos that they learned in childhood. We usually guide people back to sexual happiness by allowing them to borrow books from our vast sexual library and by openly discussing their interests and hang-ups.

We talk about our common practices, and this in turn opens our friends up to share their sexual scene with us. We never go into anything kinky, as we firmly believe that one should crawl before walking. And we have another rule: no sex with any couple we "instruct."

After our frequent talk sessions we are usually left extremely horny. One of those evenings led us into the best sex we ever had. My husband (whom I'll call Joe) is a salesman with his office at home. Consequently, we have a push-button telephone with two lines. After one of our friends talked about his problems for several hours, over several glasses of wine, he went home to see if he could stir up some action with his spouse. Joe flipped on the boob tube, and I went to take a shower. While the hot water beat down, I started playing with my shaved pussy, my thoughts drifting back to the stimulating conversation that had just taken place. Then a terrific thought began to develop. By the time I stepped out of the shower and dried off, I was terribly horny.

I took out all my "toys": a battery-operated vibrator, an eight-inch rubber dildo, a four-inch rubber dildo, and a jar of petroleum jelly. I placed everything neatly next to me on the bed, picked up the phone, and dialed the other number. You see, with two lines in one house, I can call from one room to the other.

Joe answered the phone in the living room. When he heard my voice, he laughed and asked why I was calling. I was breathing heavily by then. I told him that he had to do exactly as I said. He knew by my breathing that I was excited; so he stopped laughing and listened carefully. I told him to remove his pants and hold his delicious cock



"I decided to run away from home and try it on my own. Are you going to be one of my lessons in life?"



British taste / American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD. • 80 & 86 PROOF

in his able hands and stroke it while I spoke to him. From his moaning I could tell that he was pleased. I told him that I had my vibrator up my cunt, and it was making a humming, juicy sound. I then held the phone next to my wet pussy so that he could hear it. I also told him that I was greasing up my anus and would fuck myself with my "toy." He begged me to let him hang up and come to bed, but I wouldn't let him. Somehow he knew by my voice that he had to obey.

Thoroughly greased up, I picked up the four-incher but then decided upon the "big guy." I told Joe this, and he just about went crazy at the other end. I slowly pushed it in, all the while telling Joe what I was feeling. He in turn was telling what he wanted to do to me. This drove me into a wilder frenzy. It took some time to get the eight-incher in. Afterward, I held the phone next to my pussy to let Joe hear the squishing sounds. Meanwhile the vibrator was still in my cunt, and I was having the most delicious orgasms. I began rubbing my hard nipples with the petroleum jelly, and I started shivering all over with yet another orgasm.

Finally, gasping, I told Joe that he could hang up the phone and come to me. Seconds later he was next to me, pulling the vibrator out of my pussy and filling it with all of his big, circumcised dick. He pummeled me hard and long, and we both exploded in ecstasy.

I turned over to pull the big dildo out, and Joe said, "Don't touch that! You gave the orders before; now you'll take them." I lay there, trembling

in anticipation. My behind was feeling quite sore, and I said so. He didn't want to listen. He left the room for a while and came back with an assortment of silk ties and scarves. I moaned immediately because I knew that he would tie me up. But nothing was usual that night.

We have a drum table in our bedroom. Joe proceeded to empty the top of it and roll it on its side. Then he blindfolded and gagged me and tied me facedown around the table. There I lay, gagged, my head close to the floor, my hands tied behind me, my feet spread around the sides of the table, and my ass filled with an eight-inch dildo and quite vulnerably sticking up. He began to spank me because I'd been so "naughty" to withhold sex from him while I

talked to him on the phone. Each slap made my cheeks wiggle, forcing the dildo to slip in and out. I started moaning loudly as the gag prevented me from making any other sounds. I couldn't move. I was his prisoner, and he loved it. By about the tenth slap, though, my pussy was soaking wet, and I wanted to be fucked again.

With dildo still intact, he slipped into my cunt from behind and fucked me by rolling the table back and forth, using me like a swing. He was slow and deliberate, making me reach many, many orgasms, but never the big one. Finally, he knew by my heaving sounds that I was ready for my big one, and he rammed home. I actually lost consciousness when I had that last orgasm. Then ever so gently he untied me, removed

ass feels as if you're being played with. Wear the legs skintight, so tight that you have to force them over cowboy boots. They mold to your body, and it's all out there for crotch watchers to see.

My wife and I call one pair I have "ball tights." I wear them only around the house unless I feel horny enough to display it all. The bulge is almost white from my rubbing and hers. In the car she's always giving the bulge a rub—with my hard-on straining to find a place where it's happy. They're washed a lot, because I come all over them.

Many times I just leave my cock and balls outside and button around them—it's like a full-length cock ring. I even garden in our private backyard, with my family jewels enjoying the freedom outside the ball tights.

Sometimes only my cock is out, and fucking with Levi's on forces my ass into the best rubbing ever. My wife wears men's button-fronts at times, and trying to get in licks is a good, hard fight. I'm trying to train my teeth to unbutton them to get down to her pussy. She doesn't wear anything under the jeans, so that I can get to her pussy a little easier. We both like to wear this attire to X-rated movies, where we both go insane trying to play with ourselves. In one instance the movie turned us on so much that we couldn't wait to get to the car to strip off our wet Levi's.

Sometimes just wrestling around with them on gets us so fucked up that we can hardly get the goddamned ball tights off before we shoot our wads. It's

great! We like to go to rodeos dressed western. I sometimes wear a leather cock ring to show a prick that really gets the glances from the women and cowboys.

So, you drugstore cowboys, shrink a pair of skintight jeans, stuff yourself into them, and let the big bulge show. If it isn't big enough, roll up a sock and stuff it in. After all, when you strip, she'll never know, because by then you'll have a hard-on.—J.S., Anaheim, Calif.

Ride 'em, cowboy!

I'm the type of guy who doesn't believe everything that he reads. I thought the letters in "Forum" were concocted—until an adventure happened to me.

I'm a hunky cowboy from Texas. My wife

CHINON FAIL-SAFE XL FILMMAKER

With Exclusive
Auto-Magic
Monitoring.

The amazing Chinon 60 SM XL super 8 sound camera. Chinon makes the only sound movie cameras in the world that have "Auto-Magic" monitoring. So simple even a beginner can use it. Just press a button. Five green LEDs on the "Auto-Magic" panel light up to signal that your batteries, exposure, focus, film transport and recording system are "A-OK" and ready to roll.

Start filming. Data displays in the viewfinder tell you everything you need to know. Built-in fail-safe systems keep you from making mistakes.

Fail-safe focusing, too! Chinon's Safety Focusing System warns you if you move the lens out of the "safe" position.

Other important features: super-fast 6X (8-48mm) 1/1.2 power zoom lens with macro capability · split-image rangefinder · TTL auto exposure system · 220° electromagnetic XL shutter · Auto Sound Kick System for instant recording start · cordless tele-boom electret condenser mike · folding grip · unique world-wide warranty.

The security of "Auto-Magic" Monitoring can be yours for much less than you would imagine. It's available in Chinon sound cameras that meet every creative need and budget.

CHINON

Chinon Corporation of America, Inc., 43 Fadem Road, Springfield, N.J. 07081 · (201) 376-9260

the dildo, and carried me to bed. We fell asleep in each other's arms.—M.G., Huntington Beach, Calif.

Dominant jeans

For a while I haven't read anything about jockstraps, bulging nylon bikinis, panty hose, and other things that turn men on. I have not seen the topic of shrunk-to-fit button-front Levi's talked about in "Forum." Well, they're great. Get a pair that is an inch smaller than you'd buy in the waist and a couple of inches longer in length. I get thirty-two and thirty-six. Then I take the bastards and shrink them. It takes at least two washings, with the dryer hot. Squeeze them on, and you have a fit that is out of this world! Your bulge is right out front, and the

You're looking at three small sonic wonders that prove components no longer have to be big and bulky to sound big and beautiful. The Micro Series by Technics.

Take our power amp, the SE-C01. It has a high-speed switching power supply with filter capacitors that recharge 40,000 times a second instead of the usual 120. That's just one reason for the SE-C01's low distortion and clean, tight bass response. Direct coupling is another. With it, bass response goes all the way down to DC (0 Hz).

With an amplifier like this, you want power meters that measure up to it. 24 LED's provide true peak-power indication with extremely fast attack time.

Another big surprise is the SU-C01 preamp. It's one preamp but it works like two. Because it has a built-in preamp for moving coil cartridges. It also has gold-plated connections to maximize signal transfer.

To add the finishing touch, there's the ST-C01 tuner. It gives you great FM specs and great FM sound. And that's a big achievement considering its small size.

It's also a breeze to tune. Instead of conventional separate tuning meters, the center-of-channel indicator is on the tuning dial, where it's easy to see. Two LED arrows point you in the right direction for fine tuning.

Experience the Micro Series. Once you do, you'll agree: The big thing about them is definitely not their small size.

Technics micro series

SE-C01

Continuous power per channel into 8 ohms, 20 Hz - 20 kHz	Total Harmonic Distortion	Signal to Noise Ratio
40 watts	0.03%	110 dB

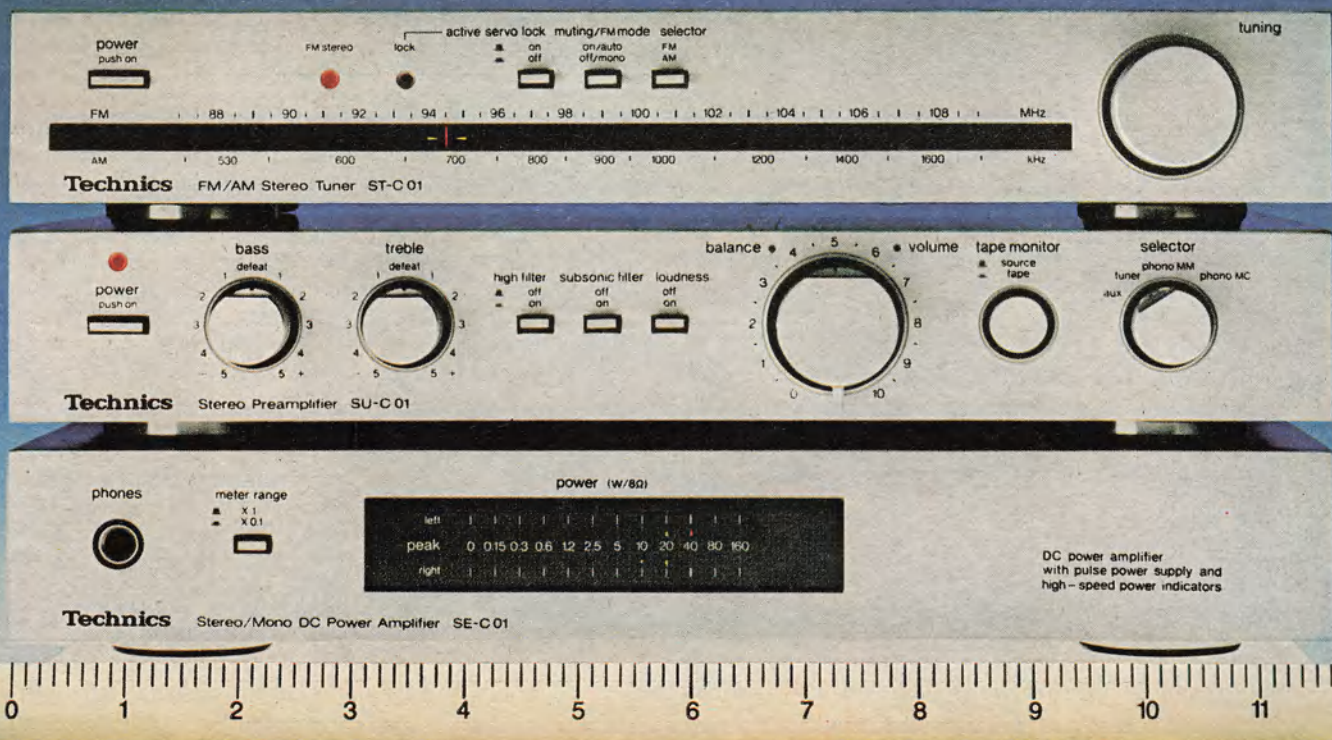
SU-C01

Total Harmonic Distortion	Phono Signal to Noise Ratio	Frequency Response
0.005% (phono) 0.003% (aux)	90 dB (MM, 2.5 mV) 78 dB (MC, 250 μ V)	3 Hz - 100 kHz, -1 dB

ST-C01

FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
38.3 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.15%

With performance this big, the last thing you expect is components this small. The Micro Series by Technics.



is a hippie, and so are some of her friends. All of my friends are cowboys. After I married my wife, I changed her into a cowboy; but when my friend married my wife's friend, Brenda, he couldn't change her. My wife is a fine piece of ass: 37-25-36, with the firmest tits and ass that I have ever seen. Brenda is a fine piece of ass also: 36-25-36½, with nice, firm tits and ass.

One Tuesday afternoon I came home, after helping a friend, about two hours earlier than expected. When I drove up, I saw Brenda's car parked out in front of the house. After I pulled up to the side of the house, I walked in. Nobody was around; so I looked out in back, and no one was out there. When I walked back inside, I heard some moans of pleasure coming from the guest bedroom. I cracked the door open and saw a beautiful ass, and I knew that it belonged to my wife because it was too beautiful to be anybody else's. Then I saw Brenda eating my wife.

I watched them getting it on for five minutes or so and then walked outside to my truck. I started to unload my horses, and they made so much noise that my wife looked out the window. When I walked in, Brenda was zipping up her pants. I smiled at her; and when she walked by me, I grabbed her ass and smiled at her again. She sat on the couch, and I sat in my chair. My wife came out of the bathroom and came over and sat in my lap and started to feel the hard-on that I was getting. Brenda

left about ten minutes later, and my wife and I went into the bedroom and started to make love; then I told her what I had seen and said that I wasn't mad but wanted Brenda to come over tomorrow so that I could watch them making love again. My wife said okay. After this our lovemaking was the best that we have ever had. She gave me the best blowjob that she has ever given me.

The next day I arrived at the house at the same time as the day before. I walked inside and opened the door. This time Brenda was on top, and something was different. She had had my wife put a vibrator up her sweet pussy and a dildo up her fine ass. I stepped back into the hall and took off my clothes and walked in and put my eight-inch dick between my wife's tongue and Brenda's pussy. My wife took my dick in her mouth and sucked me till I shot my load, and she kept on sucking till I was hard again. This time I made a motion to my wife to take the vibrator out of Brenda's pussy.

When she did, Brenda told her to leave it in. My wife told her that she was going to jack it off as if it was fucking her. When she took it out, I put my dick in its place and pumped away. When I started to come, I pulled out and put my dick in my wife's mouth and shot my wad. When I got hard again, I pointed to the dildo. When she pulled it out, I butt-fucked Brenda till she came to a screaming climax, which didn't take long; then I pulled out and walked out

of the room and cleaned up and left. When I got back to the house, Brenda was sitting on the couch. She told me that my wife was taking a bath and then she asked me, "Why did you grab my ass?" I told her that it looked soft, and it was.

So I bent over and kissed her and grabbed her fine tits, and she pushed my hand away, and then I went to her pussy, and she didn't move. She just kissed me and got hot. When we heard that the bathwater had been turned off, Brenda left. I took off my clothes and walked into the bathroom. My wife was bending over, and I put my dick between the crack of her ass and reached around and started to play with her pussy. When we got to bed, she sucked me. I ate her. We made love for about an hour and a half, and I made love to her ass for the first time. Her ass was the best.

The following week I went over to Brenda's house. Her husband had just left to go to work. When I rang the doorbell, she had on a sexy nightgown. She went to put on a robe and came back and sat on the couch about three feet from me. I told her what I had seen the first time and then what I had done to her the second time. She looked as if she were getting hot. So I walked in front of her and got on my knees and reached up under her gown and robe to pull off her panties, but she didn't have any on. So I put her gown and robe over my head and started to eat her pussy, and she just spread her legs wider so that I could get to her pussy better. After about five minutes of eating her, I picked her up and carried her to her king-size bed and took off her robe and gown and my clothes.

I lay on the bed (on my back), and she straddled my face and wiggled her pussy over my tongue while it was working on her clit and her love hole. She bent over and took all eight inches of my dick and sucked me till I shot my load. When I did she came, and she kept on sucking till I was hard again; then she walked on her knees and put my dick in her while she was facing away from me and rode my dick as if she were riding a wild bull. When she climaxed, she spun around and lay on top of me. We kissed for about ten minutes, and then we rolled on our sides. I pulled out and flipped over and started to eat her out again, and she sucked me again.

When I became hard again, I got on top of her and put it to her and pumped away. When she reached her climax, she almost threw me off. When I ride bulls in rodeos, I always stay on. I stayed on her till she climaxed three more times. I stood up on my knees, and she got on her hands and knees and started to suck my dick, which was still hard. While she was sucking me, I leaned over and started to finger her anus. Then she lay on her back again, and I got up on her and started to tit-fuck her. She held her right tit with her right hand, and I held her left tit with my right hand, and her left hand was at my butt, with one finger going up my anus while my left hand was working on her clit and love hole. We came



"My marriage counselor told me to share my wife's interests—how'd you like a blow-job?"

Two questions to ask yourself when choosing a low tar:

#1. Just how low in tar is it?

							
10 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	13 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	13 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	14 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.

#2. Can I go lower and still get good taste?

Yes.



Golden LightsTM

As low as you can go and still get good taste
and smoking satisfaction.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report
May 1978. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,'
0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Golden Lights: Kings—
8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

at the same time, and my come went all over her face. While she was licking it up, I went back to eating her out. This time I went from her pussy to her anus, and she went wild.

While I was Frenching her anus, she started working on her clit and her love hole. I rolled her over and brought her up on her knees, and she reached back and spread her behind wide open, and I put it to her. She kept backing up to meet each thrust I made into her anus. After she'd climaxed twice, I pulled out my dick, which was clean. So I started to French her anus, and we got back into the sixty-nine and had oral sex for about twenty minutes. She came about three times then. We got out of bed and took a shower together and fucked about two times, and she gave herself a bath while my dick was up her butt, and then I pulled out, and she gave me a bath. When she got to my dick, she sucked it for a long time. When we got out, she told me how much she loved me and how much she loved our lovemaking. She told me that I was the only guy who has brought her off with so many orgasms. (The number was around fourteen times, she told me.) She also said that cowboys are better lovers. I kissed her and left.

Brenda, my wife, and I do get together from time to time. When her husband is working evenings, she comes over and stays till 11:00 P.M. When he works the graveyard shift, she spends the night with us. Hardly anybody gets any sleep because my wife and I wake Brenda up when we're at it, and they wake me up when they're at it, and Brenda and I wake my wife up when we're at it. Most of the time nobody gets any sleep at all. Brenda and I also see each other on the side at her place or someplace else.

About a month ago we moved away, and we do see Brenda about twice a week, and she comes up here. So, all you cowboys out there who read "Forum," as Brenda said, cowboys are better lovers, and I proved it to her. So, cowboys, let's stay *numero uno* in the lovemaking department.—A.B., *Refugio, Tex.*

Four minds with a single thought

My friend John and I are two college
20 PENTHOUSE

freshmen, and we are very popular with girls. We have been on many dates, but we seem to have a problem. Since college women are young, they tend to be very tight. We cannot seem to get into their pants. One evening, though, John and I asked out the two foxiest women in the school. My date, Maria, is very attractive and is very tight in order to uphold her reputation. John's date, Toni, is the same way. As we drove to pick up our dates, we sparked up a joint in order to relax ourselves and make our plans.

We decided to take them to a drive-in movie: halfway through the movie John would get some Cokes, and on his way from the stand he would slip vodka in the soda. Soon we picked up the girls and ar-

nails were feeling my prick through the thin denim material of my pants. The sensation seemed to drive me into ecstasy. After our kiss I looked over into the front seat, where I saw John playing with Toni's large, perfectly rounded tits and tight, warm cunt.

Since John has a very small car and I did not want to hurt my newfound goddess, I suggested that we go to a hotel. John then reminded me that his parents were out of town and said that we could use his house. As we got in the front door of the house, John led Toni up to his room and told Maria and me to use the family room. As I was attempting to get out the foldaway bed from inside the couch, Maria literally attacked me and knocked me to the floor. She then began to take off her clothes until she stood

there in her silky bra and bikini panties. She reached around behind her and undid her bra. As it slipped off, the juiciest pair of tits I have ever seen floated out! Then she slipped her panties down her silky legs, revealing her dark love triangle. My cock seemed to break through the zipper of my pants.

While I was still lying on the floor, she walked up to me and straddled my head, putting her nice, sweet cunt over my face. As I began to lick her pussy, Maria began to moan, saying, "Lick me, Joe. . . . Ooh . . . Ooh . . . It feels so good when you eat me out." I also wanted some pleasure; so I whipped her around to the floor and tore my pants and underwear off. Placing my feet against the bottom of the couch, I positioned myself be-

tween her legs and drove home, pumping furiously! She willingly took all of my cock. Soon I began to feel her coming. As her cunt lips began to contract and release on my throbbing cock, I could feel the jism well up in my groin. I held out as long as I could, but I could not hold it back any longer. We both came in a mind-blowing orgasm.

As I withdrew from her cunt, I brought my cock to her mouth. She began to lick and suck until I was hard again. This time I flipped her over on her stomach and inserted one finger into her tunnel of love. I used the juice from her twat and some saliva to lubricate Maria's ass so that I could give her a good buggering. I inserted my cock in her ass. I loved the feel of her beautiful tightness all the while I was



Onkyo's T-4090 Stereo Tuner

We LED the way to Quartz-Locked Tuning

We introduced Quartz-Locked tuning and set a new standard for precise, FM Tuning, maximum separation, minimum distortion and no drift. Difficult as it is to improve on Quartz-Locked tuning, Onkyo did it by simplifying and beautifying the system with Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs).

Touch the tuning knob. Onkyo's exclusive ACCUTACT senses that touch, unlocking the system. A row of five, green LEDs indicates signal strength. The stronger the signal, the more LEDs light.

Flashing green LED arrows show whether you're to the left or right of the frequency you want. Tune until the red

"locked" lights. Release the tuning knob and the Quartz-Locked system takes over and automatically tunes in the best reception.

There is no way to beat Onkyo performance, who constantly keeps... a step ahead of state-of-the-art.

Hear Onkyo at work and see the quality line of their products par excellence at your local dealer.

Artistry in Sound

ONKYO®

42-07 20th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11105 (212) 728-4639

rived at the drive-in. As the movie progressed, John began to complain about being thirsty and asked if anyone would like anything to drink. The girls thought that it was a good idea, and so did we! John left the car, and on his way back I spied him putting the stuff into the two drinks. Right then I felt my cock grow in anticipation of gaining entrance to Maria's tight, warm, juicy cunt.

Our dates drank, and the movie went on. Then I noticed Maria's hand brush against my prick. Thinking that it was an accident, I paid no attention to the incident. But five minutes later she was all over me! Suddenly, she pressed her beautiful lips against mine, and we embraced in a deep, sexy kiss. As we kissed, her long finger-

Minolta XD-11.
The critics' choice.



**"...A NEW
STANDARD OF
FLEXIBILITY AND
COMPACTNESS
FOR ITS
COMPETITORS
TO TRY TO
APPROACH."**

—MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Words of praise from *Modern Photography* magazine typify the critical reception of the world's first multi-mode automatic 35mm reflex camera, the Minolta XD-11.

Experience the Minolta XD-11 and you'll agree with the experts. It does set a new standard. Multiple modes of automatic exposure mean unprecedented creative versatility. An incredibly bright viewfinder makes focusing effortless. And its advanced electronics give you professional-quality pictures with point-focus-shoot ease.

The Minolta XD-11 can be the start of your personal Minolta system. Choose from optional Minolta electronic flashes, an auto winder to advance the film for you at about two frames per second, or any of more than forty Minolta interchangeable lenses.

Your photo dealer will be glad to demonstrate the camera that *Modern Photography* called "incredible." The Minolta XD-11.

Minolta XD-11.
The automatic choice
of people who know
photography.

For an informative brochure on the Minolta XD-11 and the new economical Minolta XD-5, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ont.

minolta
XD-11

fingering her hot pussy. Between the time of insertion and my final orgasm, Maria had two vicious multiple orgasms.

After a little petting and resting in each other's arms, we decided to check in on John and Toni. Quietly and with no clothes on, we crept up the stairs and opened the door in order to observe John's face buried in Toni's pussy. She was coming on his face, and he was lapping up every drop. Then, putting Toni's legs on his shoulders, he exposed his cock from beneath his underwear and plunged all seven and a half inches into Toni's virgin cunt. She began to moan, saying, "Ooohh ... it feels so good ... Ooohhh ... fuck me harder!" John and Toni came to a shuddering climax. John rolled off and immediately began inserting his fingers faster and faster in Toni's wet, deflowered pussy. He soon began eating her and nibbling at her growing clit like a madman. In their sixty-nine John and Toni came in another mind-blowing orgasm.

Watching these two horny lovers, Maria and I began fucking wildly, too! We all fell asleep in each other's arms and did not awaken until 3:00 A.M. We got dressed and took the girls home. In the car we confessed to putting the alcohol in their drinks to induce sex. Then they confessed to us that they had purposely had sex with us because they did not want to remain virgins all their lives! Already John and I have planned our next get-together!!!!—*Name and address withheld*

Hot lips

I'm a nineteen-year-old coed attending a small New England college. Although I have many dates here at school, I've gotten to enjoy my evenings alone in my room. I have what many people would view as an obscene pastime. My body is terrific, and I am considered to be foxy by the boys here at school.

Until recently, I have been the only one involved in my pastime. I usually lie in front of my mirror and get myself hot by slowly exposing myself. I drink lots of wine and smoke a little grass so that before I even approach my mirror I'm juicy and ready to spread my sweet cunt lips. I love to be naughty, and I act like a naughty little girl while I'm doing what I do. I wear lots of makeup and put a wet, glossy lipstick on my mouth and also on my cunt lips. It makes them look wet and slippery and ready for my eager fingers. I spread my lips wide open and work my fingers in and out, watching my reflection in the mirror and listening to disco music, which gets me even hotter.

I really know how to turn myself on. Most of the time I wear a halter top with my black bikini panties, garter belt, and stockings. I also wear my leather boots, which end just above the knee. I watch myself making faces and run my tongue over my lips while the rest of my luscious body convulses in front of the mirror. When my fingers get hot and juicy from my pussy, I lick them so that I

can taste how good it is. Sometimes I take a lighted cigarette and put the filter end into my cunt. When it's wet and tasty, I begin to lick it as I would lick a small boy's penis.

This had always been my own private activity until a week ago, when I met a boy at a fraternity party. He asked if he could walk me back to my room. He wasn't very attractive, but he was drunk and horny, and I decided that I'd let him in on my little secret. When he got back to my room, I gave him a beer and poured a glass of wine for myself. After a few minutes of chitchat, I grabbed a few things from my closet and excused myself in order to go to my bathroom. There I changed into a pink tank top and pink knee socks. Then I fixed my makeup and smeared my cunt lips with lipstick before I slipped on my favorite cutoff jeans. (They're so short and vulgar that there is hardly any fabric between the legs.) I pulled them up far and tight and made sure that my cunt lips hung out on either side. I then rejoined him, acting like an innocent schoolgirl. I sat in a chair facing him and left enough room between us for him to enjoy the show. I had decided that he would take the place of my mirror.

I put my feet up on the chair so that my pussy was in full view except for the narrow piece of denim that ran down the middle. Then I became a schoolgirl tease and started to lick the rim of the wine glass and run my tongue over my lips. The denim was becoming damp, and the whole room smelled deliciously of my cunt. I put him off when he tried to make advances toward me, and I told him that he'd have to be content with just watching me.

He didn't seem to mind and pulled his stiff penis out and started to masturbate. Meanwhile I had one finger up my cunt and another up my behind. I usually put my fingers in my cunt first. When they get juicy, they go into my anus easier. I kept this up for a while, with him stroking his penis and me playing with my pussy with my long, pink-polished nails. As I saw him getting more and more excited, I knew that he was about to come. So I swallowed down the rest of my wine and brought the glass over to him and told him to come in it. I then got close to his face and looked into his eyes, giving him a great tongue show, making sucking noises with my lips and saliva. He came in a great explosion.

He left shortly afterward and thanked me for an interesting evening. As soon as he had left, I put my mirror back in position, spreading my legs in front of it and rubbing my clit as hard as I could until I came all over, fucking myself with the finger of the other hand at the same time. I know that some people may think I'm a dirty girl, but if cleanliness is next to godliness, I guess I'll just have to go to the devil.—*Name and address withheld*

All lockered up

I attend a fairly large public college in Virginia, and I never thought I'd have anything to relate to "Forum" readers. Last week, though, I had the most fantastic experience



"With all due respect, there's something I've been meaning to ask you, Sir John."

Fifth Bridge, Maligne River, Alberta, Canada

Canada at its best.

Enjoy the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.



Share some tonight.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, © 1978.

DRIVE A CLASSIC.

Come, see the classic wide-open 1979 MGB and MG Midget.

GRAND PRIZE:

A mint condition 1948 MG TC
worth \$17,000.

Come in to your participating MG dealer today. We'll give you a chance to win one of the great all-time classic sports cars, a 1948 MG TC valued at \$17,000. (The car cost \$1,875 when new, which should tell you something about how gracefully a well-maintained MG grows old.) And your car will be registered with the New England MG "T" Register Ltd., an organization dedicated to the T-series and vintage MGs.

There's nothing to buy. Just come in, pick up your entry blank, fill it in and mail it. While you're there, you can test-drive one of today's great sports car classics: the wide-open 1979 MGB or MG Midget.

Like their legendary ancestors, today's MGB and MG Midget have been built with the great care and craftsmanship that is part of the 50-year tradition of building MGs in Abingdon-on-Thames, England. They are classic convertible sports cars. Quick and responsive to drive, both MGs have the athletic reflexes of rack and pinion steering, short-throw stick and front disc brakes: all wrapped up in a lean, honest sports car design. One drive will tell you why MGs are the best-selling convertible sports cars in America.

Come. Drive a classic. Maybe you'll win one! But win or lose, you'll get a satisfying education in the classics! For the name of the MG dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

☐ Jaguar Rover Triumph Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



WIN A CLASSIC.

You could win a classic 1948
MG TC worth \$17,000!



No purchase necessary. Offer open to licensed drivers only and is void wherever prohibited by law. Residents of Ohio and Utah only may obtain an entry form at their MG dealer or by sending a self-addressed envelope to: "Win a Classic" Sweepstakes Entry Form, P.O. Box 9218, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Sweepstakes closes July 31, 1979.



of my entire life, right here in school.

My girl friend, Mary, and I were kissing in the hallway in between classes. We were both superhorny because she'd been under parental restriction for a week (for spending the night at my house). As she was closing her locker, an idea hit me; so I told Mary to meet me back at her locker a few minutes before the next period ended.

Before the dismissal bell rang, Mary and I met at her locker, got in, and shut it behind us. Our school lockers are pretty big, from floor to ceiling, and about two feet wide. It was really a tight fit, but I managed to get my pants down to my knees; Mary got her pants down and her shirt up. Just then the dismissal bell rang, and there were people all through the hallway. It was an incredible feeling for us to be in that locker, with her big, juicy tits pressing against my chest and my cock sandwiched between her luscious cunt lips. What was even more exhilarating was knowing that just a few feet away people were busily walking to and from classes. There were even people by the locker right next to us!

We were getting so hot by this time that we couldn't control our movements, and we must have made the entire row of lockers shake. We became so involved in our frenzied fucking that we were totally oblivious of our surroundings. Both of us reached such powerful orgasms that we thought that we heard bells ringing. Of course, as we

realized later, it was just the tardy bell.

We've continued our locker loving during the past week. Sometimes we make it at lunch and sometimes after school. Next week we're going to try it in the morning, before school. What a way to start off the school day!—E.P., Arlington, Va.

Racquet balling

I am presently a freshman physical-education major at a large university. Racquet ball has become a popular sport here, but I feel that I have taken the game to a new level of skill. Being an avid "Forum" reader, I would like to share my experience with other "sports" fans.

I was done studying early one evening; so I decided to go over to the Intramural Building and see whether or not I could get a game going with someone. Peeking into the various courts, I spotted two of the cutest rear ends that I had seen for some time. As the girls turned around, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that those cute buttocks belonged to a set of identical brunette twins. These girls were petite but well proportioned, and both possessed the most sensual brown eyes I'd ever seen.

After a few minutes of observation, I noticed that they were beginners at the game. Being the sportsman that I am, I introduced myself and offered to show them a few pointers. They agreed and introduced themselves as Mo and Jo.

We stepped into the court and began hitting the ball around. After a while I noticed that both girls were braless and had developed erect nipples. This excited me and my member to no end, and I began having trouble with keeping my mind on the game.

It was almost closing time, and we were about ready to quit. Jo said that one of her contacts had fallen out. All three of us stooped down on the floor and began feeling around for the contact. By now I was so excited that my rod almost protruded from my shorts as we crawled around. I was trying my best to conceal it when I caught Mo staring at the rather prominent bulge. Our eyes met for a few seconds, and then I began to realize what they were up to. Mo winked at Jo and exclaimed "I found it!" Before I could drop my racquet, my shorts were down to my ankles and the twins were down on me. Obviously, these two weren't beginners at everything!

Mo went down on my eight-inch cock like a pro, making me come in seconds. She refused to quit until I became hard enough for her to mount me. Mo thrust her hips up and down on me for what seemed an eternity. All this time Jo had been watching us and performing a striptease in front of me. The sight of Mo riding me must have thoroughly excited Jo, because she began fingering her sweaty love box and fondling her fully erect nipples.

KAHLÚA® & Soda fzzzz.

Refreshingly different: over ice, an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up of soda, a squeeze of lime. And do send for our Kahlúa recipe book. It's on us. Because you deserve something nice.

Mo, sensing that I was about to come, dismounted me and signaled Jo that it was time for her to get into the game. Mo slid her huggable hips and kissable lips over my chest to my eagerly awaiting tongue. Jo then positioned her wet lips above my throbbing hard-on and slowly eased herself onto it. It was at this point that I noticed that the twins were not exactly identical. Jo's vaginal orifice was much tighter than that of her twin sister. Her movements brought all three of us to a game-winning orgasm. Regaining our composure, we quickly got dressed and left the Intramural Building in order to avoid being discovered by the night janitor.

Since then the twins and I have taken every opportunity to "work out" in various other places around campus, such as the weight room, the Recreation Hall bowling alley, the indoor swimming pool, and the football indoor practice area. We even hope to add ver stadium and all eighteen holes of the golf course to our list of areas of athletic achievement.—J. M. Pittsburgh Pa.

Chicago fire

A fantasy of mine came true this past August, when four of my friends and I took a four-day vacation and headed for the "windy city" of Chicago. The events that occurred will never leave our minds, for we fulfilled a fantasy that is probably shared by most males in this country—making it with a black chick.

My friends, whom I'll call Tim, John, Bob, and Doug, and I took off for Chicago one Friday morning in a customized van that I had just recently purchased. This was to be the only vacation for us, since we all were working our way through college and couldn't afford to take off too often. Nothing sexual happened Friday night, because after we got our motel rooms we went out and got drunk. Saturday night was a little different, because we happened to meet some girls with whom we went to school at the University of Minnesota. We took them out dancing. We showed the girls how to have a really good time, and it paid off for Tim, John, and me because we ended up fucking our respective dates while Bob and Doug spent the night back at the motel room, cuffing the night away. We compared feats the next morning and agreed that the three girls really knew how to fuck.

After Saturday night we were all pretty much content. We decided that we'd go down to the ocean, play some racquet ball, and then go out and have a nice dinner at a plush nightclub. None of us were

expecting anything to develop that night, because we had accomplished what we had set out to do, which was to fuck some chicks' eyes out, and three of us had done just that. So, with all our expectations fulfilled, we decided to take it easy on Sunday, if anyone had told us what was going to happen on this night, we'd have laughed at him. And if anyone had told us that we would be fucking five of the sexiest black ladies imaginable, we'd have thought him crazy. But needless to say, this night was going to be anything but uneventful.

We got seated and proceeded to have a few drinks and then dinner while we listened to an excellent eight-piece Mexican band. It was during dinner that I caught sight of our prospective lays. I saw them come in and get seated two tables away from us. I immediately told the others to catch this sight. We all stared at them for a couple of minutes. Because the girls were so good-looking and black, we pretty much agreed that it would be a wasted effort on our part to try to pick them up; so we proceeded to check out the rest of the patrons.

The night went on, and we all got in quite a few dances. There were quite a number of single chicks but not a lot of males; so it didn't take us too long to let people know that we were there, indeed. The five of us, who were slowly starting to get extremely drunk, soon had the place going, with everyone



Kahlúa Coffee Liqueur
from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc.
116 N. Robertson Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

getting out on the dance floor, dancing the night away.

Every so often I would glance over to the table where the black chicks were, because I couldn't get them out of my mind. We ended up back at our table and were ordering another round when somebody mentioned how he would like to fuck one of the black chicks. The others told him to forget it, since it would never happen. It was then that I told my friends that I was going to go over there and ask one of the black girls to dance. My friends chuckled and said to sit down and forget it. Nevertheless, I went over and asked the nicest-looking of the five. Her only reply was, "What took you so long?" and then she led me to the dance floor. I was taken aback by what she said,

and my ego shot upwards, especially when we walked by our table, this lovely black chick leading me by the hand and me with the biggest grin on my face. She stopped by our table and told my four friends to get their little "white asses" over and ask her friends to dance, because they had been waiting the whole night to do so with us. For the next three-and-a-half hours the ten of us danced to our hearts' content.

The girls, whom I'll call Patty, Betsy, Holly, Nicole, and Tami, were all excellent dancers and knew how to get the best out of us. Patty and I went through the usual routine of small talk. We hit it off really well. We talked a little and drank a lot. With both of us feeling a little drunk, Patty, much to my surprise, brought up the subject of sex.

Feeling totally at ease with this woman, I really got into the situation, and soon both of us were getting rather horny. I told her that I knew exactly how to take care of our condition and that she should follow me. On our way out we ran into the rest of our group, and it seemed that they, too, had been experiencing the same problem that Patty and I had and that they were going back to the motel room to see what kinds of solutions they could find to ease their condition.

Patty and I went out to my van. I put some mellow music on, and we sat back on the bed and quietly listened to the music. It wasn't long before we were in each other's arms, French-kissing. Her big lips enveloped mine while her tongue searched

out mine. I ran my hands over her breasts and could feel her nipples harden through her silk blouse. I started to unbutton her blouse and soon had a pair of melon-sized tits staring me in the face. They rated as the best that I have had, and soon I was sucking on them as if I were a newborn baby. My tongue circled her big tits, and I began nibbling on her large, pointed nipples. I spent a long time in licking those big black tits and soon had Patty's juices flowing. While I concentrated my efforts on her tits, she unzipped my pants, freeing my erect and throbbing cock.

As Patty stroked my dick, I continued sucking her tits. I slipped my free hand down her pants and started finger-fucking her moist cunt. She let out a soft moan

bed. I lay on my back, my cock straight up in the air, desperately in need of relief. Patty proceeded to take care of my circumcised prick. She began by lightly biting my nipples and running her hands and tongue across my chest and stomach, gradually working her way down to my cock. She placed one hand around the base of it and gave it a good wet one. Once it was good and wet, she started to blow on it, which sent shivers all through my body. She then ran her tongue over the length of my shaft and began giving the glans little butterfly flicks. I thought that I could flutter my tongue fast, but Patty was incredible. If it hadn't been for sheer willpower on my part, I would have shot my load then, but experience has taught me that good things happen to those who wait.

Patty varied her speed, sometimes just licking or sucking, other times blowing on my dick, tantalizing me and bringing me close to coming but always easing me down so that I wouldn't orgasm. She spotted the ice bucket and put a cube in her mouth and continued where she had left off. I don't know how she managed, but with the ice cube in her mouth she deep-throated me. The sensation was unbelievable. The result was that I climaxed, sending jism down her throat. She swallowed all she could. She sucked me dry, making sure that she got all I had. One good turn always deserves another, I always say. So I had Patty lie on her back, with her knees bent over the edge of the bed while I lay on the floor of the van, looking

straight into that delectable morsel of cunt, which was yearning to be licked. The outer lips of her cunt were already protruding, revealing some pink muscle. I wanted to dive right in and devour it, but experience told me I should wait.

I enjoy cunnilingus immensely and consider myself a connoisseur; so I never rush. I got up and started to caress Patty all over. I kissed, licked, and nibbled every place on her body, starting with her neck and shoulders and then down her arms and breasts to her stomach. I spent a lot of time licking her belly button. I went back and forth, from one to the other and spent close to an hour building her up to orgasm without licking her cunt. Throughout the foreplay I was continually whispering things to her.






Take it ...easy

Simply focus and shoot with a Yashica FR II camera. It's that easy!

This quality, compact SLR is totally electronic making 35mm photography fun and foolproof.

And the Yashica FR-II is so affordable you can begin building a complete system with Yashica and Zeiss lenses, plus more than 200 accessories.

Free and easy.

Buy a new Yashica FR-II camera and get a Free "35mm World" photography course! Ask your camera dealer for details.



YASHICA

Yashica, Inc., 411 Sette Dr., Paramus, N.J. 07652

FR is a licensed trademark of Cine Magnetics, Inc.






when I slid my middle finger in and out of her warm pussy. I slowly moved it back and forth and within minutes had Patty writhing about the bed. After a couple of minutes more I added my index finger and later a third finger. While I kept fingering Patty, she started giving my cock a good rubdown with her smooth, black hands. Patty was starting to really get turned on and her pussy began secreting those celestial love juices. Since I had three fingers up her cunt, I decided to add a fourth. Although this was difficult at first, after a little shove it worked all right. Patty arched her back and thrust her pelvis forward and let out a long moan, indicating to me her first climax.

Deciding to move on to better things, we undressed completely and fell back on the



No less an authority than Canada Dry
recommends white rum and tonic.



When Canada Dry suggests you mix their tonic with white rum, it's time to give it a try.

Puerto Rican white rum is the perfect companion for the classic summer tonic, and makes a much smoother mixed drink than you may be used to.

Because Puerto Rican white rum is aged, by law, for at least one full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Next time, instead of mixing gin or vodka and tonic, mix Canada Dry tonic with Puerto Rican white rum and a squeeze of lime. It's definitely the smoothest way to get through the summer.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-5, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



From her bellybutton I went down to her feet and began giving her a toejob. I then began licking her long legs, starting with her calves and then working my way up to her thighs. She could feel that I would soon be upon her burning cunt; so her moaning intensified. Realizing this, I began to tease her, as she had done to me, by brushing her pubic hair with my tongue. It was torture on my part, but she loved it and pleaded, "Eat me!"

She grabbed my head and rammed my nose up her cunt. I pulled back despite her pleading and had her roll over. I started to caress her butt, which was nice and tight, indicating to me that her cunt would be also. I licked around her anus and teased her cunt from the backside. Patty spread her legs wider, and I slid under them on my back and again began toying with her pussy, never actually entering it with my tongue. I had her so worked up that her cunt was literally dripping juices. She started to move her hips back and forth, trying to get more of my tongue in her cunt, but I wouldn't let her. As her moaning and pleading increased, I took my hands and parted the lips of her cunt, revealing a rather large set of inner lips and a bigger-than-average-size clit.

With one flick of my tongue on her clit I lapped her to orgasm, sending her juices rushing onto my face. Her body was trembling as she wriggled about the bed, moaning and groaning about how good it was. I

have never licked anything or anyone who tasted so fine. I lapped up all I could, like a dog lapping up water, savoring every lick. The more I licked, the more she came. Her cunt lips were contracting and would grab my tongue as it darted in and out of the orifice. It was as if they were saying, "More, more, lick me more." Her moans were turning into shrieks while her breathing was turning into gasping, but she kept telling me, "More." So I continued.

After her climax finally subsided, we turned over to face one another and tenderly kissed. I became hard in no time at all and was ready for round three. Feeling my cock against her body, Patty reached down and guided it into her cunt. She was very tight and warm. We started to rock back and forth, very slowly, enjoying it to the fullest. Her cunt seemed as if it didn't want to let my cock go; she was very tight. She had remarkable control over her vaginal muscles. She was so moist and warm that I could have stayed there for the rest of my life. We changed our positions, with me on my back and Patty on top, straddling me. She took over and moved her hips as no other lady I've laid ever has. Her cunt was tugging at my cock, bringing me closer and closer to climax. She seemed to sense that I was about to come and would ease her movements so that I wouldn't. I reached up and pulled her down to me so that I could suck on her tits. She kept sliding that tight twat of hers up and down my cock,

driving me crazy. I couldn't hold back any longer and emptied what felt like a quart of jism in her cunt in an orgasmic frenzy. It was the most powerful orgasm I have ever experienced.

Patty kept my cock, which was still hard, in her snatch until her orgasm ceased, and afterwards we fell into each other's arms and relaxed for a while. We talked and lit one up while we had some wine. After we had had a couple of glasses, I reached over for the wine bottle and grabbed it while I told Patty to lie on her back. I then poured a little wine over her tits, stomach, and cunt. She almost came when the cold wine hit her hot cunt. Slowly, I started to lick up the wine, spending a long time on her beautiful tits and then finally working my way down to her love nest. It didn't take long before I had her climaxing again. The mixture of red wine and cunt juice was extremely tasty. Without waiting for her orgasm to cease, I made her roll over on all fours and started to fuck her doggie-style. I was anything but gentle as I rammed my cock home, making her moan, partly from pleasure but mostly from pain. I pushed her head down onto the bed so that only her ass was sticking up in the air.

I experienced the ultimate in dominance. I began calling her names and talking dirty. The dirtier I spoke, the better she liked it. She had no control over anything as I held her tight and kept ramming my cock into that black cunt. I reached down and started pinching her nipples and grabbing her tits and put my free hand in her cunt from the underside. I increased my thrusting, which brought about more screams as I continued fucking her with reckless abandon. I saw her black behind staring me right in the face, almost winking at me. I wet my finger and stuck it into her, causing her to wiggle that black butt all over, trying to get my finger out of there. It appeared to me that her anus was still virginal, but that wasn't true for long. Without missing a stroke, I withdrew from her cunt and slid my prick ever so carefully up her ass, causing Patty to moan like hell. I knew she approved and wanted more. I thought that her cunt was tight, but her anus was even tighter. I quickly increased my pounding, my balls slapping against her butt. Nearing orgasm, I grabbed a dildo and slid it up her cunt, moving it in and out of her slippery twat. With each thrust of my cock into her ass, I pushed the dildo farther up her cunt. It was in so far that I could feel it through her ass. In only a few minutes, we climaxed together. It was pure bliss! She was shrieking with delight as I plowed her ass and filled up her hole with my come. I came so hard that I thought the force of it would rip a hole right through her. She was a great lay, and she tasted so fine that any man would stand in line for a taste of her. We were finally totally exhausted after that last round and fell asleep.

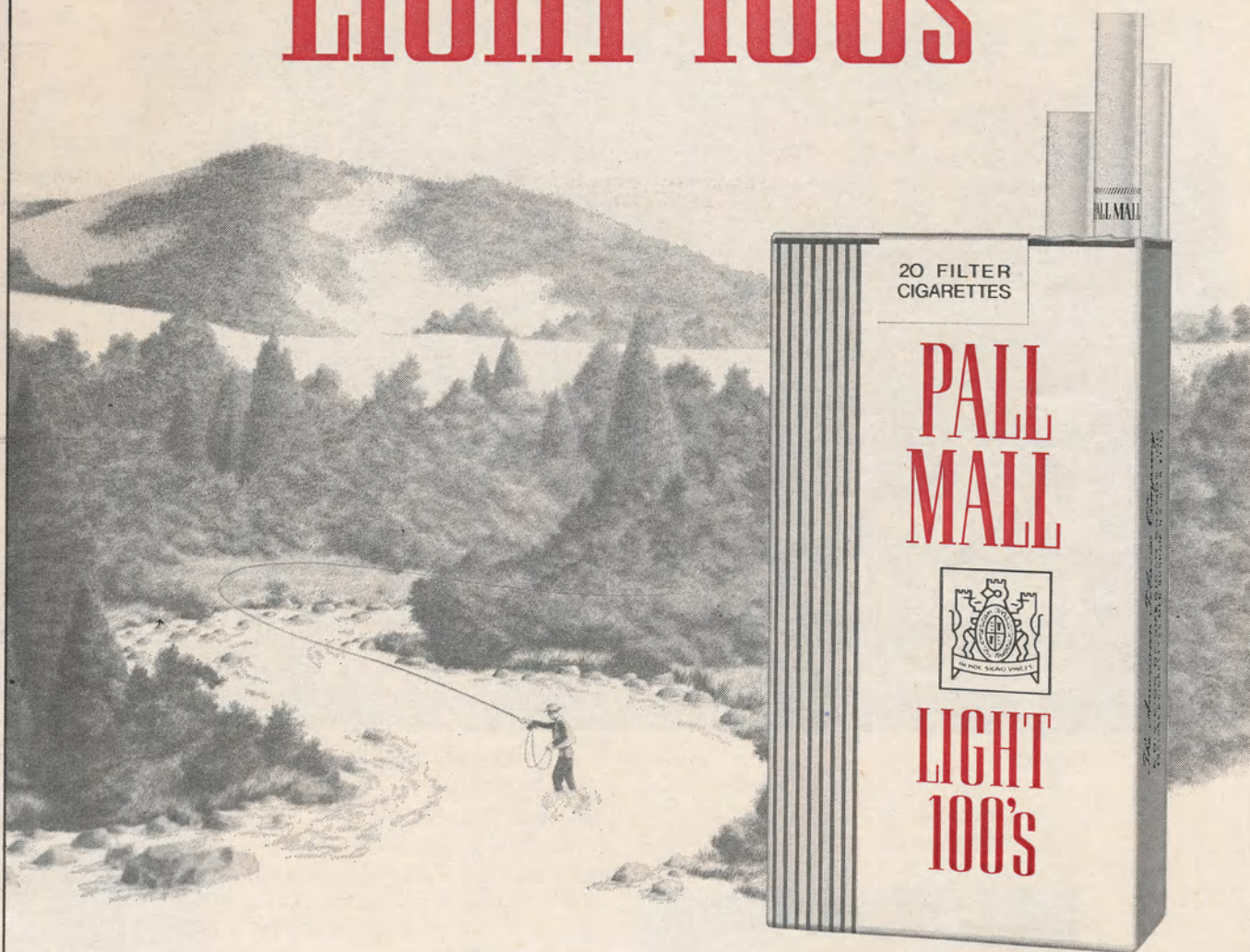
We awoke the next morning and went up to the motel room, where the others were. We found them in various sexual acts, all having a good time. They hadn't stopped,



"I've always made it a policy to hire the handicapped, but ..."

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!

**Only 12 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nic.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Where the Great Plains meet the Great Lakes, we hid a case of Canadian Club.

Chicago.

If you ever needed more reason to visit than its spectacular architecture and windy spirit, you've got it now. For here we've hidden a case of Canadian Club.



To find the C.C., start at a tower with stones from around the world, and cross the street nearest the Alamo stone to an ex-president. Hail the Chief with "The Best In The House," then walk right to the nearest flagpole, turn left and pass eight more.

Pass 11 light poles, cross a street and pass three more. Still with us?

Who said "Less is more"?

Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Buy him a C.C. He's got time:

Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling, counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling.

Find an island and a mountain.

If you find "Arris," you're getting warm, so cool off with a C.C. Sour.





Retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're cater-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause you're hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's taverns, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 Lands.





After dinner magic. Sambuca Romana, the spectacular liqueur, imported from Italy and the favorite Sambuca in the entire New World. Serve it with coffee beans *Con Mosca*, as a cordial, in espresso or American coffee. For 57 other ideas, get our new recipe booklet. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Proof.

Sambuca Romana. The Sambuca of Rome.

as they would change partners. John was getting blown by Betsy out in the hall and had his boxer shorts around his knees. Doug was eating out Nicole from behind, and she in turn was sucking off Bob, who had passed out. How she got him erect I don't know. Tim was fingering Holly with his left hand, jacking off with his right, and eating out Tami. We joined in and spent the rest of the day fucking, sucking, eating, and swallowing each other.

Needless to say, it was a mind-boggling experience. For the five of us it was a fantasy fulfilled. It's hard to say whether or not the black girls were better than white chicks, but one thing is certain: it's all pink on the inside.—*B.Q., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Tight squeeze

Everyone has a "best piece of ass" story. It's kind of like the fish who got away—except that the piece of ass was definitely caught! My own "best piece" cropped up rather unexpectedly two years ago when my wife was away on a visit. That Saturday I went to a nearby barbershop operated by a woman to get my ears lowered (ha!). As I sat on the chair, Madge, the barber lady, let it be known that her husband had departed the day before for a construction job in the Northwest. The upshot of the matter was that she invited me to go that night with her and another married couple to do a little "pub crawling." Well, we went to six or seven different bars and weren't feeling

any pain at all by the time the other couple drove us home.

I assumed I'd be dropped at my place, but instead they let me off with Madge at the barbershop. I was about to say good night when Madge, a rather well-rounded, full-figured woman with a nice smile and a pretty, radiant complexion, asked if I'd like to come in the shop for a cup of coffee. This surprised me somewhat because she'd always seemed like such a prim person. Somehow I hadn't dreamed she'd want me alone with her.

We sat at her kitchen table, sipping coffee, when suddenly she arose, walked around the table, sat on my lap, and began to move her buttocks back and forth against my hardening prick inside my pants. She must have felt me rise to the occasion, because she asked, "How big is your cock? About six inches?" I told her it was just about that size. She then informed me, "Maybe there's something abnormal about me, because even though I'm a normal-sized woman, I don't believe what they say about a vagina being able to take any size cock. My cunt is just too small to handle a real big prick. I can only take about six inches. If a guy is much bigger, I can only take care of him with a blowjob." I was astonished at the blunt way she was talking, but she went on, adding, "I really don't like to suck cock much, but sometimes I have to."

We sat at the table for a while, soul-

kissing, and I slipped my hand under her skirt, fingering her unpantied pussy and her clitoris. Soon we retired to the bedroom, where she began to undress, revealing a firm, voluptuous body with large-nippled breasts. Getting down to basics, we stripped completely and repaired to the bedroom.

I don't know if the tightness of her was caused by some physiological abnormality, but it was the tightest squeeze I'd ever had. We assumed the missionary position and in time, by means of Vaseline, her own lubrication, and grim determination, I finally got my modest six inches lodged in her snatch. Her pussy gripped me as if it were a soft, circular vise.

When we began to fuck, I pumped her with long, slow strokes because I didn't care to chance hurting her. As a result, the fucking lasted and lasted and lasted. But in time I just caught up with me, and I began to pump prick into her. By then, I was beyond caring whether or not I hurt her. I jammed my dork in and out of her so fast and furiously that my ass moving back and forth must have been a blur to her. Madge began to squirm and whimper and emitted moans with her eyes closed and her head twisting from side to side.

I felt the moment of truth approaching and rammed my cock in as far as it would go, with my balls resting against the crack of her ass. I lay still as my prick spurted my come into the depths of her body. I felt her tight little cunt contract around me as I got my nuts off in her. She gasped, "Oh, how I love the feel of that hot stuff being shot into me!" That's how I got the best piece of ass I've had in my life—at least so far!—*Name and address withheld*

Randy friends

I read your Penthouse "Forum" almost every month, along with ogling your beautiful girls. I am writing to tell you about a very erotic experience I had about a month ago. I realize that you must get a lot of letters, but I am praying that you will publish this one.

One day I was all alone in the house, watching television. I got a phone call from a friend of mine (I'll call him Randy), and he said he would be dropping by. This surprised me because we were only casual friends. So, about an hour later, he showed up, with a backpack full of clothes. We sat around and talked for a while, and I asked him what was in the backpack. He muttered something and really didn't give me an answer. Just then he excused himself and went into my bedroom. I assumed that he was going to the bathroom. About twenty minutes later he walked out, wearing a schoolgirl's uniform.

Now I'm not gay and was at first repelled, but Randy really looked pretty good. He has short brown hair and a clear complexion and is also very handsome but on the feminine-looking side. Randy also has the perfect figure for this costume; he is slender and has a tremendous ass, and his "tits" look round and firm. Without saying a word, he took me into my bedroom and sat

If you're buying the middle, go straight to the top.

If you know about SAE, you know about those awesome, 6-foot, \$6000 racks of high-performance, high-end audio.

Great for the audiophile. They call it "state-of-the-art." The problem is we don't all live in the same state.

Introducing SAE TWO.

If you're a real devotee, you'll want the integrated amp, the tuner, and maybe the cassette deck as well. If you draw the line at mild enthusiasm, you'll want the receiver.

Here's why:

The R3C receiver has a fully-complementary amp, special low-noise pre-amp, and tuning section with separate tuning and signal strength meters. \$335.

The C3A integrated amp, also a pre-amp, can handle two tape recorders for dual dubbing. \$325.

The T3U tuner combines a wide tuning scale with linear phase filters for unparalleled accuracy and selectivity. \$275.

The C3D cassette deck has a mind of its own; a microprocessor chip and a memory that protects your tapes while providing solenoid logic control. \$400.

If all this sounds more like SAE than SAE TWO, it should.

You're getting the same leadership in technology. The same logic in design. The same passion for sound.

True, SAE TWO costs the same as any other mid-priced line.

But that's where all similarity ends.

For complete product and dealer information, fast, write: SAE TWO, P.O. Box 60271, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, California 90060. In Canada, the Pringle Group, 30 Scarsdale Road, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada M3B 2R7. Prices mentioned are nationally suggested values, actual prices determined by individual SAE dealers.



SAE TWO

A mid-priced line from a high-end company.

me down on the bed. Surprising myself, I began caressing his cheeks and shoulders. We began kissing full on the lips, necking passionately. I swear that he felt like a girl, moved like a girl, and even smelled like a girl. I laid him back gently and began examining him. I lifted up his skirt and rubbed his smooth calves and thighs. I kept going up until my probing fingers found his silk panties, which were barely holding back his bursting cock. I pulled the panties down and that beautiful cock sprang to life. I stroked the head softly and traced a thin line of come down his shaft. Randy groaned when I started licking his cock as if it were a Popsicle, up and down, up and down. I bit it gently, sucking it softly. I tongued his balls and pushed his hips closer to my face.

Suddenly, I felt his ass stiffen, and I knew

that he was about to come. That beautiful glans of his must have given me nearly a quart of thick, hot, salty sperm. I almost gagged but swallowed it anyway. I reached up and began unbuttoning his blouse, exposing his lacy white bra. He looked so sexy, sitting there with nothing on except the bra. I removed it and began sucking his nipples, which made him explode in a spasm of ecstasy. He rolled over and begged me to stick my dick in. I reached back and got some come as a lubricant and smeared it all over his ass hole. He spread his legs and parted his buns as I slowly inserted my glans into his behind. I inched my prick in until my full, circumcised nine inches were up his ass. He groaned with agony but loved every minute of it.

I humped slowly, rubbing against his

soft, smooth buns. Then I kissed him on the back of the neck and reached forward, grabbed his hard cock, and started to pump him. My guts were almost torn in two when I felt a tremendous wad build up in my dick. I was humping him feverishly now, sticking it in as far as I possibly could. I felt the point of no return and told him so. I came for so long that I thought we might drown in sperm. We lay there for a long time, my dick still up his ass. We finally got dressed, and I looked at him with new respect. I thought he was just a soft, pretty boy, but he was pretty well-hung, especially for an eighteen-year-old. I tell you, Randy was the best "girl" I ever fucked.

Please print this letter in your magazine because it would mean so much to me and Randy. I think this just might turn on a lot of your readers, too.—Name and address withheld

The Ultimate Beauty with the Heart of a Beast.



The New Old Timer® Lockback.

Outside, it's the ultimate beauty of lockbacks. Inside, it has the heart of a beast. The 3½ inch blade of high carbon tool steel stands up to any test—on the trail or on the job. The pivot post of Schrade + Steel® insures a rigid construction that makes the beast tough. It takes over 100 hand operations and inspections to make this Old Timer Lockback a beast—and ultimately, that's beautiful. To find out more send for your free Old Timer Almanac.

SCHRADE USA

Established 1904 Ellenville, NY 12428

Backstage ball

I have been a female reader of your magazine for a few months, especially the "Forum" section. As my own sex life tends to be prosaic by your standards, I never felt I could make a contribution to "Forum"—that is, until recently.

I attend college here in Boston. As you may know, Boston has an active music scene—lots of clubs and so forth. I have always been into rock 'n' roll because I find rock musicians fascinating, though I never actually went to bed with one. This fall I started going to see the various rock bands in town, and I started to "follow" one group in particular. They had a guitar player who seemed innocent, yet extremely sexy and approachable.

One night in November they were playing at a club in town. Coincidentally, I had had a fight with my boyfriend; he left in a huff, and I went to see the band alone. I was lonely and horny, and soon slightly drunk. The band was onstage, and between the pounding music, the guitars, the pink backdrop and white lights, I was being drawn into a state where I was ready for anything. My guitar player, whom I shall call "Jack," seemed to notice me standing by the speaker columns. I was determined to get him before the night was out.

After the show, the band went upstairs to the dressing room. Soon most of the audience filed out, leaving only a few regulars at the bar. The band members presently came downstairs one by one and hung out with their girl friends at the bar. I saw that only four had come downstairs while the fifth—Jack—was still upstairs.

I casually strolled to the back of the club and looked up the stairwell. Seeing no one, I summoned my courage and ascended the stairs. At the top was a door, slightly ajar. I pushed it open, and peeked into a large, disused office. Sitting alone on a couch was Jack, still wearing his jacket and tie that he wore onstage. He was fixing his guitar; he looked up, saw me, put the guitar down, and smiled. I said "Hi" rather weakly; I felt as though I must be trembling, and my panties suddenly felt deliciously damp as a



THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. CAR STEREO FOR THE TRAVELIN' MAN WHO IS IN TOUCH WITH THE CHANGING TIMES.

Like time, the travelin' man and his music do not stand still. Curiously, car high fidelity has failed to keep pace. The equipment in the auto was ill-equipped to reproduce any level of sophisticated sound.

Sparkomatic's new High Power Car Stereo series has changed all that. Truly machines of the times. Driving enormously spacious sound throughout the elegantly understated space they occupy. Tuners with exceptional FM sensitivity, superb separation and efficient multipath signal rejection; integrated Cassette or 8-Track that's a breakthrough in disciplined distortion and wow and flutter; separate bass/treble and balance/fader controls to command the performance.

The power: a bone shaking 45 watts.

This Sparkomatic SR 2400 High Power Digital 8-Track AM/FM Stereo with Clock (or SR 3400 Cassette alternative) is a prime example of these component-like advancements. *Feather touch* controls send electronic impulses to activate all major fidelity functions. And the integrated tape player performs to the highest fidelity standards.

The timepiece itself is a statement in state-of-the-art digital accuracy.

Synchronize one of 20 models to your time and space. Sparkomatic High Fidelity Speakers add yet another dimension to your car sound.

Visit a Sparkomatic dealer for a demonstration.

SPARKOMATIC
For the Travelin' Man™

For our free catalogs on Car High Fidelity write: "For The Travelin' Man", Dept. PH, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337

A vintage advertisement for Marlboro cigarettes. The background is a close-up of a large, weathered wooden wagon wheel with a red-painted rim and spokes. Behind the wheel is a green wooden structure, possibly part of a building or fence. In the lower right, a person's arm wearing a blue denim shirt is visible, with their hand resting on one of the spokes of the wheel. In the center-left, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are placed on a spoke. The pack on the left is red and white, labeled 'Marlboro' and '20 CLASS A CIGARETTES'. The pack on the right is gold and white, labeled 'Marlboro 100's' and '20 CLASS A CIGARETTES'. Several cigarettes are visible protruding from the top of the packs.

**Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.**

**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

sharp tingle ran through my crotch.

"I think I know why you are here," he said with amused arrogance. I was temporarily flustered by his directness; my panties grew damper. Suddenly, I found my courage, and I looked him directly in the eye and said, "Do you really? Tell me what I want."

He asked my name, and I told him. He stood up, his blue eyes drilling into me. I glanced down at his pants and saw the outline of an erection. He walked over to me, took my coat and bag, and set them down. Then, suddenly, he placed his lips on mine. His hands traced an arc down my back to my ass and grabbed a cheek in each hand. He massaged my quivering butt and then reached farther down the crease of my jeans between my aching thighs.

I felt for his cock; it was hard and upright, and I wanted it in my mouth. Afraid someone would walk in on us, I whispered that we should go into the bathroom. We went in and locked the door. I could not wait an instant. I grabbed his belt and pulled it open. I went down on my knees, facing the bulge in his pants. The tile floor was uncomfortable, but I didn't care—I was too excited. He unzipped his pants, and I pulled them down to his ankles. His underwear flew down, and staring me in the face was a beautiful, hard cock, with a smooth, rounded head waiting to be sucked.

Jack placed his hands on my head and

pulled me by the hair to his swollen dick. I began to fondle his balls while I flicked the very tip of his penis with my tongue. I ran my tongue slowly down the underside of the shaft and nibbled at the hairs at the base. Jack was breathing heavily; he ran his hands down to my breasts and, unbuttoning my shirt, began to caress my erect nipples. I licked his balls and dick more fervently, lapping at the small drop of semen that appeared at the head of his gorgeous pole. He was still wearing his shirt, jacket, and tie; I pushed them out of the way to get a clear view of his stomach, balls, and dick. Then I swooped in, taking his entire penis into my mouth and down my throat. Jack began thrusting his hips, driving his cock in and out of my willing and eager mouth. His hands clutched my tits, and suddenly my mouth was filled with hot come. I sucked harder and swallowed each delicious spurt.

By this time my panties were totally soaked. Jack sat me on the wash basin and pulled off my jeans and panties. I took off my shirt because I wanted him to see my whole body—my measurements are 37–25–36, and I have large, firm breasts and a flat stomach.

My cunt was steaming. Jack spread my hot thighs and quickly buried his nose in my pussy. His tongue shot into my cunt and then up to my aching clitoris. I came instantly and then again. His fingers teased the hairs on my ass and then plunged deep

into my vagina. Suddenly, he stood up. I thought something was wrong; then I glanced down and smiled—his cock was steel once again. He grabbed me by the buttocks and, lifting my hips, placed his penis at the entrance to my cunt. He then plunged it in to the hilt and pulled out; the shaft glistened with my love juices. In again and out and in, each time harder and more explosive. My breasts jiggled, and my thighs were wet; he leaned down and, taking my left nipple in his mouth, sucked and nibbled on it.

By this time I was delirious; I was moaning, "Fuck me, fuck me," while he slammed in and out. Then he came, in oceans, inside of me, the warm come spreading inside my vagina.

We were both hot and exhausted; locked in the bathroom, I was naked and Jack, amazingly, was still wearing his coat and tie and pants. We got ourselves together and went downstairs, where we found that nearly everyone had left. I asked if I could stop by his apartment for a while. He squeezed my hand and, with a smile, said that I needn't even ask. He lived only a few blocks away. So we went there, went inside, and no sooner had the door closed than Jack pulled me onto the bed. My clothes came off, his clothes came off (all of them!), and we fucked and sucked for another hour. My pussy was licked, stroked, teased, fucked, kissed, and banged. My tits were caressed and tweaked, and my mouth was filled with his penis.

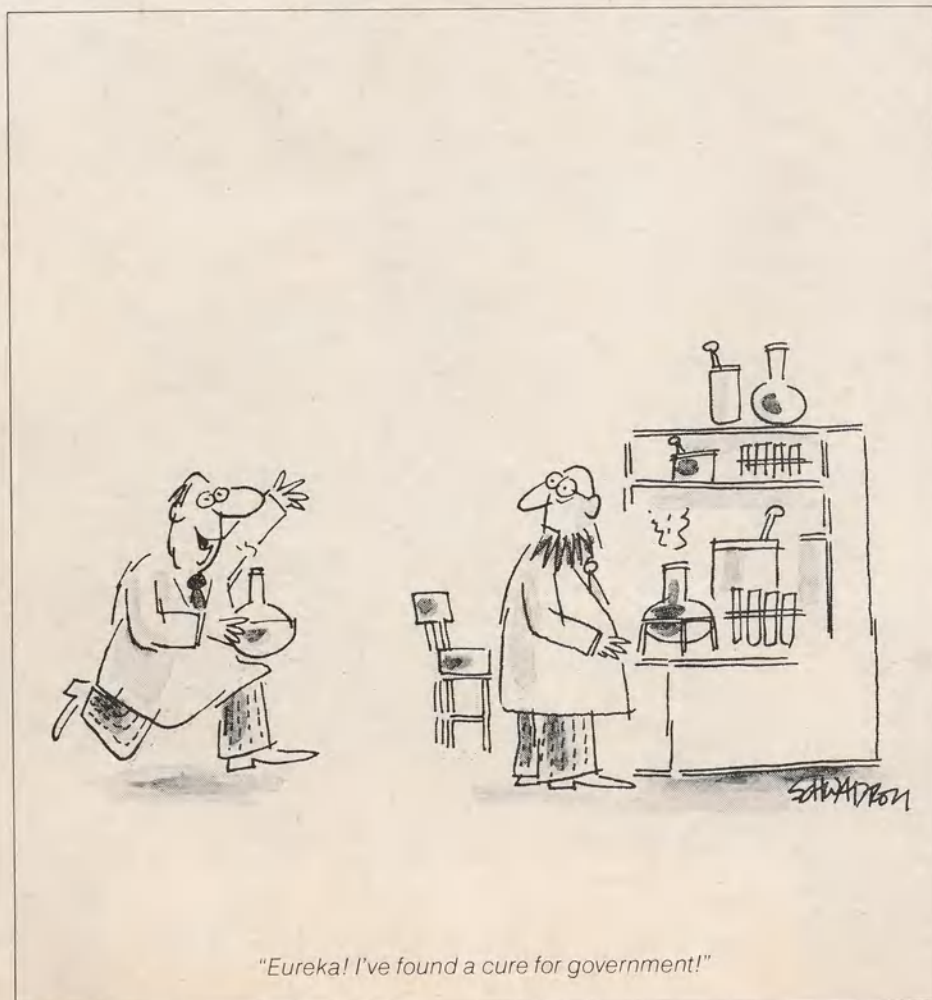
Eventually, I had to leave, but I left him in bed with a contented smile on his face. It was an experience I will never forget and one that I hope to repeat soon.—C.D., Boston, Mass.

Good, clean fun

I would like to share with you an experience I had with my former girl friend—"N.J.," I'll call her. She is a gorgeous five-feet-six-inch brunette, with brown, bedroom eyes that emanate a desire for sex continuously.

One Sunday afternoon N.J. came by my downtown apartment. When she arrived, she was wearing a pair of tight cutoffs and the halter top to her blue bathing suit. This immediately stirred my desires, as she could easily tell by the throbbing bulge in front of my own cutoffs. We then sat down and lit up a number while deciding what to do that hot afternoon. After debating a while, we decided to go swimming. N.J. had her pet golden retriever, Tiffany, with her, and we headed for a lake near N.J.'s country home, where her dog could play in the water with us and retrieve the Frisbee we played with.

When we got to the lake, N.J. lay in the sun a while and I went swimming and played with Tiffany for a few minutes. Finally, I heard N.J. enter the water behind us. Suddenly, I felt the water stir around me and a hand grab me by the balls from behind. I knew what N.J. was up to, and as I turned to catch her, she began swimming away and playfully tried to kick me in the balls. As she did so, I was able to grab her leg and pull



"Eureka! I've found a cure for government!"

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's rum."

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending and longer aging.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.



MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum, P.O. Box 1622, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022. Offer expires December 31, 1980.

The fragrance the well dressed man is wearing.



Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

her to me. When she was within my grasp, I held her by the firm, round cheeks of her ass and began fondling and squeezing through the material of her cutoffs. While I was caressing her, she wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. I then brought my left hand up to her right breast and began fondling and teasing her nipple through the material of her halter top. Upon feeling her nipple respond to my attention, I slid the top of her strap down her arm and pulled the material away from her boob. When her tit was exposed, just below the water line, I dropped my head under and began sucking and biting her pliant breast, causing a soft moan to escape from her lips. I knew that she wanted to ball urgently, and so did I. My seven-inch prick was straining to be free of my cutoffs.

My cock began to rub against her pussy, and when I came up for air, N.J. disengaged herself from around my person and swam off to get the Frisbee from Tiffany. We played Frisbee with him for a while—N.J.'s way of being a little bit of a cock-tease, knowing my eager condition. Finally, the dog swam off, and N.J. swam up to me underwater and unzipped my cutoffs, pulled them down to my knees, grabbed the head of my cock, and began sucking my engorged penis into her mouth. Feeling the warmth of it close around my dick, I immediately became hard. N.J. finally came up for air, but she held my cock in her hand. Again I pulled her to me, but this time I unsnapped her cutoffs and pulled them off one leg so that I could reach her pussy. Then she wrapped her legs and arms around me, still in the water, and began riding the tip of my cock with the outer lips of her vagina. As I felt the head of the cock enter her hot, wet cunt, she began riding me as if I were a saddlehorn, with short, quick strokes. I felt her reach an orgasm and a shudder run through her body as she tensed against me.

While she rode me, my own climax was approaching at a fast rate. When I began to set myself firmly for penetration deep into her warm, moist cunt, N.J. let go of me and turned away. I quickly grabbed her by the hips and pulled her down on my stiff prick. As my cock came between her thighs and was slowly engulfed by the outer lips of her vagina, I began rubbing her clit from behind with my finger until we both came at once—letting out incredible yelps that seemed to startle Tiffany, splashing around nearby. Luckily, no one else seemed to notice.

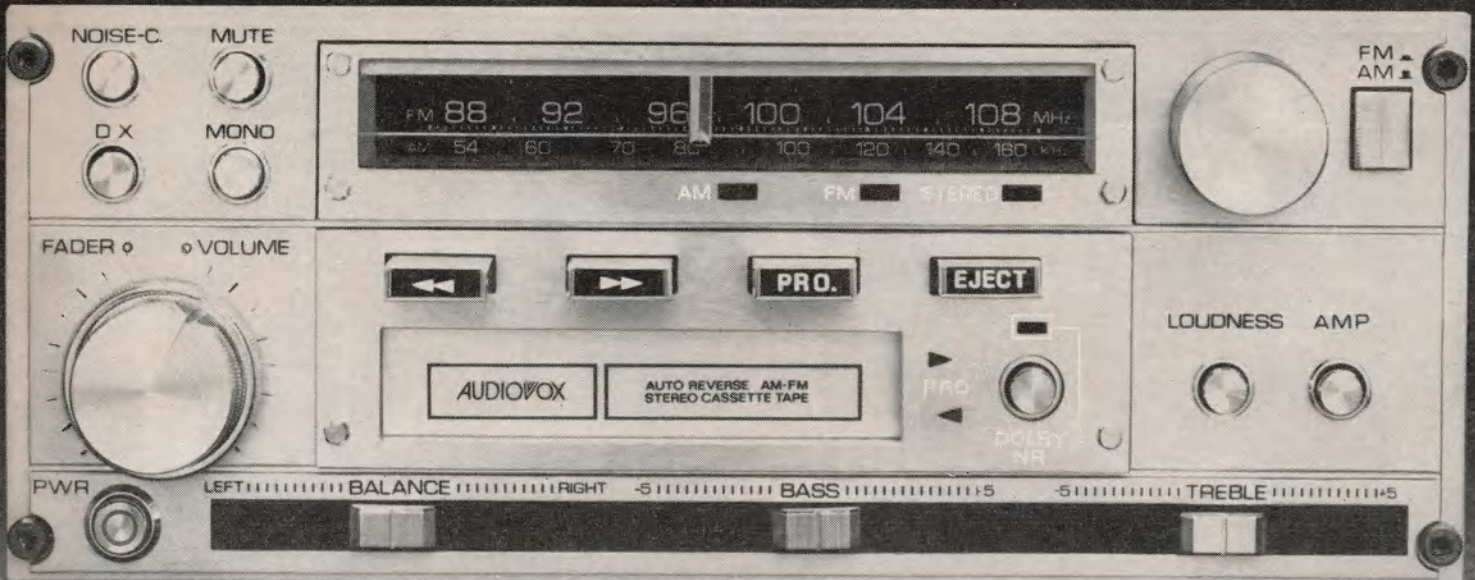
Since then, needless to say, we've done a lot more underwater "exploring," using Tiffany as a lookout for any encroaching voyeurs.—*Name and address withheld*

Candid camera

I am a twenty-one-year-old secretary who models for photographers in my spare time. On occasion, if I know the photographer well enough, I will pose nude for him or her. My hair is long, silky, and shiny; my skin is smooth and nicely colored; my breasts

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220

THE CLASSIC 009



Audiovox In-Dashers are produced exclusively by Shintom Co., Ltd., Japan.

Finally, car stereo comes into the home stretch with the Audiovox Special Performance Series™ (SPS) 009.

Any way you look at it, the 009 looks like a living room system.

With 20 whopping watts of power per channel. (Enough to knock out superlative sound. Not enough to knock out superlative speakers.)

With every necessary function and feature. (Easy-to-get-at knobs, buttons, and dials give total control. Not uncontrollable clutter.)

With the critical sensitivity and frequency response to bring you only the cleanest Bette Midler and the most brilliant Bach. (Frankly, you can buy slightly flashier specs for a lot more money. But the difference is monetary, not auditory.)

With a super-streamlined, ultra-functional, all-chrome design. (Not at all revolutionary for home stereo. Entirely revolutionary for car stereo.)

TOP-VIEW: All new construction permits easy installation of wider new design without having to widen the hole in your dashboard.

And with a lifetime guarantee and national warranty. (Your Audiovox is guaranteed for parts and services for the life of your new car. No home stereo carries this kind of guarantee.)

So, if you want to run down the state of the art in car stereo, stop by and test-listen the SPS 009 at your new car dealer. It'll make you feel right at home.

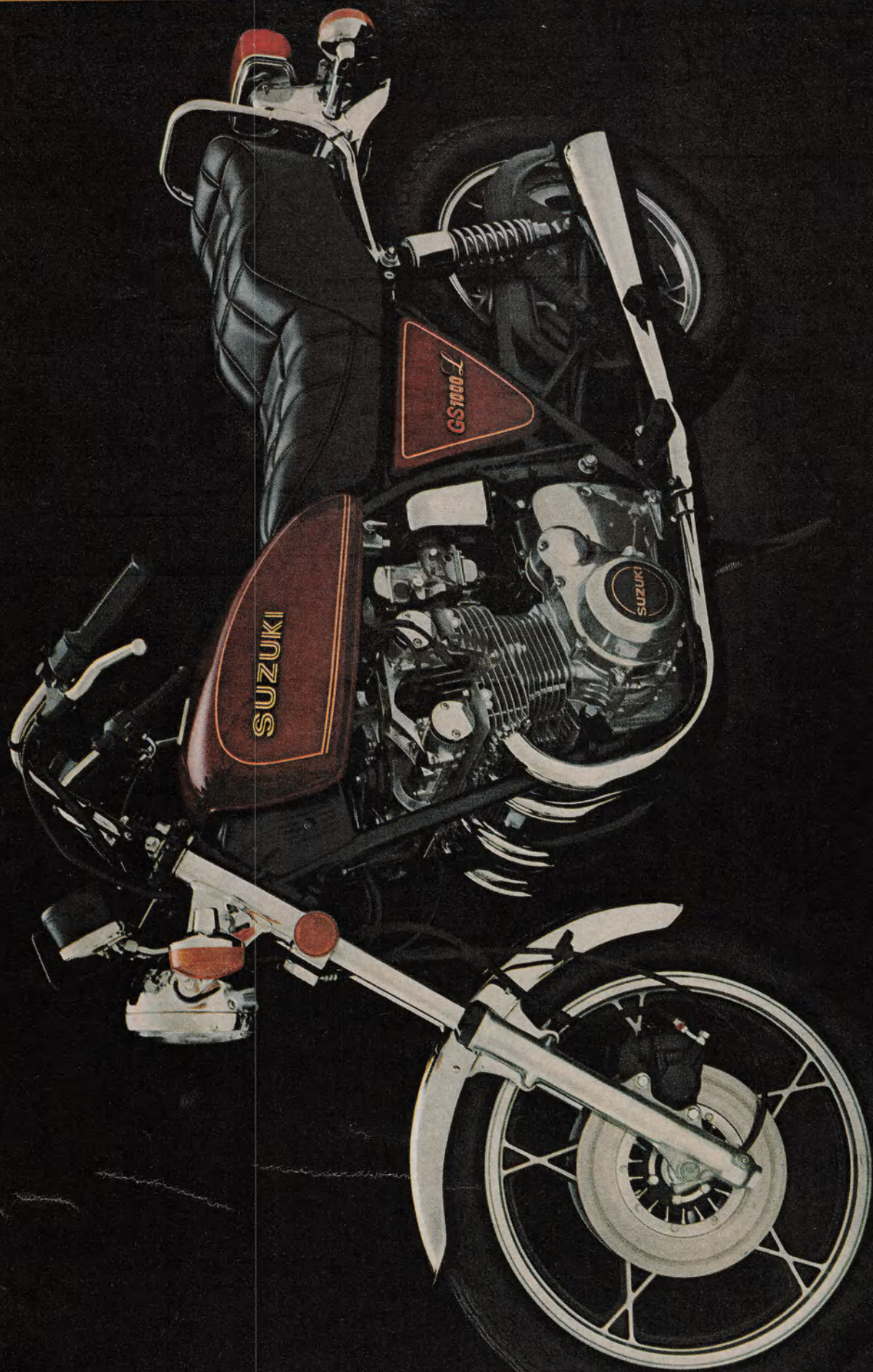
AUDIOVOX®

We build stereo for the road. We have to build it better.

©1979 Audiovox Corporation, Hauppauge, NY 11787

*The SPS 009 AM/FM MPX Radio with Auto-Reverse Stereo Cassette Player, 4-way balance control, Dolby** noise reduction system, FM muting, and loudness switch. Frequency Response: 50-15,000 Hz. FM stereo separation: more than 30 db.

**Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



GS1000L
GS-1000



GS-750
L



GS-550
L

The Low Slingers from Suzuki.

Chances are, you've seen the low-styled "Specials" from the other guys. Now feast your eyes on something really special. The new Low Slingers from Suzuki. What makes 'em so special? Well, it's more than their lean, low look. And more than neat things like extended

forks, pull-back handlebars, tear-drop tank, plush step saddle and chopped megaphone pipes.

It's much deeper than that.

You see, underneath it all, the Low Slingers are GS streetbikes. Which means reliable 4-stroke power, superb suspension and sure-

stopping disc brakes all around. In short, rather than call the Low Slingers "Specials," we made them special.

**Now Available...
the new GS-425L Low Slinger!**

See this sporty Twin now at your Suzuki Dealer.

Suzuki. The performer.



Ride safely: wear a helmet, eye protection and appropriate riding apparel. Member Motorcycle Safety Foundation.



Taste three exquisite tobaccos. And one magnificent secret.

Imported Sail Aromatic smokes so smooth and easy for a number of very good reasons. There's the specially selected Burley, Virginia and Latakia tobaccos from around the world. And just as important there's the 150 year old secret formula for blending them together to produce the easiest smoking Cavendish blend you'll ever pack in a pipe. Try imported Sail Aromatic or one of the other distinctive Sail styles - Regular, Light Aromatic, and Natural.



SAIL
AROMATIC • AROMATIQUE

PIPE TOBACCO • TABAC À PIPE

SMOOTH DUTCH CAVENDISH
CAVENDISH DOUX HOLLANDAIS
NET WEIGHT 1 1/2 OZ. TOBACCO
43g Pds. Net

Imported from Holland

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Power to the people

Thank you so much for "The New Populism: Making Democracy Work," by Karl Hess, in your February issue. I think that Americans as well as English-speaking people everywhere will be able to appreciate the information conveyed by his article.

Our people have put up with corporate negligence on a planetary scale and with a political system that rivals King George III's court in corruption. We have heard the comments made in The Trilateral Commission's report to the effect that the root of America's social problems is an "excess of democracy." That report is the height of public betrayal.

The new populism embodies the awakenings that resulted from the past 100 years of industrialization, the struggles of the student demonstrators of the 1960s, and the individual citizen's demand for social responsibility. No longer do we simply write a letter to a congressman who we know will relegate our correspondence to the wastebasket "file." We now demonstrate, petition, vote, and even riot. I think that Hess portrayed quite accurately the attitude of our "public servants" and the terror they feel about "mob rule," which he also described quite well.

However, the national-initiative legislation that has been proposed by our "representatives" requires the signatures of 2.4 million registered voters and is merely a token reform, as it will abrogate states' rights. A group would have to chase all over the country merely to place an issue on the ballot. Any such initiative process, in my opinion, should be based on a per-state basis, according to the population of each. After all, just getting an initiative on the ballot won't make it the "law of the land." Only an election could have that result.

In general, the article was excellent; yet I would like to clarify one point that is very important in my eyes. On page 54 of the article, Mr. Hess lists examples of how the populism movement is taking form. In number eleven he writes that there is a growing grass-roots movement, in which people are seeking "to gain control of just a few square blocks of turf," thus providing a basis for a National Alliance of Neighborhood Governments. This has been my prime-study area in political science for more than four years, and I tend to believe that the growth of political decentralization of power will totally coincide with the growth of regional and neighborhood units of government—the desire to control a "few blocks of turf." I have further determined in my studies that our already existent house-

holds are the basis of a new, jurisdictional authority, founded on the sovereign rights of the individual, as outlined in the Bill of Rights.

The household is the immediate extension of the individual, and it sustains the blows of economic depression and even survives death, because the household passes on. Better yet, the household is protected by Articles IX and X of the Bill of Rights, which outline that we, the people, retain the right to powers not expressly delegated, by us, to the states and Congress.

I have never read anything about this idea, but I hope that there will be progress in this field, because the formation of household governments, by the people, as the basic unit of public government will surely change our political system.

In turn, the Neighborhood Powers Act, which Senator Hatfield of Oregon proposed, should provide that the Neighborhood Corporations, which supply the public services and would receive 80 percent of our federal income taxes, be associations of such household governments.

If the people do not willingly take on the powers of self-government, by acting to eliminate the Electoral College, by demanding recognition of their household governments and their neighborhood associations, by actively proving that they deserve human rights by defending them, we shall surely lose the liberty we have and freedom shall be a word and nothing more.

Keep up the excellent journalism. Mankind needs more enlightenment in order to persevere and survive in the chaotic, yet decisive, times ahead. Thank you.—*Marc E. Chaitlin, Friday Harbor, Wash.*

Although I am now retired for thirteen years and have an adequate lifetime income from productive employment, and my seventy-eighth birthday will be upon me soon, I am still so busy counseling mildly confused folks that I do not always have time to read *Penthouse*. Nevertheless, I have just read the February issue and would like to congratulate Karl Hess on "The New Populism" article. I have New England ancestry going back for 350 years and roots in the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont for 200 years. I also have had an extensive education in politics in Boston, which was my base for seventy-one years.

I gave up being a Christian when Roosevelt's New Deal arrived and our two major political parties began the race to see who could offer the most "services" to the voters and thus buy votes to maintain the lawmakers in power. In 1918 I saw how



Lucky Americans. You pay less to go first class.

Here in Lisbon, Passport costs as much as other premium scotches. In fact, it's expensive everywhere but in America. We use Scotland's most expensive

whiskies, but bottle Passport in the U.S.—and pass on the tax and shipping savings to you. So to lucky Americans, this superb scotch only *tastes* expensive.

Passport Scotch

THE KONICA AUTOFOCUS. SO AMAZING, IT EVEN SETS THE FOCUS ITSELF.

There's a revolutionary new camera that overcomes the last barrier to quality photography. The Konica AF autofocus 35 mm camera gets sharp pictures every time. Autofocus is here!



AUTOFOCUS: ELECTRONIC FOCUSING

The entire world of picture-taking has changed with the Konica AF camera... world's first 35mm autofocus camera. This electronic miracle won't let you miss those once-in-a-lifetime shots... the kid on the skateboard, your Little Leaguer's slide into third base, the fun at the party—you get it all, perfectly sharp. No rings to turn, no dials to set.

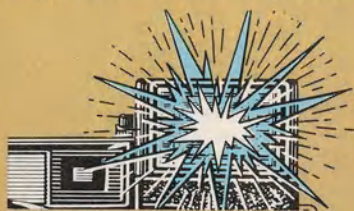
AUTO EXPOSURE: BRIGHT, CLEAR PICTURES

You have the further advantage of correct exposure everytime, automatically and instantly perfect, thanks to the ingenious Konica system. No prints are too light, none are too dark, indoors or out. Proven

high speed Konica Hexanon f/2.8 optical glass lens; the programmed shutter starts at a fast 1/250th of a second to virtually eliminate movement blurs.

AUTOMATIC FLASH: BETTER COLOR

The built-in "pop-up" electronic flash won't let you miss the action. The exposure is automatically set as part of the camera's autofocus system. No bulbs to buy, no settings to compute. Use it outdoors too for brighter colors in deep shadows.



Your Konica dealer wants to show you one of the most amazing cameras he has ever been able to offer. He'll promise you sharp, quality



pictures from the very first roll you shoot with your Konica AF. See him today.



Konica Camera Company, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, Burbank, Calif. 91550

Wilson announced the War to End All Wars, which he followed by announcing that the future of our prosperity was in being the arsenal of democracy. In 1941 our spies told us seventy-two hours in advance, on an hourly basis, that Japan was planning to shower our fleet at Pearl Harbor with the many shiploads of scrap metal that we had sold them.

My ancestors fought in all the wars, and I did also, if being a noncommissioned officer with officer privileges can be called fighting. From 1942 until 1945 I was busy training recruits and mediating personal misunderstandings—such as those arising from the army's paying the troops on the first of the month because all the women of the world, including the uptown bargirls, were bleeding on those first days.

For centuries our so-called society was set up so that groups of like-minded folks could live in tribes and clans with their own rulers and defend themselves against aggressors. In the South blacks for many years were happily segregated, as were the whites. I was in the midst of the Detroit race riots and both saw and heard how blacks brought up north to work in factories abused their freedom. There can never be any one world at peace. Karl Hess is so right in saying in "The New Populism" that we must get rid of government by self-centered politicians determined to prove Khrushchev's comment that we will bankrupt and bury ourselves. Let us get back to community control, with less prosperity based on industrialization.—*F. Emerson, Sacramento, Calif.*

Shah na na

I address myself to Robert Sherrill's "The Shah of Iran" published in your February issue.

As an "outside expert" recently evacuated from Iran, I read Mr. Sherrill's article with ardor. He seems to have hit the target almost dead center. However, in all fairness, I must say that the shah did not invent the kinds of torture listed in the article. The Iranians have been masters of the art for centuries.

One of the saddest things about the Iranian situation is that it is far from over. Civil war is certain.

After the civil war, there will be no need to worry about Iran's attacking Saudi Arabia or any other country. For if Khomeini has his way—and he will—Iran will have almost no military forces. The resulting condition will then be perfect for Russia to acquire the year-round seaport that it has always wanted—without firing a shot. Remember Afghanistan?—*R. Tyler Furbish, Middletown, Conn.*

Agricultural news

I have read both installments of your series "Bitter Harvest" (September and November 1978) by David Harris. I have read your magazine for about five years and was very much impressed that a magazine of your stature would print an article about agriculture.

Sometimes the guys who get hit the hardest aren't even in the game.



Time out for Alka-Seltzer.[®] The sound of fast relief.

It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

That's when you call time out for Alka-Seltzer. Because the plop plop, fizz fizz is the sound of fast relief.

Alka-Seltzer is loaded with antacids that instantly break up



acid indigestion and bring soothing relief to your upset stomach. Even after a couple of those footlong hot dogs.

And Alka-Seltzer rushes relief to your aching head with a fast-acting analgesic.

It isn't often sports fans see that kind of fast action, so here's our instant replay: Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.

Read and follow label directions.

Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is![®] Fast, fast, fast.

©1978 Miles Laboratories, Inc.



Killer!

**That's a Jensen car audio system.
That's the thrill of being there.**

You've got to want the best. The max in music. The Killer. Then there's only one way to go.

The Jensen R430 car stereo receiver teamed with a Jensen Separates speaker system.

It all starts in the R430 Receiver. The AM/FM Stereo/Cassette unit that rivals many home receivers. Feather-touch electronic switches control Dolby® Noise Reduction, Loudness, Interstation Muting, and Local/Distance FM tuning.

A separate, trunk-mounted Power Amp gives you up to 60 watts RMS when you need it. The Bi-amplification mode distributes that power perfectly for knock-out realism.

More? Lots more. But look what the R430 teams up with.

The Jensen Separates. The revolutionary car speaker system that gives a faultless interpretation of everything the R430 sends it.

Imagine individual woofers, tweeters, and midrange units custom positioned throughout your car... for unparalleled sound reproduction. Coupled with an under-dash control unit that lets you balance the music to your personal taste. That's the Separates.

Touch the "Bi-Amp" switch on the R430 Receiver and each individual woofer, tweeter and midrange gets the precise frequency range and power to put you right in the concert.

This system's a killer. That's the Jensen R430 Receiver and Separates.

That's the thrill of being there.

JENSEN
The thrill of being there.

For more information, write Jensen Sound Laboratories.
4136 N. United Parkway, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.

® "Dolby" and "Dolby System" are registered trademarks of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.



We farm in a small community in north-eastern Colorado and know firsthand the problems that agricultural producers face. We are so used to printed fallacies, bad publicity, and back-page articles that it was incredibly refreshing to discover that a nonfarming magazine would print such factual and informative articles. I can't tell you how much we appreciate the publication of this series. I only wish that we could get the government, and especially the U.S. Department of Agriculture, to print and distribute information as well as you have done. Our own government is our worst enemy, and our story is often so distorted that it makes us appear as the scapegoats.

What concerns us the most is how many farmers we lose each year. Most of them are young farmers. The older, more established farmers are financially able to endure this agricultural depression, but their age is such that they will all be retired in ten or fifteen years. The only ones left to take over their operations will be the very wealthy farmers and the corporations.

We in American agriculture are firmly committed to the idea that rural America is the key to a prosperous nation. Our renewable resources could, if handled right, be our nation's greatest asset in the world marketplace. And if rural America is allowed to prosper, so that people may remain in the country and small towns, that would go a long way toward relieving the problems of our cities. With a fair and

equitable price for our agricultural products, we will continue to feed the nation and the world.

Keep up the good work. *Penthouse*; we out here in rural America appreciate it.—*Jim Sorenson, Julesburg, Colo.*

Call to veterans

I want to express my sincere appreciation of your magazine's untiring and worthwhile reporting on the Vietnam veterans. As you so well know, we have as many problems as any one group of people could have. We left the perverted death of Vietnam only to come home and face another type of death.

As each year passes, we veterans drift farther apart. Brothers, beware! The majority of the people are as confused as we are. On the one hand, the younger generation isn't even aware of our problems. Kids that were eight years old when I was in Vietnam are now almost twenty. On the other hand, the older generation, our parents, would just as soon forget about us. Hell, they fought and won their war; we didn't. We fought for years, lost the war that could never be won, and then left in disgrace.

The older generation can't understand this, and their failure to do so is reflected in the way we are treated. The older generation controls the business, government, and, essentially, our destiny. If this power continues, we will surely die at the hands of their ignorance and apathy.

We the veterans must unite. We must show our country that we can come together, that we are not such a small number, and that we care for each other. We must all be concerned for our future. We must organize and put forth our feelings, our ideas, and our needs. I wish that, with the help of *Penthouse* and the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser," we could find a point to rally from. Keep writing letters; do not remain silent. Find other veterans and discuss your thoughts on what can be done to right some of the wrongs. Most certainly, we can make this country so aware of us that our tragedy will never again be repeated. If our history is to be written, we are the ones who should write it.

Please, let's all get together and make 1980 the Year of the Veteran.—*Joseph Doyle, Fort Myers, Fla.*

Born-again South

I have just read "Opportunity in the New South," by Fred Powledge ("Advise & Dissent," February 1979) and feel that it is the first truly accurate account of the southern desegregation movement.

As a southerner now living in California, I must say I have seen more prejudice here than in all my years in Kent, Ala. Of about thirty employees in my office, none are black. The South is the best place in the world to work, live, and raise one's children. I believe that because of the strong emphasis on the family in the South, children are much safer there.

I am not writing to knock California, only to reaffirm the facts presented about the "New South." It is an area that has more to offer than any other part of the country. Thank you, Fred Powledge, for a beautiful article.—*K. Yates, San Bernardino, Calif.*

When Sahl speaks . . .

Your interview with Mort Sahl (March 1979) was both witty and unnerving. It is a credit to both *Penthouse* and Mr. Sahl. My hat is off to this low-keyed patriot who, quite frankly, both amused and scared the hell out of me. Thanks, *Penthouse*; I needed that!—*John Kulick, Phoenix, Ariz.*

I would like to thank *Penthouse* for its in-depth interview with Mort Sahl. I have been reading your magazine for approximately the last ten years, and this is the first time that I have been moved to write you. I thought that the interview was very informative and contained a lot of truth. Mr. Sahl considers himself to be a "conservative"; and although I am a far cry from what would normally be considered a conservative, I support his views wholeheartedly. I believe that what he had to say a good percentage of the American people would like to say also. We are tired of big-government manipulation! It's time that we stood up and were counted. It makes little difference whether an individual is a liberal, a conservative, or a shade in between; it is apparent that big government is getting out of hand! Bravo, Mort Sahl!—*G. B. Coffman, Seagoville, Tex.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210



"Mary Lou, please stop me if I'm out of bounds, but have you ever considered changing your mind about your sacred vow to your parents that you would wait until after we're married?"

Now you don't have to be born with it.

JÖVAN SEX Appeal™ aftershave/cologne FOR MEN.

Sex Appeal.
Now you don't have to
be born with it.

This provocative,
stimulating blend of rare
spices and herbs was
created by man for the
sole purpose of attracting
woman. At will.

More than the usual...

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

4 FL. OZ. 118 CC. ML.

SEX
Appeal
SEX
Appeal

promise in a bottle.
It's more like a guarantee.

Splash it on your face,
your neck, your chest. The
more you use, the better.

Because it is truly
Sex Appeal. (And man can
never have too much.)

Sex Appeal by Jovan.
For the first time in the
history of the world...

We bottled it.

JÖVAN SEX Appeal™ aftershave/cologne FOR MEN.

4 FL. OZ. 118 CC. ML.
JÖVAN, INC.
CHICAGO, ILL. 60611
MADE IN U.S.A.
© 1975 JÖVAN, INC.

CONTAINS
60% ALCOHOL 35%
DEIONIZED WATER
FRAGRANCE
DYES



Jövan Sex Appeal™ Aftershave/Cologne for Men.

At America's finest stores. Jovan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611 © 1975, Jovan, Inc.

New Belair... all the way to fresh!



©1978 B&W T Co.

NOW 30% LESS 'TAR'!

*Just the right touch of menthol.
Never heavy. Never harsh.
The taste is pure fresh!*



Now only 9 mg.!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

•Nymphomaniacs and satyrs
just don't exist in my book. No one ever
went crazy or died from
wanting or having too much sex.•

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a thirty-six-year-old married man. I love my wife very much, and we get along just fine. Annette and I have sex at least two or three times a week, and it's always better than the time before, even though we have been married for sixteen years. There is, to be honest, nothing special about me. I'm six feet tall, with brown hair and eyes, and I have a very good start on what will soon be a very good beer belly. I don't have a seventeen-inch cock, and I can't come six times a night, but I manage to have my fun.

Last August my wife and kids went to her mother's for a few weeks, and the Saturday night after they had gone I went over to our local Holiday Inn to have a couple of cold beers in the lounge. As it was pretty crowded and I couldn't find a seat at the bar, I walked around, talking to some of the people I knew. Someone started to pull on my arm. It was this man, Alex, and his wife, Cindy. Their little boy plays ball on the team I coach, and though I don't know them very well, they seemed like nice people. Alex is about my age, and Cindy is a few years younger. I'd say she was about five feet four inches tall, maybe 115 pounds, with really dark hair and eyes and a great-looking body. Alex looks the same as I do.

We sat there for a couple of hours, talking and drinking, and I danced with Cindy a few times. Around eleven o'clock they asked me if I'd like to come over to their house and have a couple of beers and watch some television. I gladly went home with them. Alex got us each a can of beer and then asked me what movie I would like to see, because they had one of those tape setups that hook up to the television. He put on *Deep Throat*, which I had never seen, and boy oh boy, I couldn't take my eyes off the television—and my little six inches felt like a foot! Cindy said she had seen this movie a



hundred times—she was going to take a bath and change clothes. After *Deep Throat* had ended, Alex put on another movie and we waited for Cindy to return. When she came out of the bedroom, she was wearing this very short nightdress. Now, when I say "short," I mean it didn't come down far enough to cover her pussy. I didn't know if I should leave, but she walked over to the sofa and sat down between us and said, "Mike, you are really going to love this movie."

"Movie . . . what movie? No movie could be as good as you look." She just smiled and reached behind me to turn off the light. As the movie went on, I saw her reach over and take out Alex's cock. I heard him say, "Cindy, honey, don't be rude. If you are going to do this to me, please include our guest." I just about died when I

heard that, and I did jump when I felt her hand on my fly. There she sat, looking really angelic, with a hard cock in each hand. It just about blew me out of the water!

As we continued to watch the film, Alex talked to me, asking if I liked what Cindy was doing. I couldn't exactly speak, but I did nod my head a lot. He asked if I would like to see her breasts, and she immediately took her hands off our cocks and lifted off her tiny nightgown. She had really firm breasts for a woman with three children and the thickest nipples I'd ever seen. Then Alex said that they had had something like this planned for a long time, and that I should go ahead and touch Cindy wherever I wanted. Alex and I each started to suck one breast, and we both were playing with her pussy. We all took off our clothes, and she knelt on the floor and took each of our cocks in her hands, put the heads together, and started to lick them at the same time. She was really good, and I had completely stopped watching the movie.

Finally, we all ran into the bedroom. Once in there, we did just

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

about everything you can do with three people. Alex got on top of her, and I watched for a while. Then I got on her, and she almost killed me with her movements. It was really, really unbelievable!

The following Monday I was with the kids on the ball team, and Cindy came by to drop off her son. She asked me if I wanted to come over again, because her kids were going to her sister's for the week and we'd have the house to ourselves.

I got there right after work. Cindy opened the door, wearing a short, black shirt with straps that crossed between her tits and very high heels. That was it—no blouse or anything else. We sat around the living room, talking about the last time. Alex left to get more beer and told us to start without him. For about an hour, we did a little bit of everything. Then Cindy started kissing me hot and heavy and licking my mouth with her wet tongue; and as she was doing this, I felt a hot mouth—Alex's—cover the head of my cock. This was a first for me. I had never before had my cock in the mouth of a man. Soon they were both at my cock, and it felt wonderful, even though I couldn't come. We took a short break; and when we got back into bed, I fucked Cindy for a while and then we switched. And I swear, for at least an hour there wasn't a second that she didn't have a cock in her pussy, ass, or mouth. I couldn't believe that I held out as long as I did.

Needless to say, we have been together many many times since then. Last week Cindy's girl friend was over, and the four of us did things I didn't even know were possible. Now the three of us would like to get Annette, my wife, to join in, but I'll be damned if I know how to go about it. Annette is very hot to trot when it comes to sex, and we have done everything two people can do. And I'm scared of what she will think of me when she finds out that I think I may be bisexual. Anyway, my question is: how do I approach Annette with this new-found game of mine?—M.W.

The *Deep Throat* trick worked on you. Why not try it on her? But take her by surprise, just as Cindy and Alex did you. Here's what you do (you rehearse this ahead of time with them, of course): Cindy and Alex will invite you over for an evening at the movies. They put on a movie—not a triple-X one—and your wife gets to know them. Then someone suggests you watch *Deep Throat*, and during the movie Cindy changes into her very brief negligee. She and Alex start some cuddling and kissing together but do not include you and your wife. It's their own little game. From there you might start some foreplay with your wife. If she's receptive, great. In no time you and Cindy and Alex can ease her into a four-way. If she's completely revolted by the sight of Cindy and Alex... well, you can always leave, just as any respectable married couple would.

Alex and Cindy may not want to play your little game. But then they sound like a pretty hedonistic couple and may want to oblige

you just for the fun of it. You have nothing to lose but your wife.

LOSER IN LOVE

I'm thirty-eight years old and am in the airline business, which takes me around the world. I think my sexual potential is average. I used to screw five times a night when I was twenty and three times a night when I was thirty. Now I can manage once a night. Women seem to find me attractive, and unlike some of your readers I measure my sexual organ at five and one-half inches. I have never tried to seduce a woman, but they are all over me, like flies. They are always friends of my wife or wives of my friends (this hurts), and the worst part is that I can't keep my hands off them.

My German sister-in-law, who must have guessed my talent in bed a long time ago (though not through personal experience), always told me that I should never have married. Unfortunately, I paid no attention. First, I married a Turkish woman, and after five years she left me, saying that although I was giving her everything, she only wanted me to want her, not every other woman who breathed. Then I started living with a New Zealander. Same result. Then, like an idiot, I married an Australian, with the same result. The sad part is that I am leaving children all around the world. My ex-wives are all married, except for the Australian, who refuses even to date other men.

I am now living with a lovely German girl who loves me very much. She even followed me to Australia for the two years that I was stationed there. This is going to end soon, because she is very bad in bed. Anise is strictly the missionary type—no oral sex, and breast touching is taboo because she says it "tickles" her. Worst of all, she is a once-a-week woman, while I must have sex every night. I don't believe that love is everlasting, and I seem to lose my interest at home after two years and begin playing around. When I do go out and sleep with another woman, I'm much happier at home the next day and feel more affectionate toward my woman; also, my urge to have sex with her doubles.

What kind of maniac or satyr am I, and what should I do?

I also am very excited by the idea of a threesome or foursome, but on every occasion I can't seem to get hard. Is this because of shyness, or is it from overexcitement?—R.R.

Some people have high sex drives; some people do not. It's nothing to get worried about, and just because you need sex once a day is no reason to call yourself a maniac. And please don't use the term satyr. Nymphomaniacs and satyrs just don't exist in my book. No one ever went crazy or died from wanting or having too much sex.

Your sex drive isn't the problem, but you do seem to be a poor judge of what it is you're looking for in a wife. From your letter, I'd say Anise is certainly not the answer. I would imagine you'd be much happier with

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

SILVER SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE
1979
Silver Ford Van
and \$5,000 to
customize it

2ND PRIZE
8-Day
Puerto Rico
Vacation
For Two

3RD PRIZE
10 Panasonic
AM, FM, CB Units

4TH PRIZE
500 Ronrico
"2 Ways to Go"
Beach Towels

GOLD SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE
1979
Gold Ford Van
and \$5,000 to
customize it

2ND PRIZE
8-Day
Puerto Rico
Vacation
For Two

3RD PRIZE
10 Panasonic
AM, FM, CB Units

4TH PRIZE
500 Ronrico
"2 Ways to Go"
Beach Towels

OFFICIAL RULES

1. On one or both (Gold and/or Silver) entry forms, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle, visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display. A facsimile of Ronrico Labels may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 8264, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.
2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 31, 1979 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.
3. Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1979 Ford Van, and \$5,000 to customize and/or decorate it. The two second prize winners will each receive a 7-night, 8-day trip for two to San Juan, Puerto Rico, including air fare, hotel accommodations and \$200 in cash. The 20 third prize winners will receive a Panasonic AM, FM, CB Unit. The 1000 fourth prize winners will receive a Ronrico "2 Ways to Go" Beach Towel. Prizes are non-transferable.
4. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
5. Van winners agree to assume responsibility for any optional items as defined by Ford Motor Co. as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Vans will be made available as near as possible to the prize winner's home address for pick up by winners. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska, and Hawaii. Employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.
6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age of the laws of their home state.
7. A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List, P.O. Box 8266, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

WIN THE SILVER...WIN THE GOLD...OR WIN BOTH

WIN

1979 SILVER FORD VAN
and \$5,000 to customize it

WIN

1979 GOLD FORD VAN
and \$5,000 to customize it



PLUS OVER 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES

Ronrico doubles the action with not one—but two—exciting sweepstakes. Great fun and easy to enter. Just answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions on either or both of the entry blanks below with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. Complete the form and mail to us. If you don't own a bottle of Ronrico visit your favorite restaurant, tavern or package store and look for the special Ronrico display.

While you're waiting to hear if you've won, try our White (Silver Label) and Gold Ronrico Rums in your favorite drink.
(Van decoration is artist rendition. Please see Rule #3.)

2 WAYS TO GO...

Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
Mail To: Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8252 PH St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico White (Silver Label) quart and 750ML sizes.)

1. Ronrico White (Silver Label) was established in:
☐ 1680 ☐ 1860 ☐ 1906
2. Ronrico White (Silver Label) is
☐ dry ☐ sweet

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian ☐ Military ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



RONRICO
AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO

2 WAYS TO WIN...

Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
Mail To: Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8244 PH St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico Gold quart and 750ML sizes.)

1. Ronrico Gold Label is produced and bottled in
☐ Florida ☐ Puerto Rico ☐ Jamaica
2. The Ronrico Smooth Gold "Sour" is made with
☐ Lemon Juice ☐ Grapefruit Juice

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian ☐ Military ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

a highly sexed woman who is also a freethinker, one who will let you have extramarital sex without any hassles. But be prepared: she'll probably want to indulge herself. Or are you too conservative for this type of woman, one who has the very same needs that you do? I raise this question because you seem to fear group sex, a kinkier form of sex than you're used to. With a liberal and highly sexed woman, you can participate in group sex with someone you already love. It won't seem so frightening then.

Contrary to what you've probably been told, a loose woman can also be a good woman.

BEDROOM BOREDOM

I've been married for five months. I'm five feet two inches tall, 105 pounds, and 33-24-35. My husband, Jake, and I are both twenty-five. Our sex life was fantastic when we were single . . . hours of lovemaking at his house, and Jake would do anything to please me. We made love in a variety of places and always were perfectly satisfied. But since the honeymoon he doesn't give me the same amount of attention or affection that he used to. There's no passionate foreplay, not even kissing. I get so depressed, because he only wants to screw once a week, at the most. I drool when I read letters about other men and women who make love twice a day! He buys your magazine regularly, and I feel that he pre-

fers looking at the pictures and masturbating with the cat watching to spending that time with me.

I used to think it was because he was in college. Yet during Christmas break nothing changed. My sister and her little girl live upstairs, and we live downstairs, but she works such odd hours that Jake and I have plenty of time to be by ourselves during the week and on weekends.

I confronted Jake once with this problem, and he said it was because he was getting high too often. So we quit smoking for a while, and still nothing happened. Once, during lovemaking, I asked if he had any fantasies, and he said sarcastically, "Yeah, I like to fuck squirrels." He laughs when I tell him to "fuck me harder" during intercourse. I keep my nightgowns sexy, and I even bought stockings and a garter belt. I only wore them once, under a sexy dress, to a friend's wedding. He commented that my nylons weren't dark enough and told me to go put on some panty hose.

How should I handle this, other than getting a divorce? We're surely not sexually compatible. I've done everything I feel I can. I still rub his back every night, scrub him in the tub, and send him love letters. Should I look elsewhere?—T.D.

You should have married the highly sexed man of the previous letter. It certainly is a shame when people with disparate sexual quotients get married. You have two op-

tions. You can learn to live with just once-a-week sex and remember that lust isn't everything. (But don't ask me what comes in second place; the answer escapes me.) Or you might try introducing your husband to group sex. I receive dozens of letters from voyeur husbands, and perhaps Jake's seeing you get it from another man would kindle his interest in you. At least you'll be getting some good sex.

WANTS TO BE WILD

I'm a confused twenty-two-year-old male. I've been living with a girl, Cara, for five years on an on-off basis. At this moment it's off. I feel that I love her, and we have a sharing relationship other people just don't come close to. Still, I feel like there should be something else. I long for sex with other beautiful women. I crave group sex. I fantasize about having two women in bed with me at once. Cara and I once had a threesome going, but she felt bad about it. I loved her for trying to get into one of my fantasies, but I seem to need so much more than she does. Our sex life is great—except for my wild imagination. Is there a way that I can decrease my need for sex? (We live in different states now; but even though she is far away, I still love her.)

I keep feeling that there might be someone better out there for me, and I don't know how to find out. I know that down in Los Angeles Cara has lots of guys showing her a good time, and it drives me crazy. Thinking about her sharing emotional things with other guys hurts me, but I'd love to see her fuck some guy as long as I'm there and there are no real ties. Am I nuts? Am I coping out?

Cara doesn't want to consider moving in with me again until I promise her that she is the only one I desire. I just can't make that promise. Cara is definitely the best thing that ever happened to me. I can't seem to let go, even though we've gone through so much pain in trying to stay together. We write each other regularly, and she is as much my friend as my lover. What should I do? Can you suggest a way out of this hopeless situation?—J.S.

Something's got to give, and I have a feeling it's not going to be Cara. For you it's either Cara or wild and free sex. Then again, you could move closer to Cara (geographically speaking) without actually moving in with her, still have your other women, and see her quite regularly. In time, her rather conservative attitude might change. After all, she's certainly not hopeless, since she did consent to at least one of your sexual fantasies. Give her time, or give yourself some room.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

I'm a nineteen-year-old male, with a very well-shaped girl friend. We always experiment with new ways of making it, and I think we have an adequate sex life.

My problem started about two weeks ago, when Karen and I went to a local disco. We ran into one of her girl friends



Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes.

YOU MAY HAVE WON A TRIP TO HAWAII AND A JEEP® WAGONEER.

To find out if you've won, just take the Sweepstakes Certificate to the special Old Milwaukee display in a participating retail store, place it behind the Instant Winner Decoder, and if your Instant Winner Symbol matches one of the winning symbols on the display, send in your certificate and start packing. If you cannot find a convenient Old Milwaukee display, or you do not wish to visit a retail store to see if you have won, you can send for a decoder by following the instructions in Rule #5. PLEASE READ CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW ALL RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE PROCEEDING.

FIRST PRIZE: Ten days in Oahu, Hawaii, \$5,000 in cash plus a new Jeep Wagoneer.

SECOND PRIZES: A trip to New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco plus \$2,500 for each winner. (First Prize and Second Prize trips include round trip coach air fare and hotel accommodations for two.)

THIRD PRIZES: One thousand, handsome four piece sets of Old Milwaukee crystal beer mugs.

If you're not an Instant Winner, you're still not out... you may enter the Second Chance Drawing for all unclaimed prizes because in most sweepstakes, many Instant Winners do not claim their prizes.

OLD MILWAUKEE GREAT

NEW YORK



NEW ORLEANS



SAN FRANCISCO



AMERICAN PLACES SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Cut out the Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes Certificate in this ad and place it under the Instant Winner Decoder on display at your participating Old Milwaukee retailer. Compare the symbol revealed under the Instant Winner Decoder with the Instant Winner Symbols appearing on the display. If your Instant Winner symbol *matches* one of the winning symbols on the display, you are an Instant Winner of the prize specified for that symbol. 2. To claim an Instant Winner prize, hand print your name and address on the Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes Certificate or on a 3" x 5" card. Mail your certificate with your *matching* Instant Winner Symbol via registered mail, return receipt requested, to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes Instant Winner Prize Claim, P.O. Box 9210, Blair, NE 68009. 3. In the event that the first, or all three second prizes, or any of the 1,000 third prizes are not claimed by an Instant Winner, which is likely, a Second Chance Drawing will be held from among all Second Chance entries to award all unclaimed prizes.

To enter the Second Chance Drawing, complete the Second Chance entry form found on Old Milwaukee Displays at your participating Old Milwaukee retailer or, on a 3" x 5" card, hand print your name and address and mail in a hand addressed envelope to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes, Second Chance Drawing, P.O. Box 8470, Blair, NE 68009. 4. All Instant Winner claims and each Second Chance entry must be mailed separately and received by 8/1/79 and be accompanied by any one of the following: an Old Milwaukee label, the words "Old Milwaukee" cut from any Old Milwaukee carton or the words "Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes" hand printed on a separate 3" x 5" card. The Second Chance Drawing will take place on 8/15/79 and winners in the drawing will be notified by 9/30/79. 5. If you cannot find a sweepstakes display at your nearby retailer, or you do not wish to go to your nearby retailer, you may obtain a reprint of the prize winning symbols, an Instant Winner Decoder, and details by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope

and verification of Instant Winner Claims are under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Any Instant Winner Claims that are defaced, mutilated or altered in any way are null and void. 7. The odds for any distributed certificate being an Instant Winner are: **FIRST PRIZE**—1 in 34,266,800, **SECOND PRIZE**—1 in 11,422,267, **THIRD PRIZE**—1 in 34,267. The odds of winning in the Second Chance Random Drawing will be determined by the number of entries received and the number of unclaimed prizes. 8. 1,004 prizes valued at \$36,000 guaranteed to be awarded. For a list of major prize winners (trips) available after 9/30/79, or to obtain the odds of having won a prize in the Second Chance Drawing, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Old Milwaukee Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 6259, Blair, NE 68009. 9. Limit one prize per family. No substitution for prizes. In order to claim their prize, winners are obligated, upon request, to sign an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, alternate winners will be selected. **ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.**

10. THIS SWEEPSTAKES IS OPEN TO RESIDENTS OF THE U.S.A. OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE IN THEIR STATES OF RESIDENCY, except employees of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., their affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, advertising agencies, manufacturers of sweepstakes materials, D. L. Blair, and other suppliers, and their families. Void in the states of Arkansas, California, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Virginia, and wherever else prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Date of departure for travel prizes subject to availability, but departures must take place prior to 8/1/80.

Jeep is a registered trade mark of Jeep Corp., a subsidiary of American Motors Corp.



Old Milwaukee Great American Places Sweepstakes. CERTIFICATE

Name _____
(Please hand print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

**THIS MAY BE YOUR
INSTANT WINNER.**





almost as soon as we arrived. After about an hour of dancing and drinking, Karen asked for my car keys. After about fifteen minutes I got worried and went out to the parking lot. I looked in the window, and there was Karen eating her girl friend's pussy. I watched for about five minutes before I went back inside, where I ordered a couple of strong drinks and waited for her to return.

How do I go about telling Karen that I saw her with another woman? I don't mind the fact that she has been sexually active with her girl friend, just that she wasn't honest about it. I guess I could always ask to join them, but what if they reject me?—Rick

Suggest to Karen that you'd like to make it with her and her girl friend. If she rejects the offer, please write me another letter. I'd be interested to hear what her reply is—it's got to be a good one. And then you'll know what to do.

AIMED TO PLEASE

I attend a small southern university. My girl friend and I have been dating since last September. Both of us were virgins when we met and since that time have been to bed on many satisfying occasions. Liza is an only child and had a rather conservative upbringing, which has hurt her sexually as well as socially. We are very much in love and plan to marry when we graduate. Until then we have to work around roommates

and other "inconveniences" and interruptions when we want to make love.

Liza is not the adventurous type in bed, and until recently she didn't like to have any type of oral sex. She is now doing this a little more, even though she still dislikes it. She wants to please me, but I don't want her to do things that she doesn't like to do. We have come to the realization that our lovemaking isn't doing much for her. She says that it feels good but that she doesn't see why everyone raves about it. Karen thinks that she'll never have an orgasm. I, on the other hand, come with a great deal of force whenever we make love and think the whole business is just great. She comes frequently—through manual manipulation, never when I'm inside her. I think our sex life is too one-sided—all my side.

Is there a breaking-in period for people who are new to lovemaking? Can you help us to make our love life better for Karen?—A.N.

You say that Karen doesn't like to perform oral sex; I take this to mean she doesn't like to perform fellatio. But how about cunnilingus? Do you ever eat her out? If she can have an orgasm via manual manipulation, she can no doubt have an orgasm via your tongue.

The next time you make love, give her at least one orgasm before you enter her with your cock. Alternate between cunnilingus and masturbation until she's simply beg-

ging for that cock of yours. Then, when you're screwing her, remember that a woman has an orgasm when her clitoris is stimulated. If the base of your cock isn't occasionally touching that clit, you may as well forget it.

AN ORAL OBSESSION

I recently moved to Florida with my wife. I'm sixty-five, and Norma is sixty-two. We have enjoyed a terrific sex life for forty-five years and still have sex at least three times a week. During my working years I owned a butcher shop, and I had a willing employee who enjoyed having me perform oral sex. After twenty years of this (without being caught), I moved away, and she has continued normal relations with her husband.

After reading your articles, I would like to have oral sex with Norma, but she absolutely refuses and says it is a sin, dirty, and anything else she can think of. I give her everything she wants and have offered to pay her for it, and every day I tell her how much I love her. Nothing works. Wanting to eat her has become an obsession with me, and I don't want to give up, because I think she would like it if she tried it. She is otherwise a great wife and a marvelous sex partner. Have you any ideas?—E.B.

Yes, be thankful for what you've got. Things could be worse.

TOO MUCH EXPOSURE

I have a problem with my boyfriend, Paul, that I don't know how to handle. He wants to expose me to other men because he says it turns him on. It all started during the summer. We had gone to the beach and played around roughly in the water. When I got out of the ocean, my bikini top had fallen off, exposing my breasts. My hair is very long; so I didn't realize that my top was missing. As soon as I did, though, I covered up right away. Paul told me later that it really excited him to see all the men staring at my naked chest with hungry eyes. He said the men also looked at him enviously. After that incident, he kept bugging me to expose myself again to other men.

Now I'm not ashamed of my body at all, as I have large breasts and a flat tummy. I'm not a prude, and I do enjoy sex. I just think that Paul shouldn't want to share my nakedness with other people. I really love him and want to make him happy, but I would like to know if his thinking is perverted.

One time we went to a movie. We sat in the first row of the balcony. There was only one other person in the balcony, and he was an old man. Soon after the movie began, Paul started getting romantic. He felt my breasts through my blouse and then opened it. I didn't mind, really, because I knew that no one could see me. Then he reached under my skirt and petted my pussy through my panties. Next he took off my underwear. I was really enjoying myself, but suddenly Paul got down and started to lick and suck me. I asked him to get up, but he refused, saying no one could see us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN TO PLAY MY CALCULATOR.

You never saw such a group of cynics. When I told them that my Casio Melody Calculator could play an eleven note scale from A to D, guffaws and chortles filled the office.

So I decided to show them. I started off simply. A little Freres Jacques. Then I did my own rendition of On Top of Old Smoky.

There were still a few snickers. But they had started to listen.

So I worked into an Etude in C Major, and threw in a fugue.

"So it plays Bach," the last remaining cynic said, "but can it multiply?"

"It's a Casio." I replied, smoothly switching to disco. (Admittedly difficult without sharps and flats.)

"It adds, subtracts, divides, does percentages, and multiplies." Quick bridge to a little calculator latino.

"Besides that," I said, my fingers fairly flying across the eleven music keys, "besides that, it also tells me what time it is, and sounds an alarm so I know when to go back to work."

Thanks to my Casio Melody Calculator, airplane rides aren't boring. And waiting in long lines seems somehow shorter.

And nobody laughs anymore when I sit down to play.

In fact, a few of us are even working on a composition for chorus and Casio Calculator.

It really is a superb instrument.

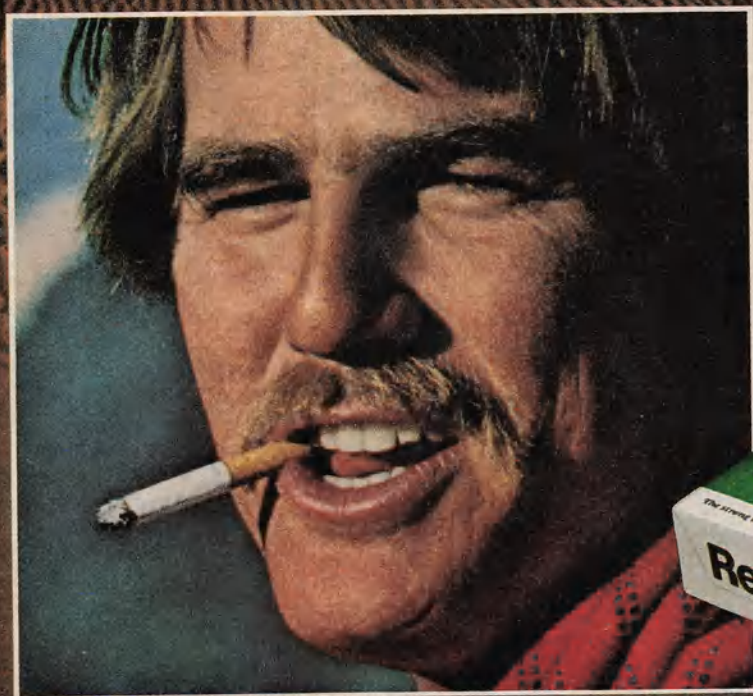


AT CASIO®, MIRACLES NEVER CEASE.

Casio, Inc. Consumer Products Division, Executive Offices: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 923-4564.

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

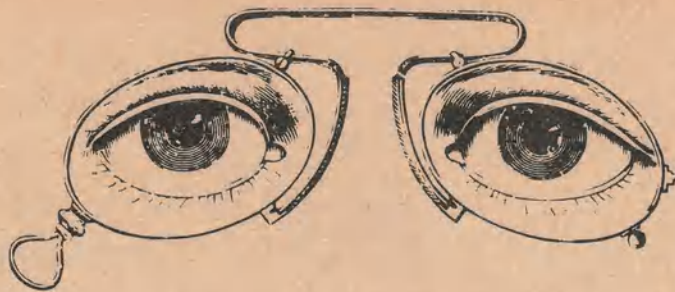


**Only
9 mg tar.**

***"Real's got dynamite taste!
Strong...more like a high tar."***

The strong tasting low tar.

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

CLOSER ENCOUNTERS

BY D. KEITH MANO

Some things are best left unseen, unknown. Your priest in a bathing suit. The brown, vermiform stuff that goes to make up moo shu pork at any Chinese restaurant. Your fourteen-year-old son in a Times Square squintshow. Whatever's beneath the refrigerator causing that scrabbly noise. Ryan O'Neal naked. Arnold Schwarzenegger clothed. Rosemary's baby. The surgeon in Studio 54 at 3:00 A.M. before your liver bypass operation. A woman you love throwing up. Yourself, from behind. God.

And the mother-big mother ship in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Some cigar-eating barracuda at Columbia Pix has given Steve Spielberg, wizard of obviousness, one million dukes to bloop a new ending on his dysenteric, four-clot film. Not enough we had to see those alien people who looked like so much spit strung down from a wino's mouth. Superior intelligence, my armpit—they couldn't even manage tonal music. Now we'll be able to watch the drool folk at work and play inside their supergalactic prune Danish when *Close Encounters* is rereleased this month.

Spielberg would think an autopsy on Cheryl Tiegs was erotic. What with mash potato sculpture and three backhoes' worth of sludge all over Richard Dreyfuss's game room, the director's original, semiambiguous ending was the one tasteful snatch in *Close Encounters*. Spielberg is modest, though, when he says, "We want to try to give a suggestion of the limitless grandeur of the universe." Only a suggestion: be grateful. Next he'll tell us he ghostwrote Genesis. And the Great Cricket God said, Let there be Lights, Camera, Schlock.

This dingus is called a marketing hook: that is, an angle the PR piranhas can use to goose their product along. Success and sequel, of course, are as familiar in combination as testosterone and raunchiness. But Spielberg, who had a silicone job on his brain, is working new neighborhoods here. The sub-sequel, you might name it. Not *Son of Close Encounters*. Instead, CE is pregnant with itself. Suppose, for a moment, if you haven't just eaten, that the sequel marketing hook became *de rigueur mortis* in Hollywood. Classics would be declassified. *War and Peace* and *War*, say. Or: *The Urban Renewal of the House of Usher*. *Six Finger Exercise*. *The Postgraduate*. *Grand Motel*. *Afterbirth of a Nation*. *To Have and Have Not and Get Again*. *The Red Badge of Courage with Clusters*. *A Bridge Still Farther*. *Uncle Tom's Co-op*. And—what'd you expect—a rerelease of *The New Testament: Apocalypse Tomorrow*,

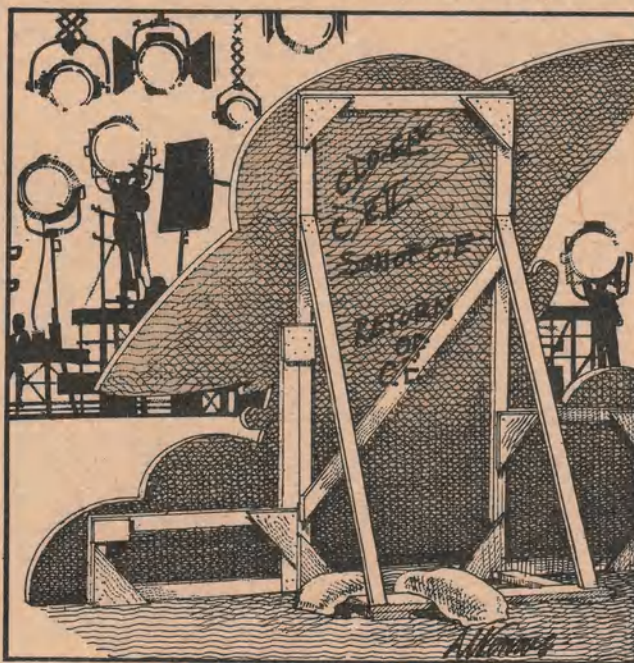
"Starring Jesus Himself (Clint Eastwood), Mary (Lauren Hutton), Satan (Marlon Brando, dubbed by Orson Welles), God (Orson Welles, dubbed by Marlon Brando), and all your favorite storybook characters in Francis Ford Coppola's \$400 million production of *The Second Coming*, coming first to a select Red Carpet Theatre near you. See each grave at Forest Lawn creak open. No one seated after *The Last Trump*."

Once upon a recent flashback, Americans could stand to have at least three or four events implied. There was hope and romance in the land. But since Watergate we've had a petulant I-wanna-know-it-all-and-now attitude. THE END now means someone-erased-my-tape. We attack art as if it were intended to be as thorough as Turkish strip searches are. Enough of this peevishness will destroy plot conventions that, though sentimental, even outright moronic, had a certain sweet civility. For instance, Bob Steele and Hoot Gibson riding off into the sunset. Now, you know, I know, that no one with an undamaged medulla would ride off at twilight. Man, you ride off at dawn. But Spielberg would paper-clip a sub-sequel on: Steele and Gibson fuddled in darkness, horses falling down rocky arroyos, trotting beak-first against giant saguaro cacti. How the West was lost again.

Not to mention that quintessential cliché: they lived happily ever after. Nobody, unless he had a lifetime prescription to the Snort of the Month Club, could be ever cheerful, or even cheerful through next Tuesday. Spielberg would direct *Lolita Faces Menopause*. Or *Beatrice and Benedict in Family Court*. Or *Peter Pan Meets the Rough Trade*. Or *Snow White and Her Seven Children*. You can guess at it in *The Graduate*, where Mike Nichols gives us that splendid, suggestive moment of the

triumphant couple in the bus who suddenly look hollow. From here on, they realize, it'll be diaper service and cradle cap and projectile vomiting. But Spielberg would go further: a sub-sequel of Jane Eyre making Rochester put up the storm windows. Or Darcy with instant ejaculation and Elizabeth with a hooded clit: *Prick and Prematurity*. (I don't mean to pick on Spielberg. Right now producer Herb Jaffe is casting *Heathcliff*, the sequel that'll tell you what Emily Brontë never dared to tell.) An item of that kind is like getting crabs from Tinkerbell: fierce and gratuitous disillusionment.

When Darth Vader is tail-gunned, his space Corvette goes loop-the-looping off to the bright planet Sequel. George Lucas knew what he was about—*Star Wars II*. We have a new commandment in filmmaking: *Thou Shalt Not Kill, Because Thou Mightst Need This Character Again*.





The moray eel types who bank-roll Hollywood are pissed at Shakespeare: he didn't know good box office. They'd love to do sub-sequels like *Macbeth in Argentina* or *Porgy and Othello*. Soon the sequel will murder tragedy itself. After all, you'd need a full-time spirit medium to staple-gun new material on *Cyrano* or *Camille* or *Hamlet*. No marketing hook. Who'd pay to see *Horatio's Story*?

But there are more ways than one to hook a market. Take the Rat-

Bambi—in the first real stag film—gang-hoofed by ten horny (antler?) bull moose. Or sled fetishist *Citizen Kane* whacking off on *Rosebud*. Or *Oliver Twist* selling his naked pickwick for a mess of porridge. This trend is shabby and cynical. Paramount admits, by implication, that the prurient parts in *Fever* were meretricious, unnecessary to start with, that their whole sideshow was a Kong-size dick-tease. Think I'll write *The Little Golden Book of Lady Chatterly's*

were two women under Fatty Arbuckle—a second one got crushed into the bedspread pattern. And your ultimate conspiracy scenario: JFK hired Oswald to assassinate John Connally but didn't duck fast enough.

In the marketing-hook-to-come department, I predict:

(1) Michael Bennit will follow *A Chorus Line* (about young dancers) and *Ballroom* (about middle-aged dancers) with *Rest Home*—an all roll-on-part musical that will feature the Wheelchair Salsa.

(2) Ralph Bakshi will cartoon *Pied Piper*, plus a sequel with a notable ending that shows the Magic Flautist and all his kids in Guyana.

(3) James Michener will top *Hawaii* and *Chesapeake* with his great American novel, *Northern New Jersey*.

(4) Someone will film an X-rated version of *The Living Desert*.

(5) This interior monologue will take place in Steven Spielberg's left lobe: "Look, Herman, I liked the whale. Everybody liked the whale. But we need a marketing harpoon for the rerelease. What I have in mind, see... *Moby Dick*—was that the whale's name or the captain's? I always forget... Right, well, *Moby* terrorizes this small resort town. Trouble is, y' hadda make him so big, Herman. I know you creative people. Keep the white part if you want; just scale him down a few dozen yards, and...



Steven Spielberg: contemplating the grandeur of the universe.

ing Switch. Right now Paramount has a eunuchoid PG version of *Saturday Night Fever* set up to snatch allowance money from the just postpubescent age-group. No poolroom language or disco strip-tease or backseat sexual man- and woman-handling. A ten-man team of Bowdlers must have airbrushed the film. In fact, both versions were shot simultaneously. Think of it: *Shallow Throat* for R, *Closed Lips* for PG, and *Lockjaw* for general release. Mind now, this game can work either way. Imagine Clark Gable carrying Vivien Leigh nude up the famous staircase or saying, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a gerbil's fart" on his way out. Or

Lover to enrich juvenilia.

Yet marketing meathook number one is still—guess what? *People*, particularly the desecration of same. I mean, do I need to know that Joan Crawford hung her children in a closet with the minks? Next we'll hear that FDR had a butt-plug built into his wheelchair seat. That Eisenhower was potent only on D-days. That Pope John Paul II is Rome correspondent for the *National Enquirer*. That Adele Davis ate M & M's. That the Chapquiddick Bridge, not Teddy, turned left. That Golda Meir was really a little Jewish man. That Van Gogh's ear wasn't cut away but fell off from tertiary syphilis. That there

SCENES



LEAST PERFECT PARENTS

Everyone knows what to give the loving parents on Mothers' and Fathers' Days: a pipe and after-shave for Dad, some cheap costume jewelry in a heart shape for Mom. But what about those forbears not so deserving—the skinflint who made you pay your own tuition or that overprotective nag who threatened suicide when you left home?

If trying to please the Nazi toilet trainers in your life usually means a bad trip down mammary lane for you, then you're in luck! That's right. Listed below for your shopping convenience are the most perfect gifts for the least perfect parents you know! Best bets for backseat drivers! And supersellers for the psychotically strict! So this year why not bury the hatchet and kill Mom and Dad with kindness? They'll never know what hit them!

Whether your pop's a tasteless practical joker, a traveling salesman, or just an ordinary, lecherous lout, he'll love the **Pet Screw**. Although shown here in its most primitive form, the line also includes the "Executive Screw" (thankfully not shown here). Included free are simple instructions, such as, "Running and heavy breathing will only tend to excite your screw." Who said advertising is the *second* oldest profession? It's \$5.95, from Convenience Products of America.

From the Fawcett Books Group, it's the "**Mother's Day/Erma Bombeck Gift Box**," including

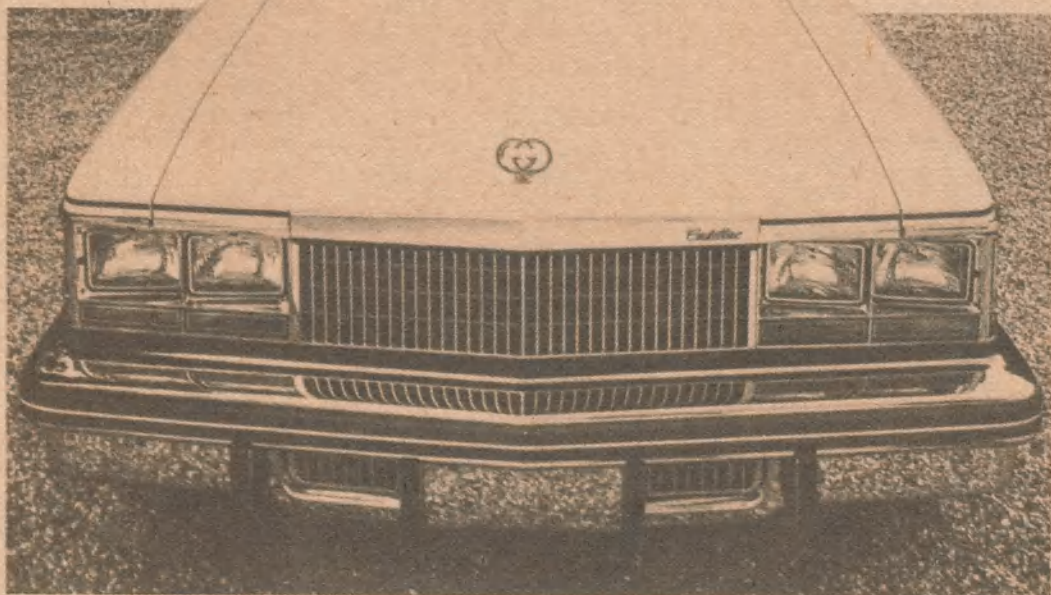


Travolta: PG *Fever*.

such maternal favorites as *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries*, *What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, *The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank*, and *Just Wait Till You Have Children of Your Own*. Complete with a free Mother's Day card that reads, "Happy Mother's Day to the only woman I know who had the courage to wash my gym clothes." Yes, 1,001 jokes so lame that only a mother could write them and only another mother could think they're funny. All for only \$8.65, and cheap, really cheap, at the price.

A lifesaver for the Valium addict, the covert afternoon drinker, or just any Mrs. with permanently pursed lips: a bottle of **Perk Smelling Salts**. One whiff brings Mom almost to consciousness while she overcooks those vegetables. Perks won't get her off the sauce, but it will keep her from falling from it. Even Dad will notice the difference. Available from Gary Farn, Ltd., Stamford, Conn. 06902. No price quoted.

The **DeLuxe Portable Phone** will be heavenly manna for the nosy old bitch. Weighing in at less than two pounds and operating on both rotary and tone dialing systems across the earth, this cordless pri-



The Gucci Cadillac: for the mom who has at least one Yves St. Laurent bathroom accessory.

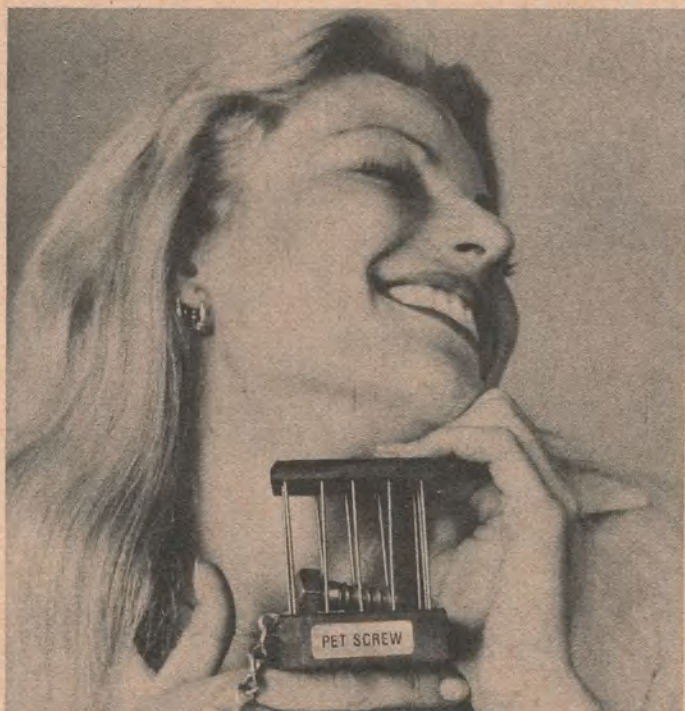
vacy-killer lets your mother make and receive calls anywhere in the world. That's right. Vacations are no longer an escape from the daily talkathon. With the De Luxe Portable Phone, your mom can ring up from the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and get you out of the shower, just as if she'd never gone away. She

can interrupt your sexual intercourse on a direct line from the Coliseum in Rome—and, as if that weren't enough, vice versa! No matter where she is, she is *always* able to hear from you. At the beauty salon, on a cruise ship, or under the knife, she's right beside the phone, just waiting for your call. She can even take it with her to the grave. Some mothers have—be warned. From Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 E. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022, it's \$595.00.

No mom who owns at least one Yves St. Laurent bathroom accessory could possibly resist the **Gucci Cadillac**. Listed at \$22,900, the Gucci Cadillac Seville features a beige and brown vinyl roof in the famed interlocking-G pattern, a set of Gucci luggage already in the trunk, and, of course, a golden double-G hood ornament. The fact that "Gucci" is written in gold lettering on the rear of the car may even make her start menstruating again. Advise your dad of this possibility—he may not be able to deal with it. If not, no matter. A very few days after her first spin, radicals will run her off the road or she'll be knee-capped by welfare recipients. Dad will be free to marry again. Come to think of it, get him to pay half.

A godsend to would-be cult leader and family autocrat alike, it's

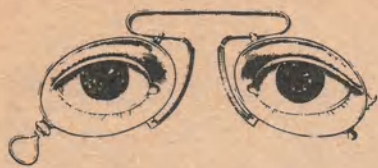
the **Two-Station FM Wireless Home Intercom System**. Advanced circuitry blanks out background noise so that Dad's bullying tones are always crisp and coherent. Two-channel operation allows complete system expansion to every room in the house. There is even a "special lock switch" for continuous talking or eavesdropping (after all, it's all in the family). Yes, a man's home can now be his gulag for only \$119.50. Extra stations \$65.00 each. For the father that wants to be an ever-tuned-in Big Brother to you. From Hammacher Schlemmer. —Emily Prager



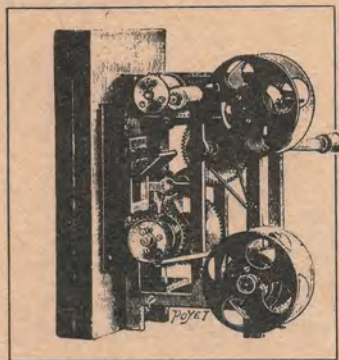
Pushing the Pet Screw: advertising as the second-oldest profession.



Bombeck: jokes for mother.



FILMS



ON TOP, DOWN UNDER

You'll be hearing more about Australian movies soon. One Australian film, Peter Weir's *The Last Wave*, made some critics' ten-best lists last year (where it really didn't belong), and that country's industry is promoting itself at festivals with a lot of impressive energy.

From what I've seen, Australian cinema, even at its worst, displays a boldness, a vigor, and a directness that in fact match the popular notion of the country and the people. I've seen love stories, adventure stories, thrillers—like *The Last Wave* or *Picnic at Hanging Rock*—and some socially conscious political drama. There's a lot I haven't seen. But very roughly, Australian movies of the 1970s recall some of the virtues of American movies through the 1950s, virtues that come from knowing what you're doing and having the technical resources to do it well.

The Australian movie that does it best happens to be about the 1950s, specifically about the decade from 1946 to 1956, and it's shot through with references to American personalities, songs, dances—whatever has made Australia a sort of spiritual colony of the U.S.A. It's called *Newsfront*, and I like it just about as much as I do any new movie in the past year. The director, Phillip Noyce, who's not yet out of his twenties, apparently considered the film a way of coming to terms with the values and attitudes of his father's generation. But he's come to something

rather better than that. *Newsfront* is a generous, ironic, sympathetic, amused, quite glorious tribute to a time and to some ways of thinking that are past us but that surely aren't out of date.

At first glance, the story looks very specialized. It is a story, though it's partly based on some real-life models—which, if you're Australian, you may recognize. I'm not, and I didn't. I don't think it much matters. If you know anything about Richard Nixon, the rage for Brigitte Bardot, the anticommunism craze of the 1950s (especially strong in Australia under Prime Minister Menzies), what television did to the movie business, perhaps a couple of old Sinatra songs—you'll have enough social-historical background. What all that cultural history works into is a story about a

company that makes theatrical newsreels—"Cinetone: The Eyes and Ears of Australia"—and especially about the life and adventures of its ace cameraman, Len Maguire; his pals and his bosses; the narrowly religious wife, Fay, who leaves him; and the tough career girl, Amy, who loves him and finally takes him in. Even in his private life, Len is mostly defined by his job. This links him—right down to his horn-rimmed glasses, double chin, beginning paunch—with all those free-spirited professionals who roamed American movies in the 1940s and 1950s. It also ties him to a potentially tragic destiny, because the job—no fault of Len's—isn't going to last much longer.

But *Newsfront* isn't a tragedy. It's a chronicle, with touches of comedy and pathos and more than a touch of action melodrama. In out-



Richard Pryor in concert:

line it may seem a little simple: a tale of hard-bitten integrity maintained against too obvious temptations. But in this movie even the simplicities become subtle. Its mixtures of fact with fiction, of tough irony with good, old-fashioned corn, work for a sophistication that's there for the taking—if you know just how to take it.

The key to *Newsfront* is in its method. Because its people make newsreels, it uses a lot of old newsreel footage. The footage is authentic, but it has been reworked, partly to bring the picture quality up to current standards, and partly—and more important—to adjust its rhythm so that it fits with the rest of the film. In return, the behind-the-scenes fiction part of *Newsfront* has been adjusted, too. Some of it is shot in black and white, some in muted color. But none of it contrasts too starkly with the newsreels, whether the real ones or those Phillip Noyce has simulated for the purposes of his film.

This continual shifting among different kinds of moviemaking is immensely exhilarating. It also provides a series of reference points, an awareness of stylistic conventions that can be laughed at, or laughed and cried with, but that all the time serve as a resource, a reservoir of feelings, to be drawn upon at will. So Len Maguire's story, the story of an old-fashioned newshound who keeps his nerve and his honor, too,



Chris Hayward in *Newsfront*.



creating a world in which his ideas can come to unexpected life.

makes sense both for the times it's lived through and for the ways those times were seen and felt in the movie-theater news. I think the story in *Newsfront* would be fun under many circumstances. But the circumstances Noyce and his colleagues have discovered for it make it a very moving kind of fun, with shocks of happy or slightly heartbreaking recognition.

Some episodes seem especially privileged: a devastating flood in the eastern Australian town of Maitland, a marvelous blending of old newsreels and new footage; an across-Australia auto race, out of which Len and his assistant virtually manufacture news stories; the gradual breakup of Len and Fay through years of having babies and finding basic differences about everything from sex to politics. The latter would be nothing special if it weren't for the drama *Newsfront* gives its day-to-day banalities by providing the men behind the news with an aura all their own.

As for those men—and their women—they are each a refinement of a conventional type. I liked Bill Hunter as Len, who looks like nobody's hero and then keeps redefining heroism to suit himself. Don Crosby as Len's crusty old boss, Chris Hayward as his assistant, Angela Punch as his rather sympathetic but sour wife—all fill expected slots with an unexpected grace. But the woman who plays Amy, Wendy Hughes, is this film's minor miracle. Beautiful, intelligent, warm, sarcastic, vulnerable,

and utterly self-reliant, she is the composite dream of a late-1940s film heroine. Because *Newsfront* is that kind of movie, it can observe her strong, clear-featured profile in close-up—and then chalk it up to "style" and unabashed admiration at the same time. I simply fell in love with her—which at one time was what you were supposed to do with the gorgeous girl in the center of the screen. In the center she surely is: a face, a presence, that a whole movie might reasonably spin itself around.

Richard Pryor tells the story about how one day a heart attack kayoed him in the chest and forced him to his knees; and every time he tried breathing, it told him no, he couldn't, until he passed out—and only came to in an ambulance, being cared for by white people, and he thought he had died and gone to the wrong, segregated heaven, where he'd have to listen to white angels playing Lawrence Welk music through eternity. I mention this because it's extracted from one of the two dozen high points of *Richard Pryor Filmed Live in Concert* and because you don't run into too many talking heart attacks in ordinary film comedy these days. I'd be grateful just for some ordinary film comedy, but the Richard Pryor movie—as it says, a filmed "concert"—is miles above that: funnier, more serious, much more accurate, and somewhat fantastic, the way comedy that doesn't tie itself very closely to actual place

and time will so frequently be.

Sometimes Pryor is topical—the heart attack, I guess; problems with his wives and the law; the whole subject of race relations, though that begins to get into something else, into an area of confrontation in which black-white isn't much more important than, say, man-woman, man-dog, even man-monkey. His routines tend to become stories—tall tales—rather than a succession of one-liners. He is not only able to sustain an idea through a good deal of monologue time but also able to invent, to create, a momentary world in which his ideas can come to specific, unexpected life. Pryor's sassy kids or the parents who beat him with a birch branch are typical. (There's a lot of nostalgia in the concert; I had forgotten the adventure of trying to piss your name into the snow in the woods in winter until Pryor reminded me of it.) But just as typical are the family dogs, which request red wine with the dinner-time Alpo, or the little squirrel monkey, which climbs up Pryor's arm and tries to come in his ear because at its stage of ignorant frustration almost any hole will do.

Pryor has lots of dialects for his act. He needs them, considering the cast of characters at his disposal. He does a very good John Wayne, telling death not to fuck with him, a whole range of nervous white folks (his specialty), and as many self-impressed blacks. There are also the dogs, the monkeys, and a pony that doesn't say much but that manages to deflate an amorous Great Dane.

I could quote lines, though you'd want the Pryor delivery to make them work properly. You'd also want the pantomime, of which there is a good deal and which is every bit as important as the funny talk. Pryor's sense of timing and the way he builds a story depend heavily on his acting out responses—so you end up watching just as closely as you listen. For my money, that makes *Richard Pryor Filmed Live in Concert* a true movie. It is also an important one and raucously, delicately sad and hilarious. —Roger Greenspun

WORDS



THROUGH A LENS DARKLY

Woman as possession, as slavey, as child, as trinket, as social crusader, and as beautician—all these, and then some, are to be found in this season's crop of books.

I hold here in my hand—mark it Exhibit A—*Possessions* (A&W, \$25), by John Hedgecoe, a somewhat voluptuous presentation of the female form. At one level—the level at which it is, I fear, likely to be examined by the forces of feminine emancipation—it is all T&A (shorthand in the book world for tits and ass). Hedgecoe, one of England's ranking photographers, has posed a series of ladies in the great houses that were the glories of the former empire. Few of the girls are world-class models. Perhaps the British are more enthusiastic about sagging backs and other female imperfections, as they are—notoriously—about wounded birds and starving cats. Or perhaps Hedgecoe's claims in his introduction are to be taken at face value and these women do go with these houses.

He asserts: "Closeted in luxury, with every task that might be considered the least bit onerous undertaken by a loyal servant of the household, and with the men of the house totally engrossed elsewhere in affairs of state and high finance, returning for shooting on the moors and poker in the library, these women were left with nothing to do but pamper themselves. Like courtesans they lived almost exclusively in wait for their men."

And to make naughty pictures



for an inquisitive photographer to show the world? We are, I fear, dealing here with a send-up, a witty enactment of a classy fantasy. But it is also a testimonial to changing times. In its present terms, it would not have made much sense a quarter-century ago, when every house of a man of means had at least one woman in it who lived in wait for him.

As for those loyal servants of the

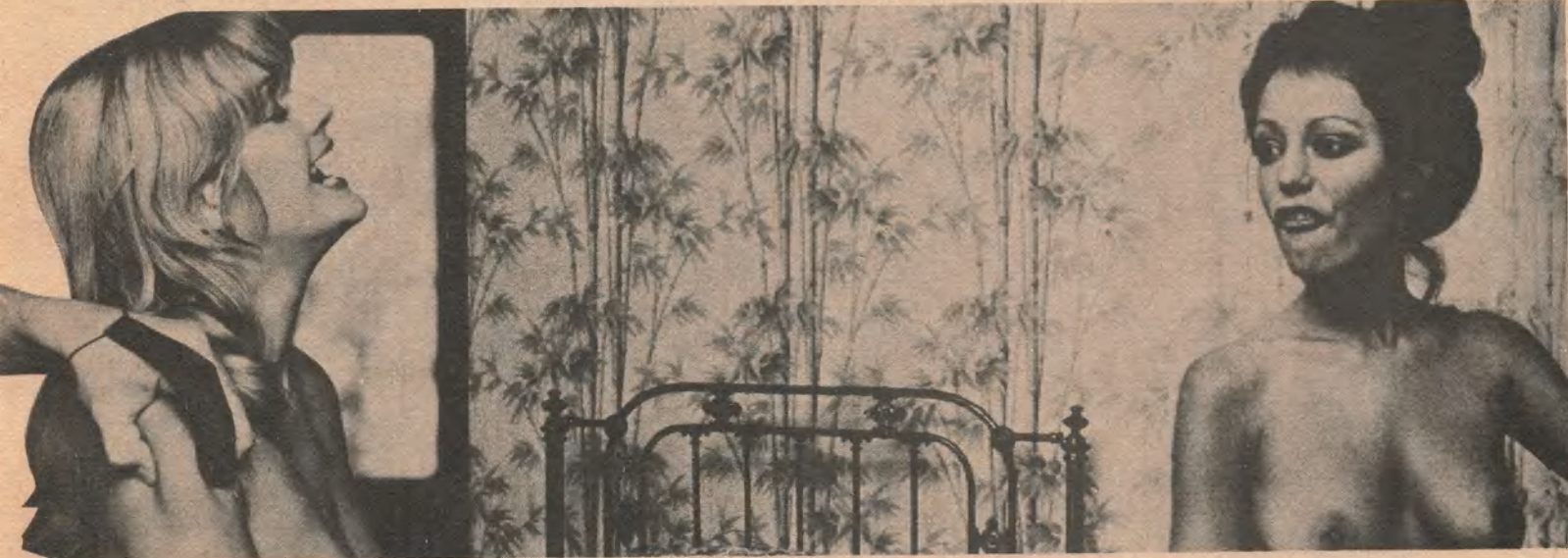
class they sought to improve stayed intractable or became pushy.

A most frustrating book is *To Be a Woman in America, 1850-1930* (Times Books, \$7.95, paper), by Annette K. Baxter with the assistance of Constance Jacobs. One of these women—the limited internal evidence suggests Jacobs—has raided state and local historical archives around the country to col-

Program at Barnard College. Which goes to show, I guess, what passes for learning among our more spirited sisters these days.

A book that takes a far more felicitous view of women in history is *Nude 1925* (Morgan & Morgan, \$6.95, paper), a collection of French postcards that is, for whatever mysterious intrapsychic reason, the sexiest book I have seen in a month of slow Mondays. No edi-

of a new kind: "These women are real." MacAdams is a gifted picture maker with a fresh eye and an antitraditional sensibility. Her women come in all ages, shapes, and sizes and are seldom less than a pleasure to look upon. I don't mean the looking is all fun. Margot St. James, the self-proclaimed leader of the whore-ladies' union, seems in her photograph to have come to play, all right, but not in the rum-



John Hedgecoe on English women: "Closeted in luxury, these women were left with nothing to do but pamper themselves."

household, they have become a terrible financial drain even on the owners of the great houses. They were mostly women in their day, and they, too, have come in for fresh attention. *Seven Days a Week* (Oxford, \$14.95), by David M. Katzman, is a thorough study of domestic service in the United States between the Civil War and World War I. The book is full of unsung heroines, including the 3,000 black washerwomen of Atlanta who struck in 1881, demanding a dollar for twelve pounds of wash. The police, landlords, and the press combined to break the strike.

Then we have *Women's Proper Place* (Basic, \$12.50), by Sheila Rothman, another historical study, this one stressing the efforts of middle-class women to assist their downtrodden sisters. Sexism, as Rothman demonstrates, has seldom bared such fangs as these do-gooders proffered when the

lect 173 early photographs. These are often amateurish and inexpert, but some are virtuoso efforts, and the overall impact is stunning. The words, on the other hand, are enough to inspire nostalgia for days when women with shrill mouths were put in stocks. Baxter, who seems to have written the captions, emerges as a surly and foolish feminist. A picture of one woman hard at work is captioned, "The advent of the washboard did not reduce the need for women's labor."

Which is, of course, nonsense. The washboard was a great labor-saving device, almost as big a step forward in its time as the Maytag would later become. Like the other captions, this one lacks detail. Where was the picture taken? By whom? Who is the subject? We aren't told. Dr. Baxter is chairman of the Department of History and of the American Studies

tor is listed for this collection, as is surely appropriate to the genre. With few exceptions, the photographers and models are anonymous also. If some line of paternity seems essential, we can cling to the explanation, in a one-and-one-half-page introduction, that the ladies were chosen from the J. P. Bourgeron and P. J. Balbo *carte* collections. The models are a bit meatier, on the average, than is currently the fashion. They were mostly French hookers, but they do manage to preserve an aura of innocence and modesty, even as they wriggle a breast or flash a bottom. There is some failure of brazenness here, or residual fear of the police, that I find infinitely fetching.

Emergence (Dutton, \$9.95, paper), by Cynthia MacAdams, is a different sort of turn-on. Kate Millett, the feminist, says in her brief introduction that these are pictures

pus-room sense of that ambivalent phrase. "Woman with Gun, 1975" has it aimed directly out of the page, right at me. "Woman with Gun" is also naked as a jaybird, but I don't think she is aiming to fulfill my fantasy. There are several overtly lesbian pictures here, if the



Laundress: washboard controversy.



Patti Smith by Cynthia MacAdams.

point needs underlining, and no men to speak of. (I can't tell about Max Almy, on page 50, and a gypsy with his back turned is background for another photo.) The book is in this way a stew of recent feminist postures. But it is also a splendid, diverse, and complex study of half the human race.

Sleepless Nights (Simon & Schuster, \$25) would seem vain, pretentious, silly, false, and depressing in any context. It becomes more of the above when contrasted with the two books just mentioned. *Sleepless Nights* is by Helmut Newton, the important fashion photographer, and consists of photo reenactments of his alleged sexual fantasies. These are viciously hostile toward women, stupid, and photographed with a starkness and absence of subtlety or shading quite inappropriate to fantasy subject matter.

It is interesting to contrast the explicit antifeminism of Newton and the implicit antimale perspective of MacAdams. Newton is punishing and harsh; MacAdams, wry and exclusionary. He wants a slavocracy; she wants no more to do with men. Or so their books say. This may be as accurate an assessment of the state of relations between the fevered on both sides

of the sexual barrier as we shall have.

David Hamilton, who photographed *The Young Girl* (Morrow, \$22.95), is more of a mystery, at least to me. Many of his pictures go through the motions of being sexual. They feature tits or ass, for instance, and thus involve the exploitation of young adolescents. Yet there is an innocence and a wistfulness in his work that can hardly be squared with any conventional image of the pornographer. He reminds me of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) having the neighbors' daughters in for tea, then spinning splendid tales that would become *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Some of the young ladies listened in the nude, but Dodgson did not otherwise molest them. Hamilton has turned such private eccentricity into a vastly profitable career and has yet to produce a *Through the Looking*

Glass by way of absolution. The few lines of text in *The Young Girl* suggest he never will. Hamilton seems a child himself, emotionally.

As for Dodgson, four pictures of his tea guests are presented in *Lewis Carroll's Photographs of Nude Children* (Potter, \$10, with an introduction by Morton N. Cohen). These pictures—which look a little bit retouched—are quite incredibly innocent.

Finally, there is *Vogue Covers, 1900–1970* (Harmony, \$6.95). The covers have always been the best thing about *Vogue*, an otherwise snotty and pointless sheet. Two dozen of them are presented here, each measuring 11¼ by 15¼ inches and on poster board. They constitute an astoundingly strong collection. But then they include work by Ethel Wright, George W. Plank, Harriet Meserole, Irving Penn, John Rawlings, and Richard Avedon. —Patrick Owens

SOUNDS



THE CUBAN CONNECTION

Halfway through the first concert I ever attended in Cuba, in the middle of a number by the Cuban jazz-rock group *Irakere*, a young man got up out of his seat in the theater, walked up the aisle, jumped onto the stage, and shook hands with a featured soloist who'd just finished a particularly inspiring improvisation. The audience roared its approval, and the young man grinned sheepishly and went back to his seat. Nobody had tried to stop him, even though a number of teenage soldiers with wicked-looking automatic weapons were deployed in and around the theater. Someone in our party of journalists commented that in the United States the young man would have been hustled from the stage by security guards, and one of our hosts, an official in the ministry of culture, smiled. "In Cuba," he said, "we do things differently."

Cuban music is different, too, but at the same time it's intimately tied to musical developments in the United States. Since the beginning of the U.S. blockade of Cuba, some twenty years ago, we haven't heard Cuban music. But the Cubans have heard everything we've been up to—through American recordings licensed abroad to countries that trade with Cuba, through radio broadcasts from Miami, and through frequent European tours by Cuban musicians, who bring back new albums and impressions of the latest trends.

Irakere (pronounced "Ear-uh-



Sleepless Nights: the slavocracy of Helmut Newton.



KEAR-eh"), an eleven-man band that combines African and traditional Cuban elements with jazz, rock, and funk, is an outstanding representative of the directions in which Cuban progressive music is headed, and Irakere is being heard in the U.S. For despite the lingering coolness between the U.S. and Cuba, a full-scale cultural exchange is now under way, with Columbia records as the unlikely ringleader.

Irakere, an album recorded live at jazz festivals in New York and Switzerland, is the first recording by a Cuban group to appear on a major American label in at least two decades, and it seems to be only the beginning. Columbia arranged a special music festival that took place in Havana in early March, with American pop and jazz stars like Kris Kristofferson, Billy Joel, Dexter Gordon, Weather Report, and Latin music's Fania All Stars joining Cuban artists on the stage of the Karl Marx Theater. And Columbia has been scouting the island for more talent, with the cooperation of the Cuban government, which seems to see exporting its music as an unparalleled opportunity to make a case for resumption of trade with the U.S.

Cuban music ranges from purely African drumming to classical music in the European tradition to hybrid Afro-Cuban forms to Latin pop music to jazz, but so far no Cuban performer or group has made as strong an impression as Irakere. The group's colorful, exciting music, which is well represented on its Columbia album, is largely the work of a formidable, classically trained jazz pianist, composer, and arranger named Jesus "Chucho" Valdes. The music includes at least a taste of almost everything that's musical and Cuban, and often the most disparate elements coexist in a single composition.

Valdes's "The Black Mass," the album's tour de force, is a good example of this approach. The piece is based on religious chants of the Yoruba people of West Africa, chants that have survived in Cuba in their original form. It begins in an African idiom, with Irakere's

three percussionists playing the *bata*, the sacred drum of the Yoruba. Soon the chant enters, and over it Paquito D'Rivera, Irakere's fiery alto saxophone soloist, improvises intensely, sounding at times like Charlie Parker. This African jazz section gives way to a piano solo in which Chucho Valdes makes fleeting references to

weaknesses of present-day Cuban society. For despite the government's efforts to promote racial integration and equality, most of the Cubans whose values are essentially African seem to lead very different lives from the more European Cubans. I noticed, when I visited Cuba late last year, that most of the higher government officials I met

tightness as a unit. I talked to Carlos Averhoff, the group's tenor saxophonist, about this distinctive cohesive quality, and he pointed out, "We can practice as much as we want, as much as we need to, because the government supports everybody. We don't have to worry about money."

Like other Cuban artists, the musicians in Irakere draw a salary from the government, in exchange for which subsidization they have to work when and where the government of Fidel Castro tells them to work. Usually, they travel around the island of Cuba, performing in various concert halls, for dances (their dance repertoire is more traditional than their concert repertoire), and in public parks. Admission to all music concerts in Cuba is free: first come, first served. Whatever the drawbacks of the system—it would seem to discourage the kind of artistic innovation that moves an art form forward, since playing for the people precludes playing over their heads—the Irakere musicians support it fervently. I asked Chucho Valdes whether, by advertising the fruits of this system, Irakere is promoting an essentially political ideal. "You are free to express it," he said. "It depends on what you feel." Carlos Averhoff, who is an avid follower of the American jazz saxophonist John Coltrane, added a succinct comment of his own about Irakere: "We play our souls."—Robert Palmer



Carlos Averhoff: "We don't have to worry about money."

Cuban classical music, displaying his splendid conservatory technique. Then, quite abruptly, one is suddenly listening to an electric guitar solo by Carlos Emilio Morales. And jazz, rock, classical, and African passages keep alternating in this manner, right up to the composition's dynamic conclusion.

This is not fusion music as U.S. musicians understand it, because for the most part nothing is really fused; the various elements are placed end to end, retaining a great deal of their integrity. This collage approach is one of Irakere's great strengths and also one of its great weaknesses, and it is a perfect metaphor for the strengths and

came from European stock; and at the same time, I was informed in a rare, off-the-cuff moment by a Cuban interpreter that the island's African religious cults are actually gaining adherents. But if Irakere's failure to create a genuine fusion music can be seen as a reflection of Cuba's failure to create a really integrated society, the collage effect, in Cuban music and Cuban life, does make for rich juxtapositions and almost constant surprises.

To a nonmusician, the most impressive thing about the Irakere record is its energy and vitality. Musicians who hear it tend to be impressed not so much by any particular soloist as by the band's



Chucho Valdes of Irakere.

Enjoy the taste of country fresh Salem.



Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth and refreshing.
Enjoy smoking again.

KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
BOX: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Over 1,000 CIA-trained killers have formed their own Murder, Inc., in Latin America—and now even the CIA is worried that this independent terror network is permanently out of control.

THE WHITE HAND

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND JOHN CUMMINGS

Shortly after 3:00 P.M. on January 27, 1977, the last day his family saw him alive, Roberto Poma finished his afternoon siesta at his home in a fashionable San Salvador suburb and prepared to return to his job as El Salvador's director of tourism.

He did not travel alone. Like several other countries in Central America, El Salvador was wracked by violence between left-wing and right-wing terrorists. So Poma drove with three armed bodyguards, one acting as chauffeur. As his car entered a narrow street, a truck suddenly cut him off. Poma's driver tried to maneuver around it but was then rammed by another car. As Poma and his bodyguards pulled their guns, grass cutters working with machetes on a nearby hillside picked up machine guns hidden nearby and riddled Poma's car. The three bodyguards were killed, and Poma, wounded, was whisked away in a car. In a matter of seconds, the attackers were gone. Poma's family later paid \$1 million in ransom for his return—futilely, for his kidnappers killed him, and then demanded another \$500,000 from the family to tell where he was buried.

On the surface the kidnapping seemed just another in the hundreds of such incidents that convulse Latin America almost every day. True, it appeared to be slicker than most operations, but still just another in the seemingly routine murders, kidnappings, and shootings that mark Latin American politics.

Illustration by D. Kuhn





But it wasn't.

For one thing, the murderers weren't Salvadorans; they were CIA-trained Cuban exiles. For another, although Poma's death was blamed on "Communist terrorists," the kidnap-murder had nothing to do with Salvadoran politics. In fact, Poma was murdered simply to provide funds for a growing, hemisphere-wide terror network supported by the secret police of at least five countries. Poma's murder was one of the first important acts by this loose confederation of terror, whose very name now strikes dread all across Latin America—*Mano Blanco* ("White Hand"). Occasionally, it is also known as "The White Terror" or "The Eye for an Eye Organization."

Since Poma's death, White Hand—composed mostly of free-lance Cuban exile terrorists working with secret-police agencies and right-wing groups—has carried out dozens of other murders and acts of terrorism. And the group's activities continue to spread—working with the Chilean secret police in 1976, they helped murder a Chilean exile leader in the United States and also blew up a Cuban airliner.

Indeed, there is some fear that White Hand's activities are now out of control. A *Penthouse* investigation shows that:

- Since the members of White Hand all have either CIA connections or are CIA-trained, the agency was aware of its activities from the beginning. Some CIA case officers in Latin America tacitly approved

the group's activities, since they were directed mostly at Communists. But higher-ranking CIA officers, alarmed at White Hand's activities, ordered the case officers to sever any connections with White Hand and, where possible, to discourage them.

- Despite the orders, some CIA case officers sought to use White Hand for some "deniable" acts of terror in Latin America, including the assassination of Panama's leader, Gen. Omar Torrijos.

- Several Latin American secret-police agencies rebuffed efforts by top CIA officials to sever connections with White Hand terrorists, arguing that since the CIA was unwilling to help them in "certain sensitive operations" outside their borders, they had no choice but to use free-lance White Hand operatives.

- The Cuban exiles have also rebuffed any attempts to end connections with White Hand, since, they argue, the money they get from White Hand operations is essential for their main goal: elimination of Fidel Castro. To that end, the exiles use the money to buy arms and other military equipment.

- From its original beginnings in El Salvador, White Hand has grown to the point where it operates in at least a half-dozen different Latin American countries, including Nicaragua, where it is now helping embattled Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza to fight off leftist guerrillas.

- To the alarm of Israeli intelligence, White Hand has tried to open connections with

Palestinian terrorists; one of White Hand's most notorious killers is Palestinian born.

The present White Hand network—now estimated by intelligence sources to include at least 200 Cuban exiles plus nearly 1,000 other Latin American right-wing terrorists—began in El Salvador. That tiny Central American country (only 8,260 square miles), like most of its neighbors, is a dictatorship. And also like its neighbors, El Salvador for years has been torn by open warfare between the forces of Left and Right—five leftist groups, two of them with armed guerrillas, have been battling the right-wing government for years. Murders and kidnappings are common.

The main reason why the government has stayed on top is a brutal (even by Central American standards) secret-police force headed up by an interesting character named Col. José Francisco Rene Chacon. Until his death early last year (he was murdered in a shotgun ambush), Chacon ran one of the most ruthless but efficient secret-police forces in all Latin America. Chacon was no intellectual but nevertheless seemed to have a born instinct for secret-police operations and organization. During his reign he set up a vast countrywide spy net and repressive machinery that acquired a reputation for knowing even when a Salvadoran had a bad thought about the government.

Chacon kept on top of antigovernment groups by a brutality that would have made even the Gestapo blush. He openly boasted of his ability as a torturer, claiming that no prisoner ever refused to give him information. And no wonder: Chacon's favorite torture was anesthetizing a prisoner's body below the waist and then cutting the man's stomach and fondling his internal organs as the anesthesia wore off. Another favorite method was putting a prisoner, piece by piece, into a meat grinder and then feeding the results to police dogs.

Despite Chacon's menacing reputation, he was close to the CIA, which had him on the agency's payroll as a source of information about Salvadoran politics. The agency sent Chacon to one of its stateside training centers and, at the colonel's request several years ago, secretly outfitted him with the most advanced wiretapping and telephone-monitoring equipment. Chacon promptly tapped every telephone wire in the country, a not especially difficult task since poor El Salvador (the median income is \$615 annually) has only a few thousand telephones. And that wasn't all: under an American arms embargo because of recurring armed tension between El Salvador and Honduras, Chacon's government was desperate for weapons. Using his CIA connections, Chacon shopped all over South America and got enough weapons to keep his country's military afloat—all while the CIA looked the other way.

Still, Chacon wasn't satisfied. Despite the ferocious reputation of his secret police, it lacked what intelligence operatives like to call "extraterritorial capability."





Right to the end, its Canadian spirit stands out from the crowd. What makes it such a popular choice? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you've been searching for, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.

meaning that Chacon lacked the resources to track down antigovernment forces operating in neighboring Costa Rica, for example. During his travels throughout the hemisphere and his talks with various secret-police chiefs, Chacon got an idea: why not have the secret-police forces of several Latin American countries pool their resources and set up a roving sort of secret-police confederacy that would assassinate exile leaders, disrupt cells of antigovernment forces operating in sanctuaries, and generally carry out the dirty work?

Chacon's idea was attractive, since secret police throughout the hemisphere shared a common problem. Chile's dreaded secret-police agency, DINA, for example, was eager to get rid of exiles operating outside its borders. The Guatemalans faced a festering problem of leftist guerrilla units slipping back and forth across its borders. The Nicaraguans wanted to stamp out antigovernment forces operating from sanctuaries in Costa Rica.

And so White Hand was born. Chacon's first step was deciding who would work in the organization. He at first recruited some old right-wing terrorists, but he discovered not only that they weren't very good but also that they were unsuited for dangerous operations outside the country. Further, he discovered that in order to carry out such hemisphere-wide terror operations, he needed operatives who were not known to

be affiliated with any particular secret-police organization. Plainly, he needed trained terrorists who were not members of anybody's secret police. Where could they be found? It wasn't planned that way, but the solution was provided by the CIA.

Throughout the 1960s the CIA had trained hundreds of Cuban exiles in the esoteric military arts, including demolitions, weapons, and guerrilla warfare for the not-so-clandestine war against Fidel Castro. But by 1967 American government opinion had swung away from support of exiled Cubans; President Johnson ordered the CIA program dismantled. This meant that at least several hundred Cuban exiles, many of whom had received the best military training the Pentagon and CIA could offer, were out of jobs. Cut loose from the CIA payroll as America's attention turned to Vietnam, the exiles split up into an alphabet soup of sometimes-warring factions and then tried to carry out the war against Castro on their own. But hindered by lack of money and sophisticated arms, the exile effort failed. To raise money, some exiles went into the drug-smuggling and coffee-smuggling business. In the process they came to the attention of Latin American secret-police agencies.

Most important, the exiles' discipline, training, and experience impressed Chacon; the exiles seemed perfect for the new White Hand organization. Quickly, Chacon, representing a loose coalition of Latin

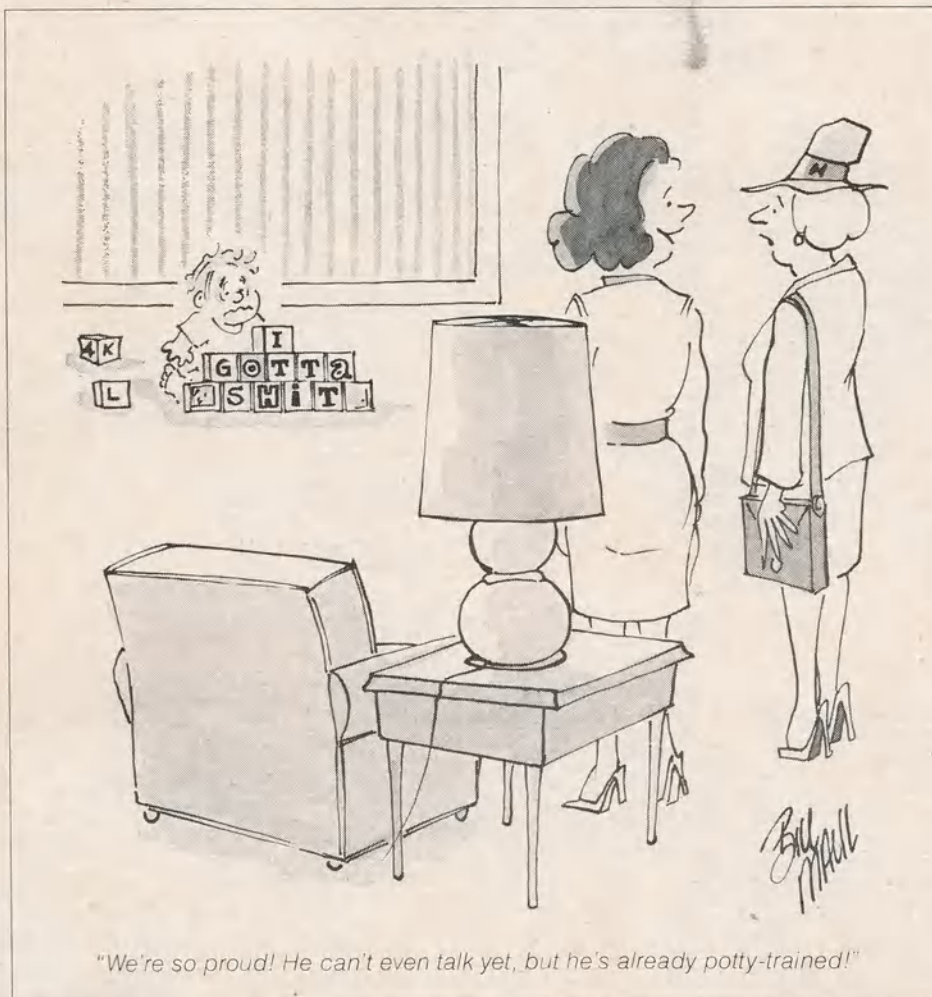
American secret-police agencies, got in touch with some exile leaders: would they, he asked, be interested in becoming involved in some "anti-Communist operations" in Latin America? The rewards, Chacon promised, would be great: a free hand in the continent, cash to buy arms and equipment, plus, most important of all, "any necessary support" for their operations against Fidel Castro.

Chacon's move split the exile leaders, the more extreme factions agreeing but other factions arguing that getting involved in Latin American political wars having no demonstrable connection to the goal of toppling Fidel Castro could only hurt the exile movement.

"It was not surprising in the slightest," said one CIA official involved in the 1967 dismantling of the Cuban exile network, "that some of the exiles would get mixed up much farther south in Latin America. In the first place, the agency had no idea, really, about what to do with these people. Here we had guys who were trained snipers, bomb experts, guerrilla warfare experts, and whatnot suddenly being told we no longer had any use for them. It was thanks very much and good-bye. And then what were they supposed to do? How many machine gunners do you know who can get a job, just like that? And a job doing what? They had spent their youth training for a specific job to which they had dedicated their lives: getting rid of Castro. That is all they thought about, all they dreamed about, all they lived for. Now we threw them out in the street. Some gave up at that point, but a lot of them said, 'Okay, you won't help me anymore; we'll just go out and get rid of that guy [Castro] ourselves. And if you won't help us anymore with arms and money, then we'll go someplace else.' White Hand was the someplace else."

By the early part of this decade, a new note of professionalism had entered Latin American terror: where victims had once been shot in Banana Republic-style ambushes, now they were being picked off in sophisticated operations right out of the training manual at Fort Bragg's Special Forces school. Where assassinations had once been carried out as something of a hit-or-miss affair (shotguns were a big favorite, since their wide field of fire compensated for poor aim), now people were being killed with sophisticated C-4 explosives. Where antigovernment exiles had once felt safe in their sanctuaries, now they were being murdered in carefully planned operations with infrared-equipped snipers.

White Hand had a perfect cover. Beginning in 1968, Latin America from one end to the other has been pockmarked by wars between emboldened leftist forces that have turned to violence and right-wing "private terror squads." There has been so much violence that it is difficult to tell after a while who is shooting whom or which faction is doing the shooting. Routinely, right-wing squads shoot somebody and then blame it on "violencia roja" ("Red Terror"). Then the "Reds" kill somebody and try to

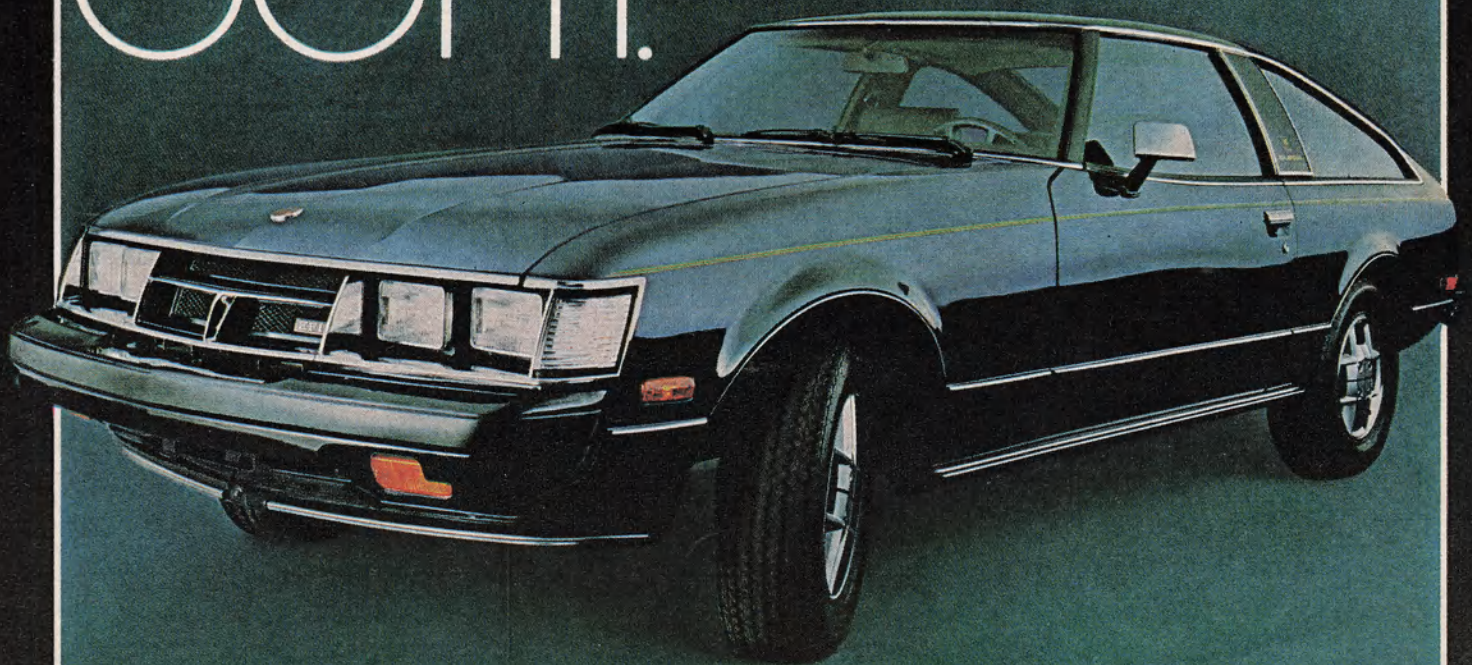


"We're so proud! He can't even talk yet, but he's already potty-trained!"

INTRODUCING
THE NEW FUEL-INJECTED, SIX CYLINDER,
PLUSH, LUSH, CELICA SUPRA.

THE POWERFUL PLEASURE.

YOU
GOT IT.



TOYOTA

Standard equipment: 6 cylinder, fuel-injected engine, 5-speed overdrive transmission, air conditioning, power assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, and power windows. Also available with 4-speed, overdrive automatic transmission, cruise control, and sunroof.

make the murder look like the work of right-wingers. White Hand murder operations simply became part of the myriad slaughters, and few people had any idea that there was a sophisticated, hemisphere-wide terror organization at work.

But CIA officials knew about White Hand, and to some agency operatives it represented a tool to be used. "It was certainly a tempting asset," says a CIA official familiar with White Hand. "Here you had a bunch of trained killers for hire, willing to shoot anybody. It's important to understand that the Cuban exiles were—and still are—very good. They are not only fanatics but also trained fanatics. Also, they were experienced in all sorts of operations. I'm afraid that some case officers in Latin America became a little too intrigued with those people and began broaching things with them that, shall we say, should never have been broached. As you know, the agency put a stop to that sort of thing later. But while it was going on, the damage was done: not only did you have a terror organization, but you had an organization that, at least to its members, would appear to have had an imprimatur of sorts from the agency."

Actually, *Penthouse* has learned, one of the ideas "unofficially" raised with Cubans known by some CIA case officers to be working with White Hand was the assassination of Gen. Omar Torrijos of Panama. The idea, first broached in 1973, came at the height of President Nixon's all-out "war"

on drug traffic. The CIA, then recruited to help end drug trafficking from Latin America, had been bugging Torrijos's home and offices. According to CIA officials, the bugs revealed that the Torrijos family was deeply involved in drug trafficking to the United States. Some CIA officials working with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs began to discuss openly the idea of assassinating Torrijos in a direct move to end the "Panama connection."

This incredible idea never got beyond the talking stage, but it did permeate down to some CIA agents working in Latin America. Dutifully, they approached Cubans working in White Hand about the idea, noting that Torrijos, a leftist, strongly supported Castro. But even the fanatical exiles balked at that idea, arguing that they did not see how the death of Torrijos would stop drug smuggling or—even more important—how it would hurt Castro.

Meanwhile, White Hand flourished. From El Salvador, it spread to Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Venezuela, and the Dominican Republic and developed ties with secret police in another half-dozen Latin American countries. In addition to effecting political assassinations, White Hand by 1973 had become a full-fledged extortion organization, kidnapping various wealthy citizens and then holding them for ransoms that ran into the millions. Usually, White Hand operatives passed themselves off as Communist or leftist terrorists. And as

the money rolled in, the White Hand arsenal grew: armored cars, flak vests, machine guns, sophisticated communications equipment, wiretap devices, and even light antitank rockets and mortars.

And the scope of White Hand's operations was also growing. From simple assassinations and kidnappings, the group moved to outright political warfare.

It began in late 1975, when Chacon decided that Bernal Hernandez, a former friend who had drifted toward the left of the political spectrum, needed a lesson. In December, White Hand gunmen assassinated him. Then Chacon began holding discussions with his officials in Guatemala and Costa Rica on what to do about "various political deviants." The Costa Ricans were especially infuriated by their country's president, José ("Pepe") Figüeres, who had decided to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, thereby welcoming a Soviet embassy in San José, Costa Rica's capital. Asked to "do something" about this alarming turn of events, Chacon's White Hand terrorists set up a breathtaking scheme: an elaborate plan virtually to take over the country.

The plan, using three different code names, was approved by Nicaragua's Somoza (he was angry with Costa Rica for allowing sanctuaries for anti-Somoza guerrillas) and Guatemalan government officials (for much the same reason). Basically, the plan called for not only the assassination of Figüeres but also the bombing of the Costa Rican congress, attacks against police and security buildings in San José, and the seizing of the Soviet embassy and murder of Soviet diplomatic personnel.

But in this case White Hand had gone too far. The CIA, which had looked the other way ever since White Hand had begun operations, now became alarmed. Under no circumstances, they warned Guatemalan and Salvadoran officials, could the Costa Rican operation be carried out. The agency also passed the word to Chacon, and the operation was reluctantly canceled.

The White Hand plot set a whole series of wheels in motion, the most important of which was a growing sense in Washington that things had gotten out of control. To get some perspective on what was happening, the CIA ordered the dispatch of two special agents who were to travel throughout Latin America and make up a report on White Hand and its activities. (It is interesting that the agency bypassed its own teams in Latin America for the job because CIA officials in Washington felt that some agency operatives in Latin America had grown too close to White Hand.)

The agents' report took several months to complete and caused disquiet in Washington. It set out the whole story of White Hand from the beginning but then added that the group at that point had become so large and powerful that there was a "grave doubt" that the agency—or anybody else in the U.S. government, for that matter—had the power to stop it. According to the report, at least 1,000 murders and assassi-



"Daddy, teach me how to grovel."

nations during the previous four years were the work of White Hand, as were countless kidnappings and other actions. The report also warned that since the secret-police agencies involved with the organization had promised "all possible support" for anti-Castro operations, various terror strikes against Cuba by exiles could be expected.

Almost on cue, a wave of anti-Castro terror broke out all over the Southern Hemisphere in 1976. From Venezuela, Cuban exile Orlando Bosch organized a plan to plant a bomb aboard a Cuban airliner. It exploded, killing all seventy-three persons aboard. The plot was worked out with the connivance of the Venezuelan secret police; White Hand terrorists in three other countries helped out. In Argentina Cuban exiles working with White Hand were asked by the Chilean secret police to murder a prominent Chilean exile in Buenos Aires. They blew him up by planting a bomb in his car. Guatemalan secret police helped White Hand terrorists slip into Mexico, where they shot up a Cuban embassy. In Guatemala itself, the vice-president of the country's congress was murdered by White Hand, this time in a professional assassination in full public view—while he was celebrating his daughter's tenth birthday in a Guatemala City restaurant. He turned as two men walked up to him and shot him expertly in the head and neck with pistols. The murder shocked the country, and most of the dead political leader's followers subsequently fled it.

White Hand had become emboldened, despite the Costa Rican episode, mostly because of its secret-police protection. By now highly organized, it developed standard methods of kidnappings: hit teams would be organized, along with a "safe house," usually located just across a frontier. The victim would be taken across the border and then held for ransom. Normally, the victim was murdered after the money was collected to prevent him from talking. Most of the kidnappings were arranged after secret police had obtained bank records that would tip off the location of great wealth.

Kidnapping wasn't the only source of income. Smuggling is a flourishing racket in Latin America, consisting primarily of coffee (smuggled out of Colombia to avoid taxes), weapons, and, of course, drugs, particularly cocaine and marijuana. Since the rackets were overseen by the secret-police forces, there was hardly any risk when White Hand became involved.

If White Hand at that point was regarded with some alarm by the CIA, Israeli intelligence reacted with outright panic. The reason was not so much White Hand's terrorist activities—Israel usually doesn't care what happens in Latin America, which is regarded as an American sphere of influence—as the fact that White Hand began to acquire an international connection. And the connection was with the Palestinian guerrilla movement.

According to CIA and Israeli intelligence

sources, the connection stemmed from Jorge ("Koki") Zimeri. Half Palestinian, Zimeri had family connections in Palestinian communities throughout the world. His own family included wealthy business leaders in Guatemala, but Zimeri himself early in his life drifted into violent politics. Described in one CIA report as a "psychopathic killer," Zimeri was suspected to have worked as a volunteer killer for terror squads on both the Left and Right and then was recruited by Chacon into White Hand. Nobody is quite certain exactly what Zimeri did for White Hand; but according to intelligence sources, he forged connections with various Palestinian factions, who were discussing the possibility of a Latin American base for operations against Israel. Israeli agents began to track down Zimeri.

Apparently Zimeri reacted poorly to any attempts to control him, ignoring the procedures outlined by Chacon and White Hand. In early 1975 Zimeri purportedly recruited the son of the president of

One of Chacon's
favorite methods of torture
was to put a prisoner,
piece by piece,
into a meat grinder and
then feed the
results to police dogs.

Guatemala into his private war without the president's knowledge. In an attack on a carload of opposition political leaders, the boy was injured by grenade fragments. According to the CIA report, the secret police were ordered to kill Zimeri—who shot two men sent to do the job. "Open season" was then declared on Zimeri, who next became the target of a large-scale secret-police ambush that used automatic weapons and grenades. Miraculously, Zimeri survived, with eight wounds. He went underground, escaping to El Salvador and then somehow making his way to Miami, where his injuries were treated by friends in the Cuban exile community.

However, Zimeri's freedom didn't last long. On the run because of a \$30,000 "hit contract" put out by Guatemalan secret police, Zimeri was picked up by U.S. authorities last year on an illegal gun charge. Guatemala immediately asked for his extradition, charging that Zimeri had murdered a Guatemalan naval lieutenant whose skeletal remains, it said, were found in Zimeri's factory in Guatemala. Zimeri is now out on bail while his extradition case is being argued in court. He claims that he is innocent of any murder charges.

"From the information available to me, Jorge Zimeri is a totally innocent man," says his American lawyer, Edward Shohat. "He has done nothing wrong, and his only crime is fighting the ruling clique in Guatemala, helping to finance the opposition's activities—and he knows he has information which powerful people in Guatemala would like to keep undisclosed. It is they, not Jorge Zimeri, who are the guilty ones."

In any event, Zimeri is now effectively out of action. Israeli intelligence has lost interest in his fate, although it continues to watch White Hand nervously for any signs that it will cooperate with the international Palestinian movement. But even without a Palestinian connection, White Hand is now an extremely formidable group, which flourishes despite growing American official pressure against it. Late in 1976, for example, Cuban exiles connected with White Hand were recruited into a plot by the Chilean secret police to murder Orlando Letelier, leader of the Chilean exile community, in Washington, D.C. The murder—Letelier was killed when a time bomb blew up his car in broad daylight—amounted to a virtual insult to American intelligence agencies, considering the fact that the murder was carried out in Washington and that the Chileans made no real attempt to hide their involvement.

The Letelier murder represented something of a high-water mark thus far in White Hand's operations, demonstrating that its members believe that they can operate with impunity anywhere that they choose—including the United States. In the past twenty-four months White Hand groups have held two major summit meetings—one in Guatemala, the other in the Dominican Republic—to plan further operations. Meanwhile, the murders, kidnappings, and other acts of terror continue unabated—there were at least a dozen White Hand operations last year alone, but the victims usually lack the prominence to rate even a mention in U.S. newspapers.

One exception, however, is the White Hand involvement in helping the Somoza régime in Nicaragua stamp out the insurrection against that dictatorship. Specifically, White Hand is being used to terrorize anyone suspected of providing aid to anti-government forces. In two recent cases businessmen were kidnapped by White Hand terrorists and then murdered after a ransom was paid by the victims' families. The government blamed the murders on left-wing guerrillas. Other recent White Hand operations have been carried out in El Salvador and Argentina.

"The fact of the matter," says one American intelligence official, "is that we created the monster; we created those secret-police forces, we helped them, we created the Cuban exile movement. Now we find that the monster has broken his shackles and is running wild in the village. I don't have any bright ideas on how to stop it, but I know we had better start to think of ways." 





WE'RE PLAYING HER SONG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
EARL MILLER

"I'd have to say that the most sensuous part of me is my ears," laughs Jeannie Anderson, "but I suppose most men would take another guess." No doubt. Our 36-24-36, musically inclined siren boasts masses of auburn hair, porcelain skin, and a cameo profile—plus eyelashes so long and alluring that "batting them," she admits, "is like assault with a lethal weapon. Men practically fall at my feet!" Mostly, though, she prefers knocking them over with talent.





Lingerie courtesy of Glydon's, Los Angeles, Calif.; wardrobe courtesy of Strip Thrills, West Hollywood, Calif.; and A Propos, Southern California

"I sing and play the piano, but my greatest ambition is to become a professional composer. I write every kind of music, from rhythm and blues to country and western," she adds, her blue eyes shining proudly. Despite her ambition, Jeannie believes that a woman should be utterly feminine. "I love the silk and satin glamour of the 1920s, for example. These photos were shot in Mary Pickford's old house. I was so thrilled that sliding down the banister was my own idea."

Jeannie also likes to spend time around her El Monte, California home, "reading, riding horseback, or serenading my lover on a summer's night," she adds, saving the best for last. "I'm a real romantic. Relationships, like music, take dedication, passion, and concentration, and I can only handle all that with one man at a time." Jeannie seems to have a special weakness for athletic men. "Maybe it's because they tend to be strong enough to let themselves be gentle."







Jewelry designs by ROBERT OUZI CREATIONS, Austin, Tex. and Los Angeles, Calif.

"I definitely *don't* have a weakness for men who assume they can seduce me just by buying me presents," she adds, with conviction. "I can't be bought. I'd happily run off with a gas station attendant if I cared about him. If I didn't care, no huge bank account would lure me into bed."





Despite her red hair, Jeannie doesn't have much of a temper. "I like my passions to be the positive kind—the kind that strikes all the right chords, whether I'm making music or making love," she says. We have a feeling that either endeavor would produce an unchained melody . . .





YOU COULD RUN, CYCLE, OR SKATE TO THE NEWSSTAND

AND PROBABLY
END UP FIGHTING
OVER THE LAST
AVAILABLE COPY
OF FORUM.
WOULDN'T IT BE
MORE SENSIBLE
TO SUBSCRIBE,
ENSURE
HOME DELIVERY
OF EVERY ISSUE
AND PAY \$6.25
UNDER THE
NEWSSTAND PRICE?



FORUM,
provides, honest
answers and insight
to countless sexual
and other fascinating
personal questions—
every month.
Over 4 million
enlightened adults
buy and read Forum—
the most revolutionary,
no-nonsense, open
magazine published
in the world today.

PENTHOUSE,
by far and away the leader in the
sophisticated men's magazine
market, is renowned for its
graphic excellence and its qual-
ity editorial package of fiction,
non-fiction, humor, fashion, new
product information, cartoons,
investigative journalism and
political exposés—not to mention
its exposure of the world's most
beautiful and tantalizing women.

**HAVE YOU
GOT WHAT IT TAKES
TO FILL THE SPACE
BELOW?**

PENTHOUSE Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 900, Farm-
ingdale, N.Y. 11737. **YES! Let me try it for size.** I
enclose my ☐ check ☐ money order for \$20 for 12
issues. Rates for U.S.A., APO and FPO ad-
dresses. Canada and elsewhere: add \$6.00
per subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

PP679

TOM T. HALL

"When I got to Nashville,"

Tom T. Hall remembers, "Kristofferson was tendin' bar, Johnny Cash thought God was a Mexican, and Tanya Tucker was one year old. Look at us now."

Snow has paralyzed Nashville this morning; by rights, the outskirts of town should be a mottled olive brown, and then Tom T. Hall's camouflage jacket would make him inconspicuous, the way he prefers it. Silhouetted against the snowbanks, though, he's visible in spite of himself.

His ancient black pickup, speckled with bird shit, has cinder blocks piled in back for weight and masses of oily rags around the gearbox. It's parked in the driveway of his office-studio, right next to the twenty-eight-foot Cadillac limousine with color television and wet bar. He strides past the limo and climbs into the truck, carrying the two essential tools of Nashville driving—a set of keys and a can of beer—and heads down the road to his plantation. Sitting at the wheel, the man honored as "Truckers' Composer Laureate" during Truck Week 1978 looks as if he'd be more at home in a coast-to-coast rig than on a concert stage.

BY JOHN ESKOW





Photograph by Susan Gray/Letterforms by Gerard Huerta

The pickup's tires grab wet gravel as Hall steers into the driveway of Fox Hollow, his sixty-acre estate in Brentwood just outside of Nashville. This enchanted spread was paid for with some of country's music's landmark songs: "Harper Valley PTA," "The Year Clayton Delaney Died," "Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine," songs that brought a hard-bitten poetry to C&W. They are enduring lyrics, created by Hall according to the credo that he invents as he drives: "Working people don't buy songs as hors d'oeuvres. They need songs as nourishment."

Forty chickens squawk and flutter as the pickup stops near the coop. As Hall croons to the homely birds, trying to explain the snowfall to them, his boxy face breaks into a rare smile; he knows each of the chickens by name and savors their company. "Don't turn your back on that rooster," he warns a visitor. "That beak can take some weight off you." In the midst of the coop, a huge peacock drums and flourishes his blue green feathers. On a hillock beyond, two donkeys canter after a hound.

Hall's in the midst of his annual winter retreat—writing songs, drinking, caring for his livestock. In his office the phone keeps ringing with television and concert offers, but Hall spurns them all, even though the hiatus costs him an estimated \$300,000.

"Drives the agents crazy, of course," he

says, inspecting a wound in a rooster's comb. "They call up screaming, 'Hall, what the hell are you doing?' 'Watching a John Wayne movie on TV.' 'Well, son, you'd better enjoy it, 'cause that's a \$10,000 John Wayne movie for you.' But it all goes back to Hall's Law."

Hall's Law, chiseled on a marble slab beside his desk, is a deceptively simple one: "Do What You Do." Roughly translated, he says, it means: "Don't betray your heritage." Or: Don't stitch rhinestones on a camouflage jacket.

As country music emerges from backwoods honky-tonks into the Merv-and-Dinah glare of big-time media, its stars face temptations that few can resist. Sharpies hover by their sides, offering to help them sell their birthrights for 10 percent of the porridge. So Dolly Parton sings disco fluff instead of eerie mountain ballads, and Mel Tillis stutters on cue. Hall's Law, while not a pious warning to others, keeps him grounded amid the swirl and dazzle. Here is the law in action: "I got a call to do the Johnny Carson show, and I refused, even though I admire Johnny Carson. But dammit, I am *not* a funny hillbilly. That ain't what I do. I am dead serious." Saying that, he lifts his Budweiser in mock solemnity and toasts a particularly fertile hen.

"There are no schools for country music," Hall says, driving up the snow-dusted hil-

lock to check on the donkeys. "I suppose you could take a nine-year-old kid, make him live in a shack with no running water and no electricity, barefoot, to make him develop a taste for country music—but what a terrible regimen to put anyone through. That's what I did, though, and from that I evolved."

Hall was born in Olive Hill, in eastern Kentucky, in 1936. His father backed up his twelve-hour days in a brick factory with subsistence farming, scraping a meager harvest from soil that was practically brick itself. Radio was a rich man's thrill, and movies were a once-a-year adventure. But on summer nights Hall and his ten siblings would gather on the porch for a storytelling marathon, spellbound by their father's voice, tantalized by every cricket-loud pause. Their other entertainment was the weekly visit of the grocery truck from town, which rumbled down the dirt road like Cinderella's magic coach—a dream vehicle from a distant kingdom—and rumbled away, leaving young Hall lonely in a bleak countryside. "It was very trying times," he recalls, "because the economy was terrible. There was absolutely nothing you could do for a living that was honest in eastern Kentucky . . . Why people settled that part of the country I have no notion, except that my ancestors were all hermits."

People spoke with the pared-down eloquence of hard workers. Once, on the first day of a cold snap, Hall was walking home from school when a lady stranger insisted that he take a sweater from her. Arriving home, he asked his mother why the garment had been pressed upon him. "Because you're poor," his mother said and turned away.

Against that dirt-poor landscape, human beings stood out in bold relief. Clayton Delaney was one; the hero of one of Hall's signature tunes was a local wino-guitarist who taught the young boy music. There was a defiant local woman, too, who marched into a PTA meeting in response to a scolding note. In time she would also find her way into a song.

At fourteen Hall decided, with typical finality, that school was not what he did. One morning, on his way there, he saw his father repairing a flat tire. He stopped, thought for a moment, and said: "Dad, I think I'll quit school and help you fix that flat." Neither he nor his father ever mentioned school again. With formal education out of the way, Hall was free to study life in earnest.

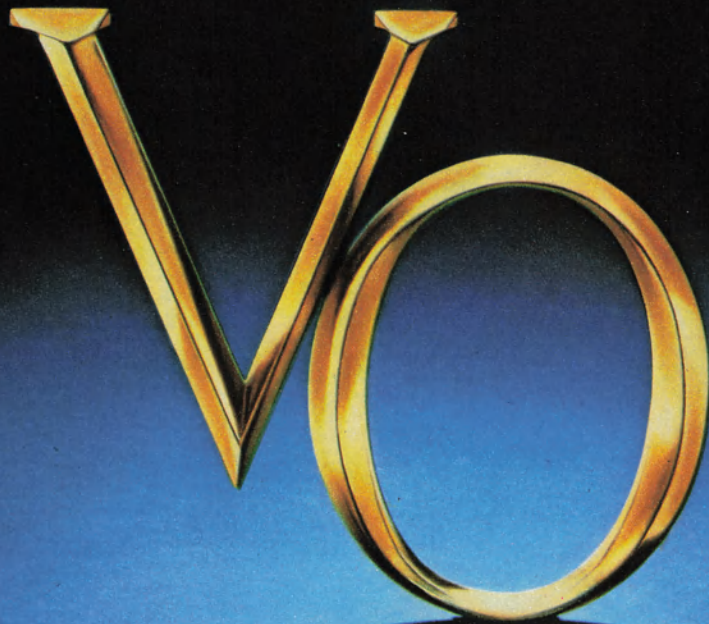
He formed a bluegrass group, playing fish fries and barn dances; and when a radio station opened in Morehead, Ky., he walked in and brazenly asked for some playing time. Since the station was as poor as the local soil and couldn't afford enough records to fill the day, Hall's band was granted an afternoon slot. After the group broke up, Tom T. stayed on at WMOR as a disc jockey.

After a stint in the army, he returned to the South as a wandering DJ. "I never owned anything that couldn't fit in my car," he recalls, "because I'd basically lived in a car



"Hey, come on! You promised me salt!"

Dad always enjoyed your letters.
He'll especially enjoy these on Father's Day.



Seagram's V.O.

The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

A young living legend
brushes death four times
in the course of one
disastrous smuggling run.

THE KID

FICTION BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

We were an odd couple—the Professor and the Kid. “The Professor” (as I came to be known in the secret files of the Drug Enforcement Administration) was a twenty-year veteran of the Columbia University faculty who, one fine day in the late 1960s, flipped out. Simply put, I blew my mind on pot, realized I needed a new life, and walked out of my classroom one day, never to return. I got high a lot, got laid a lot, wrote a best-seller about Lenny Bruce, became a hotshot journalist. I did a few articles on the marijuana underground and finally got an assignment to go down to Colombia (with an o) to get the real dope on the dope-smuggling scene. That’s where I met the Kid: Colombia’s greatest marimbero, or dope smuggler.

Although he was only twenty-one, he had been in the Game—the dope game—since his seventeenth year. He was a red-neck boy from Tallahassee who had gone into the Game as soon as he’d returned from Nam (where he developed a nasty smack habit) because it was the only way he could avoid the menial jobs usually filled by people like himself.

In just a few years, through blood and guts and iron determination, the Kid became that treasured person, the Colombian Connection. “Look at it this way, Doc,” he said to me one day. “Here I was, this poor dumb little cracker boy from the boonies. Ah come down heah, and in no time ahm the man! Ahm movin’ the goods, fuckin’ the girls, talkin’ the language, pitchin’ on the local ball team, and beatin’ these heah Latins at theah own game! Ya know wha they call me down here? El alto malo gringo—the Big Bad Boy from up No’t!’ It wasn’t just the Latins who saw him that way. That’s





how he saw himself—as a living legend.

When I first met the Kid, he was at the height of his success, and I was up to my ass in trouble. I'd been posing as a big-time dope dealer from the States to get my inside story, but my cover got blown when the connection I was conning discovered my tape recorder. I ran into the Kid at a local bar as I was trying to plan an escape, and it turned out that he and the guy who was after me had been partners for a long time, and there was nobody in Colombia whom this kid knew better. It was the beginning of a long and often dangerous relationship.

Over the years I figured out that this glamorous lad with whom I was so infatuated, this marvelously vigorous, handsome, audacious, generous, and groovy emblem of youthful vitality, was really that ancient nemesis known in the mother tongue as the *Maloch HaMovet*—"the angel of death." But he was irresistible, and I—reborn in my late forties and hungry for adventure—was ready.

There were times when I wouldn't see him for two or three months, but he'd show up to visit sooner or later. He'd reach down inside his boot and pull out a long, plastic bag filled with excellent, oil-based Peruvian flake, we'd both get ripped, and the Kid would rap on compulsively, haunted and obsessed by his adventures, determined to recall and confess and testify. Most of the Kid's adventures were drastic happenings that seemed to come straight out of some made-for-television movie. It was hard to believe that you were sitting in the same room with a guy who had undergone such bizarre and mind-wrenching trials and tribulations. Typically, these yarns would commence on the level of a grocery list and then take off on a kooky course of free association that would mount through a dizzying spiral of confused details until you felt as if you were reading a page of Ian Fleming or Joseph Conrad.

The following tale is pieced together from one such evening of the Kid's insane ravings. It is the kind of story that congeals the heart with fear. Or, more accurately, it is one of those stories that plant a seed of anxiety that grows and grows until it has expanded to nightmarish proportions. "Ah kissed death four times . . ." the Kid began.

As usual, the Kid had entrusted his life to the first fool who happens along with a fresh scam. Tim was a sleazy little dude who had worked for years as a crop duster. An experienced but not especially skillful flyer, he had drifted into dope smuggling by running errands for a big-time operator. Every time this big man would make a move, he would

send Tim back to Colombia with the cash for the previous move. To pay for this courier service, the smuggler would have Tim bring back from five to ten keys of blow. After making this milk run a number of times, Tim begins to get hungry for the big money. He figures that there was nothing to flying a load out of Colombia. Why shouldn't he become part of a syndicate and, instead of earning \$10,000 a trip, get his hands on a share of the cargo?

One day he runs into an old bald-headed smuggler who would have cut off his dick for a dollar. This dude will back anybody who wants to risk his neck. He agrees to give Tim a share of the load. Next, they get in touch with the Kid, the connection, who says he'll front the material and even share in the cost of a new plane, which they can use in the future. Then the Kid calls his man in Colombia, Reynaldo, and summons him to meet on safe neutral territory in Haiti. After a weekend of shooting horse and fucking black chicks at the El Rancho in Port-au-Prince, they have the details worked out. Reynaldo will prepare the strip out in the Guajira Peninsula with the dope, the gas and oil, and a shortwave radio. They decide to haul 300 pounds of smoke and 300 pounds of hash—a \$300,000 cargo.

On the day of the trip, Tim and the Kid take off before dawn in a brand-new Cessna 421 Golden Eagle—\$200,000 worth of airplane. After six hours of steady flying, during which the Kid chain-smokes joints and snorts up a lot of his favorite Peruvian flake—all to the tune of Rod Stewart, Jimmy Buffet, and Lynyrd Skynyrd whining out of his tinny-sounding tape deck—they catch their first awesome glimpse of the Sierra Madres, glittering with year-round ice and snow. Immediately, they start trying to raise the strip on their radio. "Scud to Bud! Scud to Bud!" the Kid chants, but he never gets an answer. Finally, they come sweeping in low over the water; and after a flash of sandy beach, they're flying above a parched and cracked desert, which is scored like a brown jigsaw puzzle with a maze of dry gulches.

Suddenly, the Kid spots the strip with his bright yellow Nissan Patrol parked beside it. "Lay her right down there!" he yells at Tim. When Tim stares down at the skinny little strip hacked out of the dirt like a broken furrow, he panics. "I can't land there," he shouts. "We'd never make it. The strip is too small." "Whaddaya mean 'small'?" shouts the Kid. "I've made lots of landings on strips like that. Put 'er down, I tell you. You're s'posed to be a bush pilot. Put 'er down, man!" Tim's answer to this demand is to start choking and throwing up over the control gear.

The Kid realizes that there is no way he can force the pilot to land without getting them both killed. He decides to go for a safe landing at a big commercial field in nearby Maracaibo. Once they're on the ground, he figures, he'll settle Tim's nerves. Then, the next day, they'll make the little hop

back to the Guajira. The only problem is that their plane looks very suspicious. The cabin is filled with five-gallon gas cans. They've got guns aboard and Reynaldo's presents, including a bullet-proof vest. They can't possibly land until they've cleared the plane of every incriminating bit of evidence.

So as they cruise out over the sea, the Kid forces open the door and starts throwing things overboard. It should be a simple matter to throw a five-gallon gas can out of a plane. Actually, it's a dangerous act. The second or third can that goes out the door strikes the tail of the plane and tears a piece off the stabilizer. A couple of cans more, and another chunk of the tail is ripped off. The plane is now becoming hard to handle. Fortunately, they get all the gas overboard before they crash. Then they dash to Maracaibo, where they make an emergency landing.

You'd figure that once they are on the ground, they'd go to a bar or a church—

6

They have landed on a smuggling strip, sure enough. The only problem is that this is not their strip. As the Kid well knows, the punishment for such an act is instant death.

9

and give thanks for their lives. Tim will hear nothing of a quiet night. As he starts unfolding his idea of the best way to spend the evening, the Kid realizes that "this bastard is the pussy-chasinest motherfucker in the world!" Nothing will do but that they rent a car and start living it up as if they had come down to Maracaibo for a vacation.

Soon they're making a tour of all the warehouses in town. After the first joint the Kid asks Tim to drive. Tim drives like a maniac. In no time he has the Venezuelan cops on his tail. They pull him over and bust him. The Kid has to talk his face off to get them free. Now they continue making the rounds, but the heat has had a taste of the Kid's money. They want more. Every time the boys get some girls and take them into a hotel, the long arm of the law reaches out and stops them cold. The hotel clerk informs them that they can't take the girls upstairs. "Fuck off!" snarls the Kid. They get back in the car and drive to another hotel, where the same scene is repeated. In the course of one night, the boys get busted five times. Each time the Kid talks and bribes his way out of the arrest. By morning Tim feels that he is driving around with Mr. Fixit.

The next day they go out to the airport and patch up the plane with masking tape. It's a risky business, but they don't want to stop for a real repair job. They don't even bother to refuel, because their goal is so close and refueling at the strip is part of the deal. When they get into the area, Tim takes another look at the strip and again refuses to land. "It's suicide!" he screams. "Other guys have landed here," shouts back the Kid. "They must have been fantastic pilots," cries Tim, groveling in fear.

Just as they are reaching the point of violence, Tim squints down and spots another strip in the vicinity. Compared with the country road of Reynaldo's strip, this one looks like a bright, new highway. "Let me land on that strip, and we'll have them transfer the load," begs Tim. The Kid is exasperated at the suggestion. "That's not cool, man," he warns. "You never know what you could run into on a strange strip."

"It's either that, or I'm going back to Maracaibo," insists Tim, who now sees a way to solve his problem.

"Okay," says the Kid glumly, "but it's not cool, man; it's not cool."

In a trice, they've swooped down out of the sky and landed on the hard, clean, new strip. The first thing they do is to turn the plane around so that they're facing into the wind. Then they split up, the pilot to walk the strip, making sure that it is clear of obstructions; the Kid to hike over to the neighboring strip to make arrangements for the transfer of the load and the fuel.

Near the strip is a little village of thatched mud huts. No sooner does the Kid start walking toward the other runway than a tall, thin Indian comes out of the village, followed by two little, brown children. The Indian, a man in his forties, is dressed in nothing but a *tanga*, with a crocheted money pouch hanging from his belt. He comes up to the Kid and takes him by the arm. "How ya doin'?" says the Kid in Spanish. The Indian does not reply, nor does he relax his grip on the Kid's arm. "Here!" says the Kid, pulling off his aviator's sunglasses. "Take these for yourself and do me a favor. My people are over there at the next strip. Walk me over that way—will ya?" The Indian keeps walking with the Kid, holding him by the arm as if he were under arrest. The Kid keeps rapping to the man in Spanish, meanwhile taking off expensive items of clothing and laying them on him as presents. Finally, the Kid realizes that the man doesn't understand a word he's saying: "*Indiao, Indiao*," the man keeps saying, meaning, "I'm an Indian. I speak only Arawak."

When they reach the middle of the strip, the Kid looks across at the village and goes numb with fear. There before him, like a scene out of a movie, is the whole tribe marching toward the strip—in military formation. There are from thirty to forty people, and about a dozen of the men are armed with Israeli machine guns. When they reach the edge of the strip, the column divides down the middle. One wing goes to the right; the other, to the left. Finally, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



"See! It didn't frighten the fish!"



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PAUL ERDMAN

Last October 31 we were literally on the edge of a classical financial panic. . . . It all added up to an international psychosis—a great fear that the dollar was about to collapse.

Until Paul E. Erdman came along, best-selling novels were usually about characters who had great difficulty in deciding whether their main lust in life was for sex, money, or power. Erdman, however, has broken that mold in a rather distinct fashion: the one-time president of a Swiss bank has now written three consecutive runaway best-sellers that all revolve around various aspects of international finance. *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing* was all about gold; *The Silver Bears* was about a group of American gangsters trying to corner the silver market; and *The Crash of '79* was an exciting tale of oil politics that featured the shah of Iran as a devious megalomaniac, intent on establishing a modern Persian empire by secretly building a nuclear arsenal and then blackmailing his neighbors.

By now, *The Crash of '79* has attracted a unique cult of readers that includes such figures as the oil ministers of several OPEC nations and a surprisingly large number of high-level U.S. diplomats. The book itself was banned in Iran, and the shah was said to be quite unhappy with Erdman. In fact, at one point federal-intelligence sources warned Erdman that SAVAK, Iran's secret police, had been checking on his movements—and Erdman was asked to change his travel plans during one particular week. "I was surprised by that, but I didn't doubt it," he says. "I received that news in a telephone call at 6:30 one morning, and since the source was impeccable, I took the advice." On the positive side, Erdman says, he's received "absolutely unconfirmed reports" from Iranian sources that *The Crash of '79* was instrumental in causing the shah to cancel plans to build nuclear reactors in Iran. In any event, the book gave Erdman three number-one best-sellers in three attempts, an impressive batting average for any author, let alone one who'd never given writing a thought until 1971.

At that point in his life, eight years ago, Erdman had already carved out an important, if controversial, career in banking. A graduate of Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service, Erdman earned a Ph.D in economics at the University of Basel in 1957, after which he stayed in Europe to work for the Stanford Research Institute as a financial forecaster.

After a stint as vice-president of a Bermuda-based investment firm, Erdman, at age thirty-two, cofounded a small bank in Basel, Switzerland, which subsequently merged with the United California Bank. In 1970, after the new bank had operated successfully for six years, several of its officers were discovered to have illegally used depositors' money to speculate in commodity futures. Although Erdman himself wasn't involved in the maneuvering, he

soon found himself inside a Swiss jail, along with six other U.C.B. officers. "Through my lack of control, I allowed my traders to get out of hand, which presented Swiss authorities with a perfectly legitimate reason for going after me," he recalls. "Although none of our depositors lost any money, the Swiss wanted to make a *cause célèbre*—for a very interesting reason. Our bank was on the verge of taking a lot of business away from Swiss-owned banks, and we were in the process of putting up a network of bank branches throughout Switzerland, which no foreign bank had ever done—and still hasn't. I think the Swiss threw me in jail because they had a warning they wanted to deliver to foreign bankers, especially American bankers: stay off our turf."

Toward the end of his ten-month stay in the Basel monastery that had been converted into a prison, Erdman began writing *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing* as a way to structure his time. When he was released on bail in the summer of 1971 ("They said, 'Okay, here's your passport—leave the country!'"), he'd completed about 25 percent of the book. His wife, Helly, encouraged him to finish it, and after Erdman moved the family to Buckinghamshire, England, he did just that. Since then, he's been one of America's most successful novelists.

To interview the banker-turned-writer, *Penthouse* sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with Erdman. Linderman reports:

"Paul Erdman, as it turns out, is almost a neighbor of mine—we both live in Sonoma County, California—but he's on such a tight schedule these days that the only available time he had to do the *Penthouse* Interview came during a recent business-and-pleasure trip to Hawaii. Erdman and economist Eliot Janeway had flown to Honolulu to address the annual convention of the Society of Industrial Realtors—very heavy hitters—and I met Erdman about two hours after he'd finished telling the realtors that 1979 would most likely see the American economy undergoing both a recession and inflation, a combination America hadn't experienced before. Erdman told me the audience wasn't overjoyed to hear his forecast, and then he laughed and said, 'If they think I had bad news, wait'll Janeway gets ahold of them.'

"A tall, extremely affable man, Erdman is currently finishing up his next book, and the Hawaiian jaunt was to be his last vacation of sorts before his completion of the novel. On the day I flew in from San Francisco, headlines in the Honolulu *Advertiser* were devoted to the shaky state of America's economy, and that seemed like a logical subject with which to begin our conversations."

Penthouse: Your last novel, *The Crash of '79*, predicted that a worldwide financial disaster would take place this year. How close do you think we'll come to one?

Erdman: Well, we could come as close as we did this past October 31. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, and my friends in New York banking circles, on that Tuesday we were literally on the edge of a classic financial panic. Everyone was trying to get out of the dollar at the same time. Foreigners were doing it by exchanging their dollars for yen, German marks, and Swiss francs, and it was thought that Americans would trade in their dollars for such things as gold, property, refrigerators, whatever. It all added up to an international psychosis—a great fear that the dollar was about to collapse.

Penthouse: What was behind that fear?

Erdman: The fact that we'd seen the dollar drop and drop and drop in value for several months, and our government had done absolutely nothing to stop it. In mid-October, Jimmy Carter had tried to end the erosion of the dollar with a voluntary anti-inflation program that brought a complete yawn. It clearly wasn't going to work. So the financial community looked around and said, "This inflation is going to continue and maybe accelerate, because this guy Carter and his people in Washington obviously don't know what the hell they're doing."

If Carter hadn't finally been forced to step in with some real anti-inflation measures, we'd have seen massive withdrawals from our big banks—initiated, no doubt, by the OPEC countries and by Europeans who'd lost faith in the American dollar as a storehouse of value. And that would have triggered a worldwide financial crisis. The panic would have started in New York and would have gone around the world with the clock: from New York to Chicago to California, and from there to Tokyo and around to Europe. And the result wouldn't have been confined to the collapse of the American economy; the world's economy would have collapsed.

Penthouse: Why?

Erdman: Because the dollar is the linchpin of the world's financial system. The vast majority of foreign trade is still denominated in dollars; for instance, when Germany trades with Japan, to a very great degree both countries do it in terms of the American dollar. And when the international medium of exchange collapses, the whole world is thrown into chaos.

Penthouse: Have you thought about what would have happened in the United States if the dollar had collapsed?

Erdman: Yes, I have. Most people think that if it does collapse, we'll have a rerun of the 1930s; in other words, a crash similar to that of 1929, followed by a full ten years of depression with a capital D.

But I don't see that at all. I think we could have a collapse of the dollar, and within six to nine months be moving back to a quite acceptable plane of economic activity. The reason, you see, has to do with the difference between the size of government in the

1930s and the size of the federal government today. Our government is now anywhere from twenty to fifty times larger than it was during the 1930s, and it pervades every area of economic activity that our country is engaged in.

So, this time around, if there's a collapse, the government would simply step in and assume temporary control of events in various sectors of the economy. Which isn't the nicest thing to contemplate, because if government should have to assume such a role, a number of individual liberties would almost surely go down the drain. The right to strike would no longer be there, and perhaps the right to withdraw one's money from the bank might also be withheld.

The most positive way of looking at it is that our economy would undergo a catharsis similar to Germany's following World War II. In 1945 Germany's economy was stagnant, and it stayed that way in 1946 and 1947. But then, in 1948—and at our suggestion—Ludwig Erhard put through a

“
Vietnam is where the
dollar's decline began—no
doubt about it. . . . We
financed the war in Vietnam
simply by printing
more money.
”

currency reform in which Germany's new Deutsche mark was made the equal of ten old reichsmarks. That created a solid new currency basis, upon which Germany was rebuilt, and I think something like that may happen in the United States.

Penthouse: That would please you, wouldn't it—to see the dollar's value shored up?

Erdman: Yes, but it displeases me that we've gotten to the point where one can even contemplate such a thing as being necessary. In a sense, though, if it's got to happen, then let's get the bloody thing over with.

Penthouse: What has happened to the almighty dollar?

Erdman: Plenty. For the last fifteen years we've been printing and printing them and printing them, and it would have been okay to keep doing that as long as our national output of goods and services was going up at the same rate. That didn't happen, because our economy has been rather stagnant during the last fifteen years, and for much of that time we were producing goods that really weren't usable: they were being blown up or thrown away in Vietnam. And yet we continued to print dollars at an

accelerating rate until, all of a sudden, we had a kind of runaway inflation: the almighty buck would buy only half of what it once did.

Penthouse: Is Vietnam where it all started?

Erdman: Oh yes, that's where the dollar's decline began—no doubt about it. What happened is that we'd print \$100 billion worth of money to match the \$100 billion worth of bombs, tanks, and airplanes that we sank in that Southeast Asian swamp, and afterward the \$100 billion was still chasing phantom goods. If we'd financed the war on a pay-as-you-go basis, as we did to a certain degree during World War II, then we wouldn't be in such a mess today. We financed the war in Vietnam simply by printing more money.

Penthouse: Several economists have suggested that we let the dollar's value slide so that we'd continue to get the same amount of oil for the same amount of dollars. Since our dollars would be worth less, we'd actually be buying oil at a lower price.

Erdman: No, that didn't happen, and I'm absolutely sure of it—we're not that clever. The Germans and Japanese like to think we deliberately pushed the value of the dollar down so that we could become more competitive with them, but that happened purely out of neglect. Dumbness, really.

Penthouse: Did we become more competitive?

Erdman: Of course not. To begin with, all three nations have to buy oil, no matter what the price is. And so far as our competitiveness is concerned, during the last two generations it hasn't been based on cheaper prices but on superior American technology. But we don't have that anymore. The only area where we probably still have superior technology is computers. In automobiles, in ships, in television sets—one can go on and on—the Japanese and the Germans now have technology that's superior to our own. So how can we compete? We can't.

Penthouse: If what you say is true, what does it presage for America's economic future?

Erdman: It means that we're going to have to lower our expectations, as stupid as that may sound. It's true, though. We've lost our leadership in technology, and when you add to that the continuing increase in the costs of energy, it means that, in time, the individual American will be hurt.

You know, we make this assumption that we're going to continue as the economic bastion of the whole world, and we think our economy will continually go onward and upward, but that's wrong. I think that fifteen or twenty years from now our children's standard of living is going to be 10 percent to 20 percent lower than what we're enjoying right now. Americans are not going to be able to drive around in Cadillacs; they'll have to make do with smaller cars. They might have to be happy with smaller refrigerators. They may not be able to have air-conditioning or power lawn mowers, which means that Americans may actually have to sweat. Imagine that.



"All right now, kid, how many fingers do I have up?"

One other thing: right now Americans all think they have a God-given right to own their own home. But in the future they may have to live as the Germans and Japanese do—in apartment houses.

Penthouse: How much of what you're predicting is tied to the rising cost of energy?

Erdman: A lot of it. Energy makes everything go around, and when we're talking about power lawn mowers and air-conditioners, we're talking about low-priority uses of energy. At the moment the energy problem is a cost problem, but in 1985 or 1990 there's going to be an actual physical shortage of petroleum, and at that point we will no longer be able to allow petroleum to be used to power things like motorboats.

That's one reason why we need a strong energy program. The other, obviously, has to do with the economy, because if we'd had a strong energy program over recent years, last fall's dollar crisis never would have happened. And it really doesn't take much to get an energy program going. If we reduced our importation of petroleum by half, we could go on for quite a while, because we'd be bringing our resources in balance with our expenditures, instead of trying to fill the gap by printing more dollars.

Penthouse: Are you talking about the exporting of money and the importing of oil?

Erdman: Right. Unfortunately, I don't think we will reduce our imports of petroleum. When the oil crisis hit in 1973, we were importing 25 percent of our petroleum; we're now importing 50 percent of what we use. I really think we're going to be unable to convince the American public to use less energy. So we might as well face it, and the only way we can do it is to ration gasoline and to ban nonessential uses of petroleum. But that can be done only when a nation has a wartime psychology, which we obviously don't have.

I mean, I can't even convince myself, my wife, or my children not to drive their automobiles. And when the temperature gets to seventy-nine during the summer instead of seventy-two, I turn on the air conditioner—and I should know better, right? But I do it, and so does everyone else. And that's going to continue until we are *clobbered*.

Penthouse: Do you think our politicians can convince us not to waste energy?

Erdman: No, they can't. Carter, as you know, came out and said that this whole thing was the moral equivalent of war, and he was right—and he convinced no one, probably not even himself. The problem is that he was premature. It's almost like the people who in 1933 were saying that Hitler was a madman. Yet even the British didn't believe that, and only when their troops were getting hit between the eyes by god-damn panzers in the desert did they finally say, "Right—Hitler is a madman." It's the same thing with our energy problem, but we don't want to believe it. We'd rather think of it as a big joke.

Penthouse: How do you judge Carter's per-

formance on the energy question?

Erdman: With the exception of the quip I've just mentioned, I think he's done terribly. Carter is a highly intelligent man, but he's also a political amateur—and Washington's a tough town. You've got to be a professional's professional to run the government, and right now we're in a situation that calls for a pro like Lyndon Johnson. After John F. Kennedy's assassination, Johnson was able to pull off political miracle after political miracle. He put in a huge array of new social programs within twelve months after taking office, and that was only because he was a pro.

Penthouse: You just noted, however, that the war in Vietnam was at the root of our economic problems—and LBJ pursued that war with far more of a vengeance than John F. Kennedy did or intended to do. Was Johnson your kind of pro when he did that?

Erdman: No. He went off the rails at that point. I'm just saying that Johnson was the type of politician who could even lead us

6

The shah stole the nation's income for his own purposes and threw the rest of it away on weapons systems that the Americans, for some reason, were shoving down his throat.

,

into the wilderness—and what we need now is a man of similar capabilities to lead us out of the wilderness. We need a leader with the capabilities of a Lyndon Johnson, and in Carter we don't have that. He doesn't have the political skills to convince the American public or to muscle the U.S. Congress on the energy issue.

Penthouse: Are there any politicians who do?

Erdman: Well, I think a man like Bill Simon has a good fix on energy, but he'll never be president. Because of his name, Teddy Kennedy still has a hypnotic effect on this country, but I don't think he really understands these matters. In the face of all logic, he's trying to push through an enormously expensive medical-health program. That would really do the dollar in, because of all the deficit spending it would require; so he ends up as a guy who's got the right charisma but the wrong ideas. Jerry Brown, if he grows up, might be the man. In any case, I really don't think we'll start to deal correctly with the energy question until we're forced into a situation equivalent to the embargo of 1973.

In the meantime, since we obviously can't control our uses of energy, we've got

to go after the supply side of the question, and the most logical way to do that is through nuclear power. But forget that—because the environmental lobby, led by the Sierra Club and similar groups, has really blocked any further development of nuclear-power plants. Which I find peculiar, because when the question came up for a vote in California in 1977—there was a ballot proposition to ban further nuclear-power development—the voting public turned it down by two to one. And yet Jerry Brown and other state officials in Sacramento completely ignored what the people wanted. So maybe it's going to require a kind of Jarvin-Gann movement in the energy field to get nuclear-power plants started in California and the rest of the country.

Penthouse: Environmental groups believe that the dangers of nuclear-power plants far outweigh the advantages. Are they wrong?

Erdman: Sure they are. Their major worry is that there will be an accident, that an airplane will crash right into a reactor and blow up the core before any safety measures can be activated. That is a danger. About ten years ago, in Zurich, a big plane crashed about 150 yards away from a fairly large reactor, and that could have done it. If the plane had hit the reactor, about 50,000 people might have been killed.

I can't speak about other states, but I know that in California nuclear plants are either out in the desert or in relatively unpopulated areas. So if there is a nuclear-plant accident, very little human life will be lost immediately, although you'll have contamination for God knows how long. But I still think it's a risk we've got to run. The alternative is to burn coal—meaning that we'll never see the sun again and that after ten years we'll have everyone dropping dead of cancer. So coal is obviously not a viable alternative.

A very good possible solution was proposed by Nelson Rockefeller, and it's something we should have started ten years ago. Rockefeller suggested that we set up a \$100 billion federal agency to fund power corporations—even if they happen to be named Exxon—to go after shale oil in the Rockies and the oil sands in Alberta, Canada. You see, in making a conversion plant profitable in the long run, oil would initially cost about thirty-five dollars a barrel, instead of the present fourteen dollars, and the energy companies are not prepared to run the risk on that. And that's where the Rockefeller plan made sense. The government would essentially say: "Okay, we'll bridge the difference between fourteen and thirty-five dollars a barrel—go to it." I really feel that during the past decade Rockefeller was the one man of political stature in our nation who understood these things. He *obviously* understood energy, because that's where his granddaddy made all that money.

Penthouse: You haven't as yet mentioned solar energy. Don't you think it's a viable alternative?

Erdman: No, solar energy is a big joke, and

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN CRYSTAL MARTINI.



Fill your glass with ice cubes made from natural spring water. Add Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind a perfect martini. And remember, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

there's no payoff in going after it, because it's just too damned inefficient. And it's not going to improve in the foreseeable future. You'd have to cover all of Arizona and New Mexico with solar collectors even to make a dent in our energy problem, whereas the conversion of oil shale and oil sands would supply us for 100 years.

The most immediate solution, however, is nuclear power, and I think there's enough safety there to satisfy me and the majority of voters in California. But we're not going to go ahead and build those power plants, and that's the goddamn problem we face.

Penthouse: What would change that?

Erdman: Well, I think political miracles of the kind we're discussing might take place overnight if, for instance, Iran becomes a second Lebanon and 6 million barrels of oil a day disappear indefinitely from the world supply. James Schlesinger, our energy czar, has said that the Iranian situation is potentially more damaging than the oil embargo of 1973; that's because the oil embargo had a beginning and an end. The Iranian situation doesn't involve as much oil, but Schlesinger worries that the 6 million-barrel-a-day shortfall could indeed continue indefinitely. The point is, if Iran causes us to go into gasoline coupons and rationing, we'll finally be off and running on an energy program.

Penthouse: Were you surprised to see the shah of Iran overthrown?

Erdman: The only thing that surprised me was that it happened so quickly. It seemed to me that the shah was eventually going to do himself in because of his megalomania and all the other things I wrote about in *The Crash of '79*. What I didn't suspect was what happened in Iran—a true revolution, with 31 million out of 32 million Iranians rising up. In retrospect, I failed to perceive that there were two groups that could mobilize Iran. One comprised the shah, SAVAK—his secret police—and the army. I didn't realize the degree to which the *mullahs*, the religious leaders, could organize the population at the same time. The *mullahs* were used to mobilizing from 150,000 to 200,000 people and marching them down the streets, upon command and in order, during religious ceremonies.

Penthouse: What's your opinion of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini?

Erdman: He's a highly dangerous religious fanatic. Khomeini is like a religious leader in medieval times, when sects arose that literally danced themselves to death in order to prove some point or other to the Holy Roman Empire. In medieval times leaders thought nothing of chopping people's heads or arms off—and Khomeini's a chopper. One of the first things he said after getting back to Iran was that foreigners would get their hands chopped off, because the Koran says that's what's supposed to happen to thieves—and foreigners are thieves, because they've exploited Iran. Americans are foreigners; so, therefore, let's chop off the hands of Americans.

Additionally, a week after he got to Tehran, Khomeini rounded up a few big

generals and killed them. It's logical that they were shot; what's not so logical is that photographs of the bullet-ridden corpses were blown up and passed around. *Yuch!* In medieval times, of course, everybody thought that kind of thing was just fine, and public executions were some of the best entertainments around. Khomeini's attitude toward life and death is pretty awful.

Penthouse: What does his assumption of power presage for Iran's future?

Erdman: Well, Khomeini is seventy-eight years old, and he's obviously a fanatical idealist. But the funky fact of life is that idealists don't run countries. He's surrounded himself with young, highly educated left-wing types who've graduated—often with Ph.D.'s—from Georgetown, Yale, and Stanford, and these guys are out to form an efficient, limited, anti-Western government and society. They're flying a religious flag, but I think their call to religion is only a facade. They'd deny that to the hilt, but that's my opinion. In other

Carter's performance
on the energy question has
been terrible. . . . He's
a political amateur—and
Washington's a tough town.

words, I think there's a group that's using Khomeini, and in five years I expect Iran to resemble a cross between Iraq and Libya.

Penthouse: It's been widely speculated—by the press—that the shah would still be in power if he hadn't westernized Iran, thereby incurring the wrath of Iran's Islamic leaders. Was that really the case?

Erdman: No, that's a bunch of crap, sheer mythology. If the shah had only played fair with the Iranian people, his son would've succeeded him. Iran's oil income is about \$20 billion a year. If the shah had been content to steal only one billion a year for himself and another billion for his generals, and if he'd spent the other \$18 billion a year on development of the country, he'd have been the hero of the century in Iran. Instead, he raked off 3 to 5 billion a year for himself, spent another 6 to 8 billion on weapons from the U.S.—which he didn't really need—and then spent another couple of billion shmeering the army and SAVAK.

When you come right down to it, out of Iran's \$20 billion-per-annum oil income, no more than \$5 billion was actually used for the development of the country. And *that's* what brought the shah down. He stole the

nation's income for his own purposes and threw the rest of it away on weapons systems that the Americans, for some reason, were shoving down his throat. And the end result is that the shah of Iran is now just another ex-dictator who took the money and ran, rather like a thin Faruk.

I think the shah's downfall shows us how extraordinarily thin the ice is upon which we've been skating in the Middle East. Consider, for example, what could happen if some guys in Saudi Arabia started saying, "Gee, if they can kick the shah out of Tehran, we can knock off Khalid and his gang in Riyadh." Suddenly, Saudi Arabia could also become a shambles, and that would take another 9.5 million barrels of oil a day off the world market. We tend to think of Saudi Arabia as a very responsible neutral country, run by 6,000 guys who'll be there forever. Not so.

Penthouse: If Saudi Arabia were to undergo a revolution similar to Iran's, do you think the U.S. would intervene militarily?

Erdman: Well, we've got contingency plans for military intervention in the area. But they're not very good plans, because our nearest air base is in Frankfurt, Germany, and the nearest naval power we can mount is the fleet that's over in the Philippines, and that's a long haul. And once they get there, then what? The logistics become very difficult, because the supply lines are extraordinarily long, and again, we've got nothing in the area. Which is why people like me objected when Congress closed down our naval base in Izmir, Turkey. But anyway, we do have that scenario.

Penthouse: If we intervened, wouldn't that set up the very real possibility of a military confrontation with Russia in the Middle East?

Erdman: In my opinion, no. The real problem is that if we were forced to intervene in hopes of counteracting some kind of semimaniacal situation, we might actually contribute to the destruction of those oil fields. Since we're not in a position to get in there clean and knock anyone off within twenty-four hours, the nuts could be persuaded to just blow up those bloody oil fields. For the purposes of this discussion, let's just say that Iran and Saudi Arabia are eventually taken over by guys who are like Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi—in spades. I'm not projecting this or predicting this, but as part of the takeover, it could be that these crazies temporarily self-destruct by blowing up the pipelines and refineries.

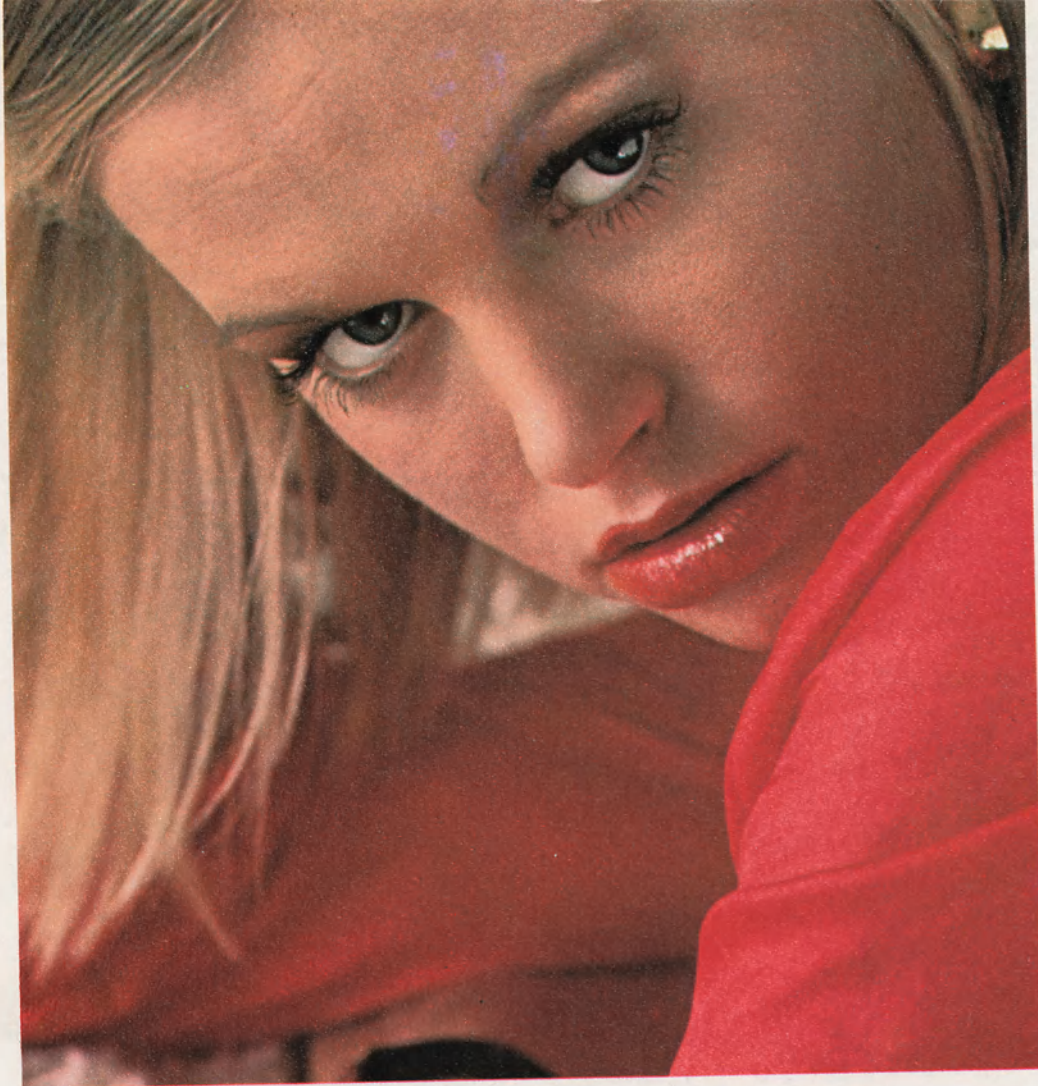
Penthouse: Is it really as easy to blow up the oil fields as you're intimating?

Erdman: Yes, it really is. With maybe only fifty explosions, you could knock out Saudi Arabia's oil fields for at least six months or perhaps a year—and that would cut down the world supply of petroleum by something like 15 percent. You know, for the first time in our history, the United States is dependent upon something happening in foreign countries over which we have no control. We are no longer masters of our own destiny, and nobody realizes it. People

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



LYNDA



“I want men to admire me, but I don't want to be idolized; I'd feel more like a pinup girl than a real woman.”





DESIGNING WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"I'm very handy with a needle and thread," boasts Pet of the Month Lynda Clark. "But for some reason most men prefer me without a single stitch on!" No one would need a tape measure to size up Lynda's 37-23-36-inch body as almost perfect. "I have a fresh, young face, they say, and a full womanly body. I'm like the girl next door and maybe even the woman of your dreams," she sums up, suggesting the obvious with a shy smile. That's why Lynda's seductively pouting face was chosen to grace our May cover, only to be followed by her full-fledged centerfold appearance here.





Makeup and hair by Linelle Curtis



But stunning as Lynda is, she doesn't want her face—or her body—to be her fortune. "Since the age of eight, when my legs got long enough to reach the pedals on my mother's Singer, I've been sewing. Right now I'm working as a wardrobe mistress for a Palm Beach theater company, but someday I'll be designing clothes and costumes for the stars."



● *I'm like the girl next door and maybe even the woman of your dreams.* ●

"That doesn't mean I'm a workaholic," she adds playfully. "Sex, fun, and companionship mean as much to me as success. I get butterflies just as often on the first night with a new lover as I do on opening night. After all, it's in bed that I'm really in the spotlight!" Occasionally, Lynda says, her looks attract too much attention. "I want men to admire me, but I don't want to be idolized; I'd feel more like a pinup girl than a real woman. Still," she adds, "I can't blame anyone for enjoying the view. I admit I prefer being with a handsome man myself. Who wants to be known as beauty and the beast?"





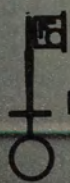




Another turn-on for Lynda is sunbathing—preferably nude. "I read that sunlight acts as an aphrodisiac, and my body becomes living proof of that. The sun gets my juices flowing and gets me in the mood for love." With a positive attitude like that, we're certain Lynda will reap exactly what she sews.

OTB





MISS LYNDA CLARK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since the United States has no national health insurance program, most of America's 30 million veterans are obliged to rely on the Veterans Administration's Department of Medicine and Surgery (DMS) to meet their medical needs. Similarly, the more than 3 million disabled veterans are extremely dependent on the VA to meet their special needs as well as routine ones. Every year the number of veterans seeking medical care from these facilities increases dramatically.

Although the VA's responsibility in providing American veterans with health care "second to none" is clear (this commitment has been affirmed and reaffirmed by the Congress for more than fifty years), serious questions exist about the VA's performance in discharging these responsibilities. But these seem like quibbles in light of the fact that the Carter administration is actually seeking to renege on the government's basic health care commitment to American veterans.

The Carter administration's perfidy and subterfuge in this matter have been reprehensible. In response to veterans of all ages becoming increasingly dependent on the VA's medical health care system, the Ninety-fifth Congress added some \$140 million to the Carter administration's VA medical budget for fiscal year 1979 (the period from October 1, 1978, to September 30, 1979). This money was sorely needed for maintaining the VA's hospital system at acceptable, albeit austere, levels. The additional money was approved by Congress after extensive hearings, during which it was disclosed that many of the VA's 171 hospitals were hard-pressed—under current staffing allocations—to fulfill their missions.

The facts were clear: increased patient load was being matched by a decline in the quality of health care being provided. In fact, according to Billy O. Hightower, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans (DAV), two facilities located at Fort Lyons, Colo., and Dallas, Tex., had lost their accreditation for failure to meet proper standards of patient treatment. In the case of the Dallas hospital, the loss was partial—that of its psychiatric-facilities program (which, it should be noted, involved treating the psychotic disorders of Vietnam veterans). Other hospitals were identified as being in danger of losing their accreditation. In consequence, the Congress acted to halt the erosion of the VA's health care system.

This \$140 million increase of the VA's hospital systems' appropriation and Carter's signature on the bill should have ended the matter. But it did not, because the Carter administration's Office of Management and Budget has withheld the

\$140 million from the VA budget approved by the Congress. Ostensibly, this "economizing" action was taken to force the VA into compliance with the Civil Service Reform Act of 1978. Unfortunately, instead of this resulting in a pruning of the VA's bloated, paper bureaucracy, it has caused the axe to fall on the twenty-eight VA medical districts, which were informed that by September 30, 1979, they must remove 6,965 full-time employees from their personnel rolls.

According to Commander Hightower of the DAV, these cuts are most likely to be felt in areas where they can be least tolerated: nursing care, diathetics, hospital maintenance, housekeeping services, and so forth—that is, in the primary personnel that is clearly the most essential for the day-to-day operation of the VA's hospital system. Furthermore, Hightower contends that strict adherence to the temporary personnel limitations would require the VA to achieve a reduction of only

4,500 full-time employees throughout the entire agency. For no apparent reason whatsoever, the wheels have been set in motion to eliminate almost 7,000 employees from the VA's DMS alone.

We believe that President Carter has displayed his true feelings and intentions about *all* veterans in this vindictive assault on the VA's medical health care system. His promise to avoid "starving useful programs" seems hollow indeed. Admittedly, the veterans' health care system needs improvement, but this is very scant justification indeed

for actions that will make it even more difficult for the Veterans Administration to meet the health needs of America's veterans.

Much of this sorry state of affairs stems from President Carter's concern about a challenge from Sen. Edward Kennedy for the Democratic party's presidential nomination in 1980. Senator Kennedy has his own ideas about national health insurance and care, and these are in conflict with those of President Carter. Regardless of the outcome of the Kennedy-Carter quarrel, it seems to us that America's veterans should not be made scapegoats or casualties in Carter's related "war on inflation" or in his quest for reelection. Sharp differences of opinion exist about veterans' benefits and programs, especially those applying to Vietnam veterans. These differences are legitimate and deserve to be resolved through honest and informed debate. On the other hand, we are of the opinion that there can be no debate whatsoever about the Carter administration's underhanded attempt to shortchange veterans in their desperate need for effective health care. 

The Carter administration
seems determined to shortchange
veterans in their desperate
need for effective health care.

America's favorite couple

Seven and Seven have been going together for over 40 years. For a perfect marriage, just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass, fill with 7-Up and enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF.

Pet of the Year Play-off

As a loyal *Penthouse* reader, you have had incessant exposure to numberless sumptuous women, which has doubtless turned you into some sort of expert and qualified you for the awesome task of helping select, from among the magnificent candidates pictured here, the most desirable beauty of all—the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year. The winner will receive, along with her official 1978 title, the most valuable collection of gifts and cash awards in the history of beauty competitions. Send your vote to either the New York or the London *Penthouse* office, addressed to "Pet of the Year." And may the best lady win!

DEBORA ZULLO "What turns me on most is turning on a man," proclaims this dusky Los Angeles fashion model, whose dark beauty envelops her like strong perfume. "In bed I'll do anything—dress up, playact, whatever is fun and new," she promises. "I try to act on my impulses, whether it's flying to Rio on a moment's notice or making love on a desk top. For me, there are no forbidden things," adds the proud possessor of this tempting 36-22-36 body. "Everything is possible."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





CHERYL RIXON "Good sex is like doing head-stands," our barefoot girl with
December 1977 cheek tells us. "It makes you feel delici-
ously limber and alive and turns the
whole world upside down." At other times, though, our twenty-three-
year-old, 37-23-35 blonde Australian beauty is rarely off balance: "I'm an ac-
complished gymnast and athlete. I've got both bare feet firmly planted on
the ground," she says, radiating an impish charm. "In bed," she confides,
"I'm a cuddler. I ask for nonstop affection, and I return every bit of it."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

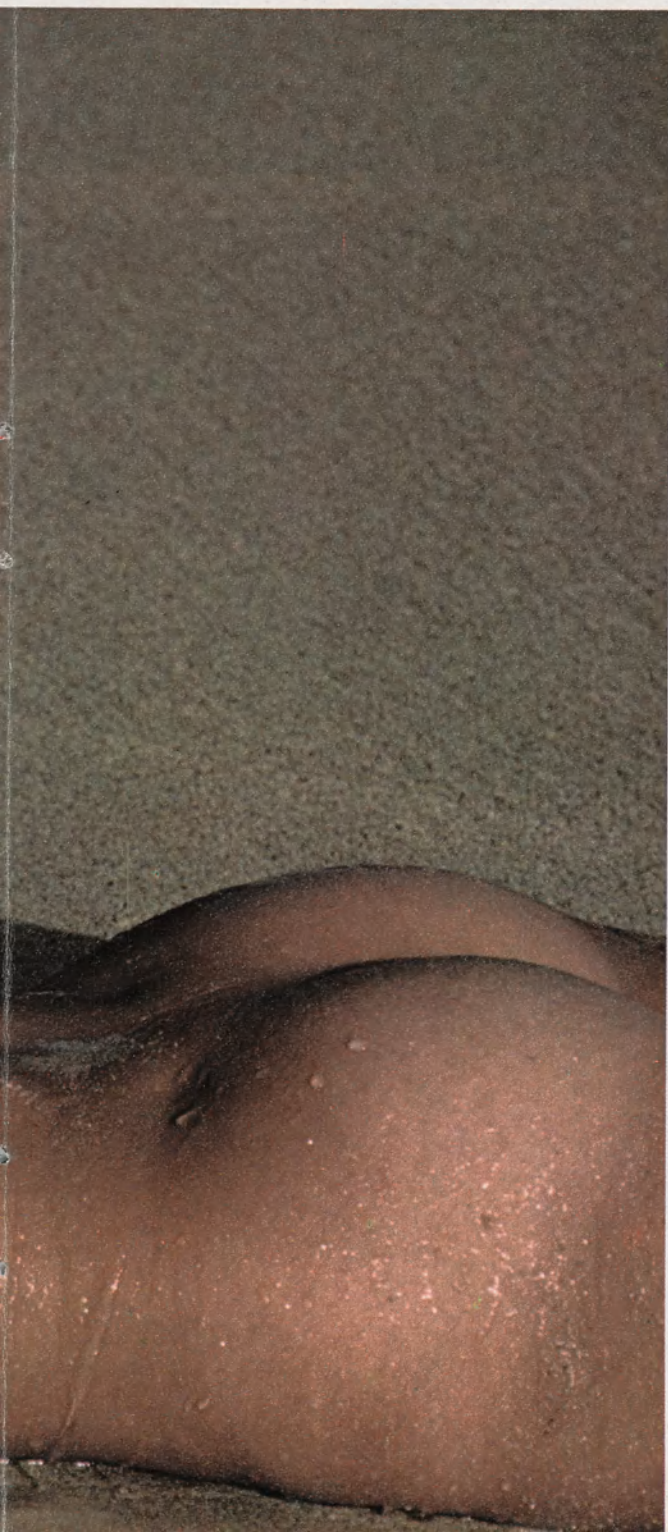




CARMEN POPE "When I gaze at the stars, I'm as
March 1978 aware of their power as I am of
their beauty," says our darkly sensual student of
astrology. Being partly of Spanish descent,
Carmen is as passionate about her own heavenly 38-22-36 body as she
is about those belonging to the Zodiac. "I'm a Scorpio, and I only like to
make it with men who have signs that are compatible with mine. When we
make love together, I feel it's with the blessings of the stars. I guess that
makes me a romantic," adds our Nashville-based nineteen-year-old.
"because I want to be in harmony with myself and with the universe."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI







CORINNE ALPHEN "I've been a real water baby since June 1978... well, since I was a *baby*," our brown-haired, 37-23-36 aquatic beauty tells us. "The seacoast has always been my true home." At twenty-four, Corinne is an accomplished deep-sea fisherwoman and a talented ac-

triss. "I think it's important to take chances, whether battling a fish or stage fright," she smiles. "The higher the stakes, the better. After all, life is really a gamble, isn't it?" If so, Corinne is well equipped: with her charm, her lithe body, and her strong sense of ambition. "I like a man who can be many things, who can give me hard sex and then go out and buy me a soft kitten..." 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI





R·GIUSTI

The story to end all stories of the
abused and tortured "Hollywood child." A story of
unparalleled sadism, vengeance, corruption, perversion, degradation—
but mostly a story of hope! Yes, now it can finally
be told, the horrifying, malicious,
immoral, unbelievable, *but true* story of—

Mommy Bitch

GLORIA JOY COMMITS SUICIDE!" I was walking to the Thirty-fourth Street subway when I saw the headline. Suddenly, I began to sob uncontrollably! Gloria Joy was America's longest-reigning sex goddess who could also "act." She was the most perfect female (36-23-36) ever created, winner of three consecutive *Photoplay* awards, the country's top pop vocalist for twelve years, creator of the famous "Joy" cosmetic line, and ambassador to New Guinea in 1962.

Yes, Gloria Joy's death caused many people to sob uncontrollably that cold New York morning of January 6, 1979, but none more than me, for to me Gloria Joy was more than just a beautiful, talented, envied sex goddess. Gloria Joy was—and only now can it finally be told!—*Gloria Joy was my mother!* Yes, she was my mother, even though everyone always believed what she told them: that she was my "Loving Sister"! Yes, she was my mother, even though she was too busy when I was born to give me a Christian name! So that, in the lonely and debased years to come, my mail was always addressed *Anonymous!* Yes, she was my mother, no matter what cruel tortures she would inflict upon my innocent and expurgated soul! Yes, she was my mother, the star about whom the press wrote millions of words of glorifying prose. But to me only two words captured her true essence—*mommy bitch!*

This is *my* story, the story to end all stories of the abused and tortured "Hollywood child." A story of unparalleled sadism, vengeance, corruption, perversion,

degradation—but mostly a story of hope. Yes, I was a condemned "Hollywood child," but I would survive—I hoped—from my malicious, deceitful, inflexible, tyrannical, insensitive, immoral, and monstrosly vicious "Loving Sister," MOMMY BITCH!

1940–1953 Part I: The Difficult Years

Mother was Hollywood's biggest star when World War II was about to erupt, and likewise her "perfect size" belly started erupting with little me. Mother's first reaction to her unexpected pregnancy was total hysteria! The worst possible thing for a sex goddess in 1940 was a child! Her "claw" to the top had been too hard for her to blow it now. Gloria Joyblonski had come to Hollywood in the early thirties with her mother, Myrna, and sheer stockings and determination to *make it!* Ever since she could say the word *Me*, she wanted to be a *movie star!* Nothing was getting in her way—*not even her own child!*

Yes, Gloria had been a fighter since the day she was born (August 13, 1908) in Brooklyn's Kings Hospital. Father—unknown! (Besides being a bitch, she was also a bastard!) On Broadway she was in the chorus of the light revue entitled *Spread Your Legs* (later altered for obvious reasons to *Spread Your Happiness*), where she was spotted by Silas Wagner, famous film producer.

Yes, Mother's life was like a "dream come true," and no bastard baby, now ruining her perfect body, was going to shatter it! Yes, her cunning strategy had

By Anonymous Joy
(the unimportant and ugly "sister" of the beautiful and famous Gloria Joy)

As told to Tom Eyen

worked since she invaded Hollywood in 1930 and immediately moved into an apartment complex forebodingly named *The Garden of Sodom*. The owner, Max, an elderly but lovely homosexual, was a once-famous silent-screen star who had ruined his career by going down on nine ten-year-old extras in the original *Ben Hur*. A wrong turn, a bad choice, a fast blowjob, and you were finished!

Mother vowed to make no mistakes. *I was a mistake she had to get rid of!* Gloria Joy had to drop me as she had dropped the "Blonski" from her name! Nothing was going to get in the way of her goal to be bigger than them all: Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Bella Darvi! Her whole body craved stardom as *vampires' bodies crave blood!*

She had made Hollywood, and under producer Silas Wagner—in every sense of the word, as she had also married him—she made sixteen films, including such great classics as *Withering Tights*, *National Velveeta*, and *A Star Is Bombed!* She became the most famous sex goddess of all time, and apart from getting excellent reviews, all sixteen films had one similarity—they lost a fortune! Silas went bankrupt and to Rio with a bit player named Rita La Tongue, and Mommy Bitch faced 1940 alone and without a contract.

She was on the top, but definitely not in a good mood. *She had been knocked up by a nobody!* Rumor had it my "real" father

was a camera grip—who had obviously gripped Mother "real" good—on her last picture for Silas's studio, U.M. (Universal Message). The film was a sequel to *It Happened One Night* entitled *It Happened Again the Next Morning*. It was never completed, as Mother threw herself down a long flight of stairs to *kill the baby she never wanted!* But she couldn't kill me! As strong as she was, she couldn't kill me! Even before I was born, the battle had begun. If she was Goliath, I was David! If she was Caesar, I was Marc Antony! If she was Barbra Streisand, I was Bette Midler!

After several other attempts to lose me—abortions were a fifty-fifty chance, and she was terrified of doctors—Mother was forced to flee the pernicious gossips of Hollywood to San Francisco, where I was secretly born in the Mary Magdalene General Hospital. Clever Mom had entered the hospital, wearing a black wig and using the pseudonym of "Greta Garbo." SHE WANTED TO HIDE ME! SHE WAS ASHAMED OF MY EXISTENCE! NO ONE WAS TO KNOW! Even my kind Grandmother Myrna never knew! Three months later Gloria Joy returned to Hollywood with me and told everyone she had found her long-lost "sister" in a hostile Chinese orphanage!

That's how Mother lived her life! Bad art became bad life! If ever I should wander from her rehearsed script, I would be beaten and thrown out to walk the streets of

downtown Hollywood like a common prostitute! After all, wasn't that the way she spent her childhood? And although Ginger Rogers beat her by "stealing" the Academy Award for *Kitty Foyle* in 1940, it was Mother who stole America's heart when she returned to her rococo "Hollywood" house on Angelo Drive with her long-lost "baby sister"! (One must remember this was back in the days when people wanted to believe in miracles!)

Grandma Myrna met us with loving arms—both of which Mother had broken the year before. I was never allowed to call Myrna "Grandmother," as Mother told everyone *her own mother was "the maid!"* Yes, SHOCKING BUT TRUE! She was determined to "be" an orphan, just as the publicity department had said, and I was to "be" her "Loving Sister." The press ate it up like buttered popcorn at a bad movie!

Mother never stopped working, even though she was one of the richest Hollywood stars since Harold Lloyd. She had cleverly invested every nickel she made in a chain of cheap Greek restaurants with the catchy name Big Burgers and Small Buns! (And this was years before McDonald's!) But even with the profit of BB&SB, Mother couldn't meet the expenses of the large house—even after hiring out Myrna for cleaning jobs! YES, SHE SOLD PEOPLE LIKE SHE SOLD HER BODY!

Even at the age of one, I could sense the intense cruelty of this woman! My feelings were obviously shared by the head of Major Studios, who gave her the uncoveted starring role in *The Iron Tank*. In that film Mother played a Wac who singlehandedly destroys two German war bases with a miniature bomb concealed in her lipstick case. Then, in the middle of the film, she is gang-raped by 249 German soldiers (shown only from the neck up for a GP rating). Mother was usually gang-raped in the middle of her pictures, as they always began to sag at that point, having been written by "Hollywood writers" who were really ex-journalists and pharmacists from Omaha or Duluth. *The Iron Tank* had one grand distinction—it was the first film ever to play a drive-in! And although Joan Fontaine beat her for the Academy Award for *Suspicion* that year (1941), it was Gloria Joy as *The Iron Tank* that broke all box-office records with the people! That's where Gloria Joy had her strength! *In the people! She was the people's star!* She could do no wrong! *How little they knew!* For in real life Gloria Joy was the world's number-one monster! And the bombing of Pearl Harbor that year was mild compared with the internal turmoil inside the home of my "Loving Sister"!

One night, at the age of two, I was suddenly awakened by hysterical screaming! I ran down to "Sister's" bedroom, where I saw what would probably affect me psychologically for the rest of my life. Two giant men, both dressed in authentic Nazi uniforms, were chaining Mother, spread-eagled, to clamps in the ceiling. They were screaming in some foreign language and



"Preparation H, Mr. Whittaker, is not to be taken orally."

THE CURSE. The Cure.



Before

As appeared on page 109 of study

After

Jan Swenson, 49 years old, suffering from gradually developing baldness, before treatment and after 23 months of using the new formula. Density of hair distinctly increased; no longer any bald area.

Why me? You ask yourself.

Why am I cursed with something that will make me look much older, than friends my own age.

Why does a nice guy like me deserve to go bald? The answer is, you don't. And you don't have to.

Now, from the University of Helsinki, in Finland there's a scientifically documented cure for baldness.

Are you skeptical? You have a right to be. You have a lot at stake.

But here are the facts. And they could mean a lot to you, and your life.

While doing skin cancer research, Dr. Kai Setala, Director of the Dept. of Pathology and his staff, made an amazing new discovery about the growth of cells in the scalp.

This led to a whole new treatment that could stimulate hair growth and actually stop hair loss.

Hundreds of patients were tested in the University of Helsinki study and the results were astounding. 66% success in rejuvenating hair growth—90% success in stopping hair loss. The patients started growing new hair in scalp areas that were losing hair before. They noticed very real improvement in their hairlines.

As Dr. Setala put it: "The results were astounding. We have decided to release the scientific facts and the results gained through our research to the general public."

Right now, over 300,000 people in Europe and Canada are successfully using this new treatment.

They've ended their anxieties about losing their hair. They've learned that they don't have to sit back and take it.

Neither do you.

You deserve the facts. And now, you can have them.

International scientific writer, Heinrich Kraus has taken Dr. Setala's study, and added facts compiled from other latest scientific information available about stopping hair loss and regenerating hair growth and put it all in a book.

The book is called, "Baldness and its Cure." It's written in plain English.

And if you've ever had even a moment of anxiety about losing your hair, "Baldness and its Cure" is a book you owe it to yourself to read.

What have you to lose?

You've already been cursed.

Now, you deserve "Baldness and its Cure."

Learn The Facts About Hair Growth Today

End your anxieties about the cause of hair loss. Learn the real medical facts in **BALDNESS AND ITS CURE**. A totally scientific study about growing hair, stopping hair loss and restoring thinning hair. It's time for you to learn what doctors already know and are doing.

And if you find that you are not absolutely astounded by the startling new discovery just return your copy within 14 days for a full immediate refund—no questions asked. **Order BALDNESS AND ITS CURE Today**

Riverbrook Research Corporation

150 E. 58th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

Please rush to me today "Baldness and its Cure" I'd like to learn all the facts about growing hair and stopping hair loss. I'm enclosing \$9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling a total of \$10.70. I may return it for an immediate refund if, for any reason, I am not satisfied. N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Photograph by Hugh Wesley



HOW MANY ACRYLICS HAD TO DIE TO MAKE THAT SWEATER?

"Second City TV" is funnier than "Saturday Night Live."

BY DENIS BOYLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

The key concept in television is something called "R.F."—Recognition Factor. It's a crucial, feverish index for those in the business of being recognized, just as the Dow-Jones average is for those in the business of business. And right now, for John Candy and Joe Flaherty, the stars of "Second City TV," the R.F. index is off about eleven points in slow trading. It's been like that all the way down on the flight from Toronto, all the way down Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, all the way into NBC's fan-strewn Rockefeller Center lobby and up the elevator to the eighth-floor studio of "Saturday Night Live," where Candy and Flaherty are going to visit their old pals Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and Danny Ackroyd. Finally, a security guard, flanked by a dozen youngsters, touches Candy's sleeve and says, "Man, I really like your show."

"Yeah," says one kid, gesturing toward the studio, "it's even better than this one."



Candy turns to Flaherty. "R.F. up ten," someone says. Smiles all around.

Ask the average junior at Johns Hopkins, Duke, or U.C.L.A. about his favorite television comedy stars, and you won't get any surprises: Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and Danny Ackroyd. Like some insidious Latin drug, Saturday Night Live has invaded the consciousness of America's campuses, leading to even harder stuff—crazed toga parties, Roseanne Rosannadanna impersonations, and, finally, even the weird, Toronto-produced television comedy Second City TV. The show is to Saturday Night what Thai stick is to seeds and stems—unfiltered entertainment.

Ackroyd, Radner, and the others would understand this popularity; all of them are graduates of the original Second City, the Chicago- and Toronto-based improvisational theater company that gave birth to

both television programs. Under the guidance of director Del Close, SC performers—including Mike Nichols, Shelley Berman, Alan Arkin, Joan Rivers, David Steinberg, Robert Klein, and Paul Mazursky—perfected the art of the sketch, the brief, delicate, almost balletic frenzy-in-a-minute that has become the hallmark of both SNL and SCTV.

"The sketch is what characterizes Second City comedy more than anything else," says Harold Ramis, who, before leaving SCTV to write 1978's most popular comedy film, *Animal House* (with Doug Kenney and Chris Miller), played Mo Green on SCTV. "It's affected the way I write. You realize that everything nowadays is short and fragmented. Once I've settled on the characterization, I write the rest piecemeal, almost by accretion."

Second City was established as a venue for improvisational, satiric theater in Chicago in 1959 by Bernie Sahlins and

Howard Alk, two itinerant actor-entrepreneurs. Almost immediately Sahlins and Alk met with equal parts of success and frustration. Although they were able to fill SC's theater easily enough, the stresses of improvisational comedy had alienated Sahlins's longtime friend and company director Paul Sills from the cast. Finally, in 1960, Sills

SCTV: An old firehouse in deepest Toronto (left) is about as far from the madding crowds of "Saturday Night Live" fans as one can get; it's from there that the current cast of "Second City TV"—(from left) Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy, Dave Thomas, Andrea Martin, John Candy, and Catherine O'Hara—come up with the craziest bits on television. "I consider the humor on our show thumb-on-nose," says executive producer Jack Rhodes. "That's why the three networks have never gone for it. But as the show catches on, it fills a need no other show does." How does SCTV really differ from SNL? "It's funnier," one SNL star admits.



consulted with Alk, and they decided to hire Del Close, who had already gained a reputation as an innovator in improvisational humor. At SC unqualified praise greeted Close's approach to comedy. His influence was as profound as that of George Balanchine at New York City Ballet

Urban Guerrillas: Fast-food franchises are one of the evils of modern society. So are folks who just keep on chewing. (above left) SCTV star Dave Thomas shows what some righteous brothers think of Colonel Saunders and his chickens. Then there's the subject of fitness. (below left) Joe Flaherty figures the secret of folks who run chic gyms for glitzy ladies is to treat customers as badly as possible, sweating them into submission. People feel so guilty about their soft lives they will pay for torture. (right) Mom (Andrea Martin) comes to the theater to see how her Suzie is doing in her job as a "disco dancer." The "show," however, seems to be in the uh, alley, behind the er, "theater."



or Casey Stengel with the New York Yankees. Andrew Alexander, who founded the Toronto-based company with Close's assistance in 1973 and who now serves as producer of SCTV, mirrors the attitude of most when he says simply, "Del Close is a genius. Unpredictable and a little crazy, but a genius all the same."

Close's concept of sketch comedy requires deft teamwork. "Del told me one story I'll never forget," says Gilda Radner. "It was about this guy who could run the mile faster than anyone else living. So he entered the Olympics, and in his first race he only tied for first. Somebody asked him what happened. So he said, 'Listen, it's harder to tie someone than to beat him. The important thing is just to be in the race.' Second City taught me it was easy to steal a scene, but it was hard to make someone else look good."

Close himself sounds like a Dutch uncle when he describes the comedy's qualities:

"I think we manage to cram more into that half hour than any other show on television, and that includes Saturday Night Live, which is just too slow-paced for my taste. The Second City tradition is there; our comedic approach is very well represented on the program, and I love it."

That approach is also well represented in the performances of its alumni. It's not an exaggeration to say that Mike Nichols's sense of timing in films like *The Graduate* and *Catch-22* owes a lot to SC tradition. Many of David Steinberg's bits on television and in his live act are based on material in the program. Elaine May's stage plays, Shelley Berman's various shticks, the writing in many current prime-time sitcoms by former members of the company, the exaggerated, self-parodying slapstick of *Animal House*, and even much of the satire in *National Lampoon* magazine owe debts to SC—first in Chicago, then in Toronto, then in its various touring companies. Sec-

ond City is, very simply, the basis for all current, hip American humor, as different from the comedy of Bob Hope, Milton Berle, and Jackie Gleason as jazz is from rock 'n' roll.

The next logical step was television. In 1975 whiz-kid producer Lorne Michaels hired Belushi, Radner, Murray, and Ackroyd away from SC in Toronto to join his new brainchild, SNL, at NBC in New York. It was a huge, immediate success and inspired Alexander, along with Jack and Bill Rhodes, to follow up two years ago with SCTV. The exodus from SC led many viewers to assume that bad blood must exist between the two casts. (Second City TV follows SNL in a number of crucial markets.) But while SCTV performers admit to being irritated by comparisons with the superhit SNL, they harbor no grudges. "How could we feel bad about their success?" asks Flaherty, who is the senior member of the troupe. "After all, they're like





us. They worked with us for a long time. They're friends."

SCTV, with a small budget, a shorter format (thirty minutes, compared with SNL's ninety minutes), and tougher humor, was not an immediate hit. "A lot of stations had Second City TV buried in their schedules, and it has taken people a long time to discover us," says executive producer Jack Rhodes. "Second City knocked down the traditional roles of television shows. I consider the humor on SCTV as tongue-in-cheek and thumb-in-nose. That's why the three networks have never gone for it—it was too much of a challenge. But as the show catches on, it gets a good-sized regular audience. It's filling a need that Saturday Night Live and all the rest don't fill. We're reaching all ages—from school kids to senior citizens, and I think we're finally succeeding."

The proof of Rhodes's statement, as it always is in television, is in the numbers.

SCTV will open the 1979–80 season in September with a thirty-five-city syndication spread. It jumped from a 28 to a 48 percent audience share in Nashville this year; from a 13 to a 26 percent share in Chicago; from a 7 to 13 percent share in Los Angeles; from a 15 to 27 percent share in Rochester. It is the number-one show in Las Vegas! It is the fourth-rated show in New York for its time slot (11:00 P.M., Saturday night, immediately preceding SNL.)

John Candy, who plays an expansive sleaze named Johnny LaRue, came to SCTV almost by accident. "I was tricked into it," he says. "I went with a friend who was auditioning, and suddenly they called my name. I didn't even have time to get nervous."

As with the other members of SCTV, Candy's character has become a very real invention. "Little kids love LaRue, and I have no idea why. I even have a fan club

someplace at some college in New York City, Columbia or N.Y.U. I mean, it's LaRue's fan club. One girl wrote and asked for a photo and some cigarette butts. LaRue's popularity is a mystery to me sometimes. *Cigarette butts!* I mean, he's so pompous and loud; and even though he always means well, he's a little cheap. He's a really cheap entrepreneur. "He started out as a performer and thought he'd be a star, but his connections are lousy. His best gig was sponsored by a restaurant supply house—fine napkins and swizzle sticks."

Television is not where Candy feels he ultimately belongs, although he thinks it's fine for LaRue. "I don't like television a lot; I don't like what's on it a lot. But I like it enough to be on it myself."

That paradoxical position may not trouble Candy too much longer. He's been cast opposite Belushi, Ackroyd, Joe Flaherty, and Tim Matheson in Steven Spielberg's new film, *1941*. "It's a very good shot," he



says. "It's something I really want to do." And for once it's something he wasn't tricked into. For Joe Flaherty, SCTV has become almost a postgraduate institution. He has directed most of the cast members of both SNL and SCTV at one time or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

"Johnny LaRue" and others: John Candy's most famous character (above), a total sleaze, has decided to do something for the neighborhood kids. The neighborhood, however, is Beverly Hills, and they aren't after cookies and milk. "We'll hold a spelling contest," LaRue leers. "Whoever can spell gerbil gets to go home with the Gerbil of the Month!" Lola Heatherton (Catherine O'Hara, above right) is 114 years old but still does her Las Vegas act with the three mannequins shown here. "I used to use livelier models, but I've decided I like the strong, silent type," Lola says. "I'm tired of your damned insolence," the pope screams at reporter Eugene Levy (below right). "I know how to spell 'Polish!'"



LET'S GET SMALL!

New cameras and accessories that don't drag you down when you're on the road.

BY IVAN BERGER

Taking vacation pictures means, alas, taking along the equipment to shoot them with. And since the days of the Grand Tour with servants and packhorses are over, it's a good thing that photo gear has gotten easier and easier to carry.

In the early days, of course, even a packhorse wasn't enough: you also needed a darkroom wagon so that you could develop the film while it was fresh. The introduction of the dry plate in 1871, and then of roll film in the early 1880s, made photography portable. Up through the fifties, tourists prowled the world with roll-film cameras that shot large pictures but folded down to a package small enough to fit a pocket—an overcoat pocket, that is.

But even by the thirties, the Leica and other 35mm "miniature" cameras had begun to change all that. With its retracting lens, the Leica could fit into an inside jacket pocket or nestle, hanging by its strap, beneath a traveler's arm. And it offered the photographer unparalleled versatility: interchangeable lenses plus accessories for everything from remote-control wildlife photography to ultra-close-ups.

The serious 35mm photographer shifted his allegiance to the still more versatile single-lens reflex (SLR) in the early 1960s. SLRs were taller, thicker, and heavier than the rangefinder Leica, with no way for the lenses to retract compactly. Light meters, formerly detached accessories, were first built onto the SLRs and then into them. New gadgets, dials, and conveniences were added. Soon the 35mm "miniature" camera was miniature no longer.

In 1973, with the introduction of the Olympus OM-1, the size trend reversed



The very smallest cameras are the easiest to carry and still pack a host of features. (clockwise from upper left) The PENTAX Auto 110 with 24mm f/2.8 normal lens (\$249.00) is a single-lens reflex with an accessory system that includes the AF 130P electronic flash (\$42.00) and auto-winder (shown, \$68.00), plus wide-angle and telephoto lenses. The MINOX 35 EL (\$300.00) has the compactness that Minox subminiature cameras are noted for,

yet takes full-size 35mm film. The CANON 110ED 20 with flash (\$205.00) has rangefinder focusing and an f/2 lens and can "dateline" your picture. MINOLTA's 110 Zoom SLR (\$292.00) has a built-in 2X zoom lens that focuses down to 11.3 inches, requires no auxiliary lenses, and offers hand-held shooting. MINOLTA 6-12X24 pocket-zoom binoculars (\$275.00) give a wide field and extreme brightness at a 6X setting, high magnification at 12X.

itself again. Hardly bigger than an original Leica with extended lens, the OM-1 had all the SLR basics: through-the-lens viewing, focusing, and metering; a wide range of lenses; and even provision for such extras as a high-speed motor drive for sports photography. The OM-2, unveiled a year or so later, added automatic exposure to those features. Coming up now is the OM-10, midway between the OM-1

and OM-2 in price, with more limited automation but with digital shutter-speed readouts in the finder.

The idea that SLRs could, in fact, be small caused a sensation—and the redesign of enough models to make the shrinking SLR a bona fide trend. Any photographer will appreciate the difference half a pound of camera weight can make after he's carried it around his neck all

Photographs by Tetsu Nakamura



day. Travelers, who may carry an outfit of two camera bodies (one for color, one for black-and-white and backup) and perhaps half a dozen lenses from place to place for weeks, appreciate the lighter weight of such an assemblage even more.

Not that the smaller cameras are to every tourist's taste. Some photographers (especially those with big hands) may find them a trifle on the dainty side. For them, "big" cameras are still available, but today's "big" 35mm SLR is the medium-size camera of just a few years back. Witness, for example, the Yashica FR series and its more sleekly styled, slightly bigger brothers in the Contax line. More size means a cleaner, less-cluttered look and controls that are easier for a man-sized hand to grab.

Combine medium size with the tech-

niques that made the "miniature" camera miniature again, and you can give the traveler yet another advantage: more features in the same space. Konica's new FS-1, for instance, is the first to incorporate a built-in motorized winder, in virtually the same-size package as the Yashica. (Yashica itself will have a similar Contax model soon.) Insert the film, snap the back shut, and the FS-1 automatically winds the film to the first shootable frame and then advances one frame every time you shoot. Hold down the shutter button, and it shoots sequences—up to thirty-six exposures in under fifty-eight seconds. There's no thumb-wind lever; the built-in motor does it all.

Even external winders, available as accessories for virtually every current SLR, are being designed to suit the traveler's needs. Winders are smaller, lighter, and

less expensive than the ultrafast motor drives that sports photographers use. But they're fast enough to help solve such traveler's dilemmas as shooting sequences from moving trains, planes, cars, and boats. Even on foot, you have to shoot faster when you know you may not pass that way or see that view again.

Of course, you can't take full advantage of any SLR without accessory lenses. The ability to use telephotos and wide-angles at will is one of the SLR's chief benefits, and trying to decide which of those lenses to leave behind when traveling is every well-equipped photographer's nightmare. Zoom lenses are the solution. A zoom may be bigger, heavier, and more expensive than any one of the lenses it replaces; but it is smaller, lighter, and cheaper than the whole range of lenses whose jobs it does. And with a zoom, all those lenses are to all intents and purposes on the camera, available at a touch, without the time and nuisance of changing the lens on the camera for one in the gadget bag. A fixed wide-angle and zoom telephoto is a common traveling outfit, though zoom wide-angles are now also available. Soligor even has one that zooms all the way from a wide-angle 35mm to a 140mm telephoto—a four-to-one range.

"Telephotos" for the eyes can be as useful to the traveler as those for his cameras. Tourists have toted binoculars for decades, whether to spot birds, examine distant mountain peaks, or scan the carvings on cathedrals. (Contributors to "Forum" will doubtless come up with still more applications.) Nowadays binoculars are easier than ever to carry. Minolta, for example, makes pocket binoculars that fold into a package about 2½ by 1½ inches (length varies with power and brightness). Here, too, there's a zoom model: the Minolta 6-12×24. At its six-power setting, it has a wide, 6.9° field of view and an exceptionally bright image, for use even in dim light. By sacrificing some of that brightness and field angle, you can zoom it up to double that power for an even closer look.

You can even get an underwater camera with telephoto and wide-angle lenses, perfect for your tropical-island vacation. Nikon's amphibious Nikonos III stays watertight, without unwieldy extra housings, down to 160 feet below the water's surface. Its controls, designed for under-

water use, are easy to read in dim subsea light and easily grasped, even by hands gloved against the cutting coral. (The same weather tightness and sturdiness make it popular with some skiers, too.) Though not a reflex, the Nikonos III takes interchangeable lenses from 15mm to 80mm (effectively "longer" underwater, where objects look closer), with luminous frames in the finder for all but the 15mm, plus open-frame finders for easy aim when one is wearing a face mask or goggles. Underwater flash and close-up units are also available.

If you can do without lens interchangeability on your camera, you can get an even smaller 35. One of the very smallest is the Minox 35EL, an ultra-sophisticated 35mm version of the old, folding, roll-film camera. Open, it sports such features as an easy-to-focus 35mm lens with fast $f/2.8$ aperture, an electronically controlled shutter to match the user-selected aperture with speeds from 1/500 to 30 seconds under electric-eye control, and a viewfinder that shows which shutter speed the electric eye has selected. Just press on the Minox's two rigid cover braces, and it folds to a mere 4 by 2¼ by 1¼ inches, lens and finder encased as snugly as a turtle in its shell.

Even in such tiny incarnations as the Minox, though, the 35mm "miniature" is no longer the smallest camera around. It never was, in fact: tiny "spy" cameras have been with us since at least the First World War, reaching their apotheosis in the Minox subminiature of the late 1930s. This Minox was a delightful precision instrument—and a status symbol. But getting film for it (or for its many imitators and competitors) was never easy.

The big breakthrough in little cameras came with Kodak's introduction of the 110 "Pocket Instamatic" system. With Kodak's backing, subminiature film in the new format was soon available everywhere, from drugstores to souvenir stands all around the world. Though conceived as the snapshot system *par excellence* and portable enough to catch every shootable occasion, the 110 soon bred a series of versatile photographic tools worthy of any older, larger format.

Kodak's initial 110 line included a model with a sharp, fast $f/2.8$ lens; range-finder focusing for greater sharpness; and a shutter capable of automatic time exposures. And while Kodak eventually



Wide-ranging capabilities characterize these compact cameras (clockwise from lower left) The POLAROID SX-70 Sonar OneStep (\$249.95) takes instant pictures, focuses itself, and folds to fit your pocket. The CHINON Pocket 8 movie camera (\$149.95) takes zoom, wide-angle, and tele lenses and has slow motion when used with Power Grip (\$12.00), which also detaches for compactness or to keep batteries warm in your pocket on cold days. The

KONICA FS-1 (\$555.00 with 40mm $f/1.8$ lens) is the first 35mm reflex with a built-in winding motor (no thumb lever). The YASHICA FR II (\$180.00 with 40mm $f/1.9$ lens) is an economical handful with auto-exposure and a shutter-speed display in its finder. The NIKONOS III (\$432.50), shown with a 35mm $f/2.5$ lens (\$168.00), shoots pictures above the water and down to 160 feet below and takes a wide range of lenses and accessories.

dropped such refinements as the range-finder and the time-exposure capability, it had shown the way for such camera companies as Minox (which has dropped its original, unique subminiature format) and Canon.

Both Minox and Canon added refinements, of course. The Minox 110S, for example, has manual aperture control plus a shutter that automatically selects

speeds from 1/1000 to 4 seconds, as well as "clamshell" doors that close to protect the optics and that double as lens shades when open. All of this in a package weighing just five ounces!

Canon's 110 also has shutter speeds to 1/1000 (vital both for shooting action and for working in bright light, when the camera is loaded with the new, fast ASA 400 color films), plus the fastest lens in 110



cameras—an f/2, which makes a dynamite combination with 400 films for shooting in dim light without flash. At the touch of a switch, the Canon 110 can even photographically imprint on the exposure's bottom edge the year, month, and day to help you identify your shots when you return home.

Sophisticated as these cameras are, camera buffs craved more sophistication for 110 cameras—especially systems for changing lens focal lengths to telephoto or wide-angle (a 110's 25mm "normal" lens covers the same angle as a 43mm lens on a regular 35mm camera). Zoom cameras were the first to appear: Fujica's 250 Zoom, with a 25–42mm lens (equivalent to 43–75mm on a 35mm camera), and Minolta's more elaborate 110 Zoom SLR, with nonzoom, normal/tele-switchable 110's coming in between.

As the model's "SLR" name implies, Minolta's was the first single-lens reflex camera for 110, with through-the-lens viewing and focusing. Its lens covered the range from 25mm to 50mm (35mm-equivalent: 43–85mm), with its through-the-lens viewing system ensuring that the viewfinder would show exactly what was to be on film at all times. Reflex focusing also made it easy for the camera to focus as close as 11.3 inches for dramatic closeups. With a shutter-speed range of 1/1000 to 10 seconds, the camera allows you to modify its automatic exposure, by up to two stops, for such meter-fooling situations as backlit subjects or for making a scene lighter or darker for mood effects. Yet, for all its versatility, the camera measures just 2½ by 4¼ by 5¼ inches and weighs just 15½ ounces.

For those who prefer the extra sharp-

ness of interchangeable, nonzoom lenses (and sharpness counts still more with the tiny 110 format), Pentax now offers a tiny SLR with three such lenses: an 18mm wide-angle, a 24mm normal, and a 50mm telephoto (corresponding to 35mm, 40mm, and 85mm on a standard 35). The Pentax system also includes such niceties as close-up lenses, filters and hoods for all three lenses, and a flash unit that, like those of many current SLR 35s, can set the camera to the proper shutter speed for flash sync.

But the mind-boggler of the Pentax system is that it, too, includes an auto-winder. Though almost as big as the camera itself (most of that size accounted for by two penlight batteries), the winder actually makes the camera handier to use. The Pentax is so tiny that it's a little hard to hold; but with the winder attached, it's a potent palmtop that still slips easily into the pocket.

Movie film frames are even smaller than those of 110 film; but because the film cartridge must hold more of them (more than 3,500 versus the 110's twelve or twenty frames), the film cartridge is bigger, and so is the home-movie camera. Movie cameras are available in such compact forms as the Chinon Pocket-8—about 5½ by 3½ by 1½ inches and weighing under a pound. In its smallest form, it comes with a fixed-focus, 15mm normal lens; but you can substitute a 4X, 8–32mm zoom, or add 21mm telephoto and 10mm wide-angle converters to the 15mm.

Must the film be tiny for the camera to fit your pocket? Whatever happened to the folding, large-film camera of forty years ago? It's still here, using the only large film still in common amateur use: the instant-developing kind. Polaroid's SX-70 was not only the most compact instant camera ever but also the first folding SLR—a mere 7 by 1½ by 4 inches when contracted. Today, with the addition of Sonar auto-focusing for all distances from 10½ inches to infinity, it is only two inches longer—enough to peep out of an overcoat pocket without any more of a bulge.

That's about as far back as technology will take the photographic traveler. Since each sheet of SX-70 film has its own, built-in "darkroom" and develops itself, the need for the horse and wagon of the wet-plate days is irrevocably over. 

For more information about equipment shown here, see coupon on page 210

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

think it's all a plot by Exxon.

Penthouse: Or a plot by Erdman. Are you sure you're not overdramatizing the Middle East's political instability?

Erdman: I don't think I am, although in novels you have to exaggerate to make a point. It's true that in *The Crash of '79* I overbuilt up the Shah of Iran as an international menace to make a point that is relevant here—namely, that the region is populated with shahs and Qaddafis, and that the potential for more of these crazies is enormous. The Middle East is really made up of two classes of nations: the confrontation states and the reasonable ones. To an extent, the super oil powers are extremely reasonable, with Saudi Arabia being the best example of how reasonable and responsible a super oil power can be. But Libya is obviously not reasonable, and neither is Iraq, and Syria is also a confrontational state. The confrontation, of course, involves the Palestinians and the Israelis.

Penthouse: There's a growing feeling in the U.S. that we'd be a lot better off if we simply ended our support of Israel. Do you disagree?

Erdman: Well, I think it *would* be easier for everybody—especially ourselves, Western Europe, and Japan—if we dropped Israel. If we did, there would no longer be any problems between ourselves and the oil we need. But to do that, I think, would be to negate everything our country stands for. And I really mean that: it would be tragic for our nation. At some point, we can no longer be totally opportunistic. Our relationship with Saudi Arabia, for example, is essentially an opportunistic one: they have the oil we need. But we can't forget that we are an idealistic nation, and that the question of Israel goes beyond geopolitics and capitalistic power plays.

One of the great shames of the postwar era is that the U.S. had to emerge as Israel's patron saint. It wasn't our job to do that, because the people who did in the Jewish people during World War II were the Western Europeans. And yet, during the 1973 oil embargo, the only country that stood up with us was the Netherlands: everyone else chickened out. It's true that we somehow buried our ideals in Vietnam and that we've since let Taiwan go down the drain. But if we ever do that to Israel, I just don't know how America could ever look itself in the eye again. The ties between us and Israel have to do with an absolute, total moral commitment between our country and the people of Israel. The hope for America is in our rebuilding our old foundations, and it seems to me that part of the rebuilding process is following through fully on the idealistic commitment we've made to Israel.

Penthouse: In view of the Egyptian-Israeli peace talks held at Camp David, it would seem we're certainly proceeding along those lines. What do you foresee happen-

ing in the Middle East as a result of the talks at Camp David?

Erdman: Well, as they say, the situation's in a state of flux, and a new ball game is emerging, because now you've got four centers of power: an independent Egypt; radical Arab interests like Libya, Iraq, Syria, and the PLO; conservative Arabs like the Saudi Arabians; and Iran, which is radical and anti-American but not yet a confrontation state vis-à-vis Israel.

Penthouse: Where does Jordan fit into all of this?

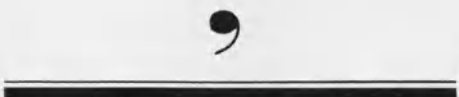
Erdman: Jordan is kind of playing footsie with the radicals. Jordan doesn't really matter anyway, although it's the only Arab country that has the potential to join immediately with Egypt. In fact, we probably could force them to come to such an accord. Jordan's just a little mosquito.

Penthouse: Is Jordan's King Hussein personally disposed to ally himself with Sadat?

Erdman: Let's just say that he won't do it, because he's afraid the PLO will knock him



“
For the first time in
history, the United States is
dependent upon
something happening in foreign
countries over which we
have no control.
”



out. Hussein is the only Arab ruler who is seriously exposed like that. The Egyptian guy has his own power base, the Syrian guy is fine, and in Iraq they're all crazy. Hussein is the only guy who has to worry. The people who were the *most* exposed, of course, were the Christians in Lebanon, and they've been destroyed. You could see that coming ten years ago, and as a result of that, Lebanon's become just another poor Arab state.

In any case, the important development to bear in mind is that the big army's been neutralized: with Egypt out of it, there's no army left to fight a war against Israel. If Syria, for example, were to start a war with Israel, Damascus would be leveled within six days.

Penthouse: How intense is the pressure on Sadat to break off his new relationship with Israel?

Erdman: Oh, he's under great pressure from what I call the professional Arabs. But he has an immense body of strength in the form of the support he receives from the vast majority of the Egyptian people. They don't want to fight the PLO's wars anymore, and they don't want their kids to spend half their lives in the goddamn army. They want

Egypt to finally rise above its economic miseries, and they realize you can't piss away 25 to 30 percent of your national budget on armaments and expect to get anywhere. Sadat plays on the enormous support he receives from Egypt's population, and I think he is a marvelous man who deserved the Nobel Prize all by himself.

Penthouse: Are any other Arab leaders likely to emulate Sadat in terms of stabilizing the Middle East through diplomacy?

Erdman: What I think can happen is this: Khalid of Saudi Arabia is a very sick man at the moment, and he'll either quit or die pretty soon. Then, Crown Prince Fahd, a moderate, will be elevated to king. Fahd is pro-American and is open to concrete, reasonable, and positive suggestions from the U.S. for a closer alliance. I'd like to see a truly special relationship between the U.S. and Saudi Arabia that's almost parallel to the one we've had with Israel and have lately gotten with Egypt. If that happened, we'd be in terrific shape, believe me.

Penthouse: Still, none of this addresses the Palestinian question directly. At some point, wouldn't it be a lot simpler to deal directly with the PLO's Yassir Arafat?

Erdman: No. Why Arafat? He's got no oil, he's got no money, and he's got no power base. Quite recently, however, Moshe Dayan told a private group that it's now time for Israel to deal with the PLO.

Penthouse: Which seems realistic: Arafat hasn't got a power base in a traditional sense; yet he and the PLO certainly have thrown the Middle East up for grabs—or do you disagree?

Erdman: In a way, Arafat and the PLO are like the Irish Republic Army. They're guys who grab headlines year after year. But you can't build on that, and you can't live in the vicinity of the PLO, any more than you can live in the vicinity of the IRA. If you want to look at a really positive scenario, what if Fahd is elevated in Saudi Arabia, and what if he and Sadat see pretty much eye to eye on these issues and then decide to cut off money to the PLO?

Penthouse: Since Libya's Qaddafi is bankrolling the PLO, we don't see what effect that would have.

Erdman: All right, you want to take care of Qaddafi? We send in the goddamn Egyptian air force and level him. Why not? He's a bloody troublemaker.

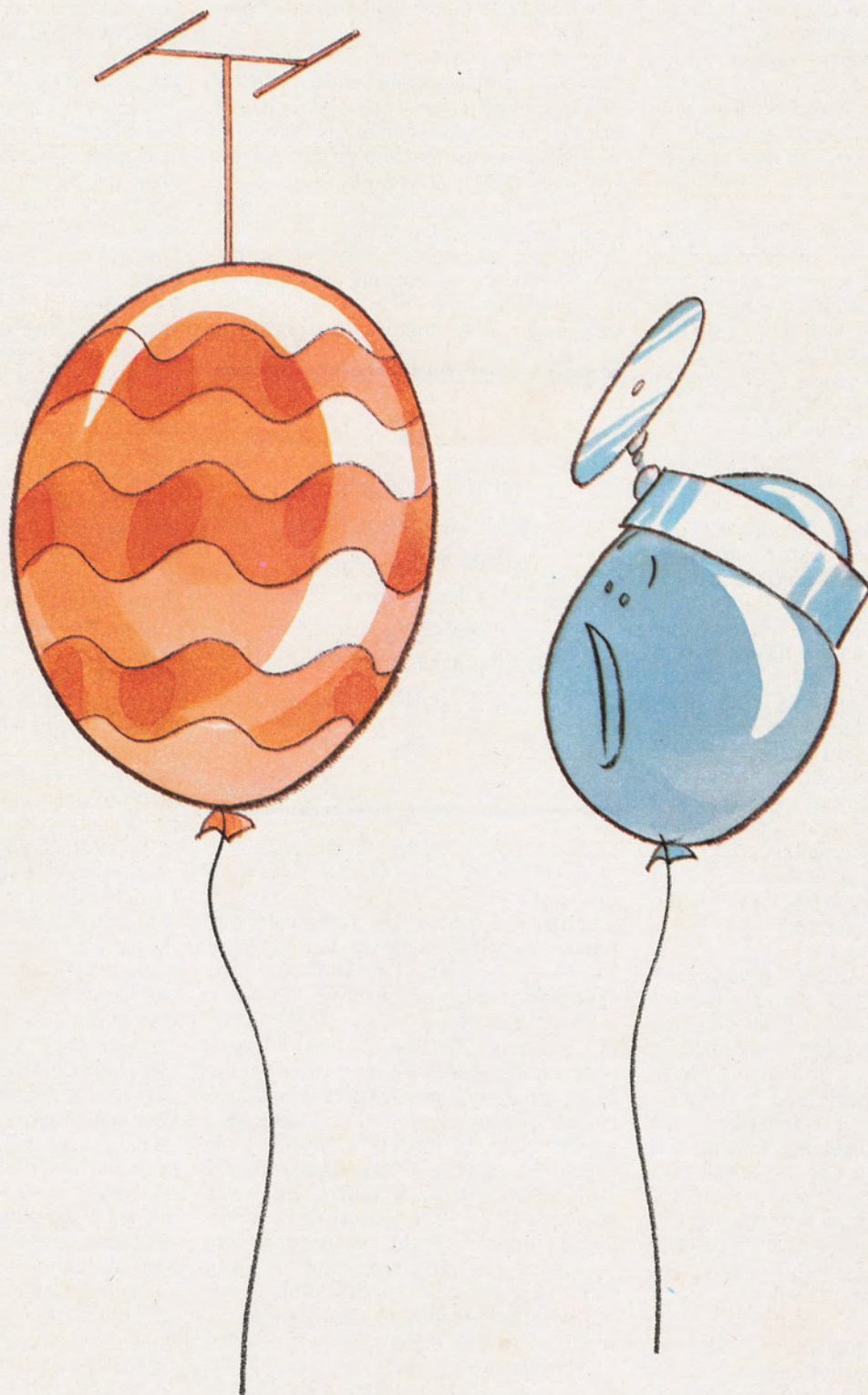
Penthouse: That seems harsh. Isn't there any way to reach peace in the Middle East without leveling cities or leaders?

Erdman: Probably not. The Palestinians are a sizable group of displaced persons, and they've had a lot of children since they were displaced by the British about fifty years ago. There's really not a chance in hell of their ever getting their homeland back; yet they still want to form a national state. I think you can even pick the ideal spot: the East Bank of the Jordan River—which touches the kingdom of Jordan.

And that's what has King Hussein afraid, and that's why he's now straddling the fence. If Hussein goes down the tube, Arafat, I think, would somehow become

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Doesn't seem to be anything you ate—maybe it's your aerial."

president of Jordan and in the process of time the East Bank would be assimilated with Jordan to become a Palestinian state. That's not a bad scenario, because the only people who'd lose would be King Hussein's family. That would be in the mainstream of Camp David thinking, and it's a bloodless solution.

Penthouse: Do you think that's likely to happen?

Erdman: No, because obviously Hussein would be losing a job, and he might not like that. He faced the same situation about twelve years ago, if you remember, and he kicked everybody out and drove them into Lebanon and made *that* problem worse.

Penthouse: Why haven't Arab rulers tried to integrate the Palestinians within their own nations?

Erdman: They don't *want* to integrate them. Arafat and the PLO are dangerous to all establishments—not even the Russians will touch him. No Arab state wants to assimilate these crazies. Why import the potential for a radical political party? Don't forget that the Palestinians are a rather educated, smart, and industrious people who are willing to take risks, and, therefore, they're dangerous. Too often we tend to think of them as dirty, dumb nomads, but they're not.

Penthouse: If the Palestinians are as intelligent and sophisticated as you're implying, why does the world—including much of the Arab world—think otherwise?

Erdman: Well, in part it's because, although Arafat is apparently a very reasonable man, when you see him he always needs a shave. He's got that crazy head-dress on, and he looks kind of weird. And then the PLO has had leaders like Dr. George Habasch, a *real* crazy, and I mean a highly, *highly* dangerous man. The most important part of this image we have of the PLO is that we don't accept terrorism. Just as the IRA in Ireland is totally condemned because *its* mode of warfare has been terrorism, and we don't accept that.

Penthouse: Should we?

Erdman: I don't think so. Yet if you put yourself in the Palestinians' shoes—and I'm sure as hell not taking their position here—one can have slight understanding of the problem. I mean, goddamn it, Palestine had been their homeland for literally a few thousand years; it had *not* been the Jewish homeland. And the Palestinians were indeed driven out by the British early in this century, and so it would seem that they have a legitimate historical resentment. They weren't given another piece of land to call home, and the only thing they have to fight for is that which they think is historically theirs.

Let me give you a parallel: the Armenians didn't fight back when the Turks came after them, and they essentially have disappeared from history. The Palestinians didn't give up; they fought. They've had one important victory—in Lebanon—and they now own half of Lebanon. Before that they had nothing. So it seems to me that they have not faded into obscurity and that time

will now work in their favor. I think that before the year 2000, there's going to be some sort of accommodation that will allow the Palestinians to have some kind of national state of their own. So their tactics *have* worked, I guess.

Penthouse: If the Middle East does cool down, does it follow that an enlarged group of OPEC nations will control the flow and price of oil to such a degree that we can look forward to being systematically bankrupted?

Erdman: No. They must have a buyer for their one product, and we have to have that product; so we're really in the same boat. If anything, they just feel that the transfer of wealth from us to them should take place a little more rapidly than we think is reasonable. They don't see why our people should live in luxury while their people are still living in tents in the desert. They feel that they have as much right to our wealth as we do—and they want it now.

Penthouse: They seem to be getting it.

What our leaders
fail to realize is that
when an economy
goes into decline, that
invariably has
political and military
consequences.

Does it concern you that Arabic ownership of American land and business is on the upswing?

Erdman: No, not at all. I'm aware that people worry that Arabs will buy up all our industries, ranches, and farms and then control us through ownership of this country. But that's ridiculous. The United States is a bottomless well that can absorb money at an *unbelievable* rate, and whatever the Arabs pour in on an investment basis will literally be a drop in the bucket compared with the total ownership of wealth in the United States. The Arabs haven't exactly been getting bargains, by the way. I was talking recently to a realtor from Fresno, California, and he told me that there are some farmers there who have sold big ranches at exorbitant prices to the Arabs and who then lease them back from them at a ridiculously low rate for twenty-five years. The farmers are just going to hang on till the Arabs realize that they've been hustled, at which point the farmers will buy their land back at half the price. I hate to say that this is the way we should do business, but this is indeed the way some of it is being done.

Penthouse: Have any of the developments we've been discussing provided you with

the theme for your next book?

Erdman: Indirectly, yes. The key word, I guess, is *indefinite*. America's economic health is going to remain indefinite and uncertain for some time: the decline and fall of the American dollar has produced a malaise that, I think, will go on and on and on. What our leaders fail to realize, I think, is that when an economy, a financial system, and a currency go into decline, that invariably has political and military consequences—most obviously in the relationship between the affected country and its so-called allies.

It's as if that country has caught leprosy; the world starts to regard it as an untouchable—and this is what my next book will be about. It tells a story about Western Europe backing away from the United States, slowly but surely, politically and militarily. Western Europe is a new place, and it's no longer led by our Anglo-Saxon friends, the British, or by the French. Whether we like it or not, Western Europe is now under the leadership of West Germany, the dominant power in that bloc. And next year a new European monetary system—a Deutsche mark bloc—will emerge.

I think we'll see West Germany suddenly regain its self-assurance and probably move to the right—not to Nazism or anything like that, merely a self-assured Right. And it will have a growing mistrust of both the intentions and the capabilities of the United States to fulfill its pledges.

After Vietnam, of course, we became very suspect with regard to fulfilling mutual defense pacts, and this provides the opening for my book: we're involved in getting the SALT II agreements signed, and a critical aspect of those agreements, in my judgment, has to do with the deal we're going to make on the Cruise missile with the Soviets at the expense of West Germany. We're going to reserve the Cruise missile as a strategic air-launched weapon for ourselves. I think we'll agree with the Russians that the Cruise missile can have a range of up to about 3,000 miles if it is air launched. But if it is ground launched or sea launched, the range will be no more than about 350 miles, which means that it can't be used as a defensive—or, especially, an offensive—weapon from West Germany to Russia. Now, if I were in West Germany, that would really piss me off, because I'd see that as a betrayal. And the book will take off from there.

Penthouse: One final question: are there any signs we can look to for this year that will cause you to alter your projection of an ailing American economy?

Erdman: Well, I think that if we move into a gentle recession—one in which unemployment picks up, but gently—and if interest rates begin to turn down sharply, it would signal that our rate of inflation is also turning down sharply. If these things happen, then I'd think we're on the right path. Additionally, if I could see a balanced federal budget emerging in Washington, well then, just like those folks from Merrill Lynch, I'd start to get bullish on America again. 

YOUR PASSPORT TO INFINITY



VALID FOR 12 MONTHS AND RENEWABLE

At the special charter rate of \$18 you're invited, through the breathtakingly beautiful pages of OMNI, to embark on a mind-expanding journey into the future. You will travel through the uncharted frontiers of mind and space, where, bound only by the outer limits of his imagination, man will seek his destiny among the stars. Don't miss the magazine that won two gold medals with its first two issues—an unprecedented honor . . . a magazine universally acknowledged to be "the most beautiful publication in the world."

SUBSCRIBE!

OMNI

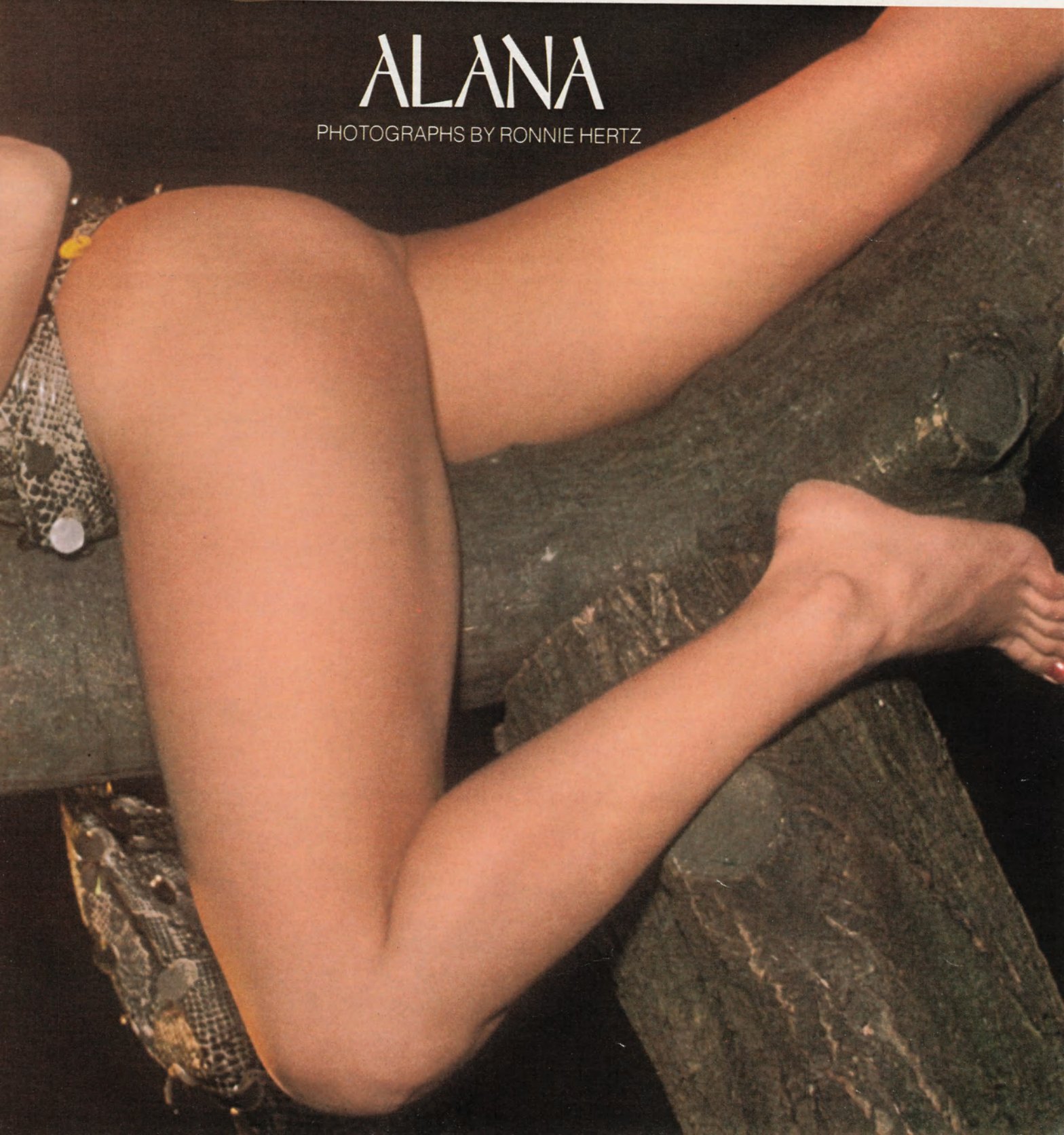
The magazine of tomorrow, on sale today



● I'm the very first
temptress . . . Eve and the
serpent all in one.
When a man is exposed to
a temptation like
me, his usual response is
"Heaven can wait!" ●

ALANA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNIE HERTZ





"I'm thrilled to be a Penthouse Pet, especially a wild, untamed one!" enthuses gorgeous Alana Wilson. "Domesticated bliss just isn't my style," she admits. Our fair-haired Australian import definitely has a wildcat look about her as she flexes her 35-24-35-inch figure with convincing feline grace. "As a kid, I loved to climb trees," says Alana, explaining why she's out on a limb. "I guess you can't get a leopard to change its spots," she says, grinning. Her furry climbing partner has no comment . . .









Alana's philosophy is simple: "Keep in touch with your animal instincts and never get too 'civilized' to have fun. If you have a true sense of adventure, *anyplace* is a frontier—a crowded U.S. city as well as the barren Australian countryside." Alana does admit that it sometimes gets a little lonely Down Under, especially for a girl as gregarious as she is.





Clothes courtesy of Tarzan's, Haastjje-Repie, and Jardin des Modes, Amsterdam; shoes courtesy of Fred de la Bretoniere and De Lange, Amsterdam; accessories courtesy of Indigo, Amsterdam.

"Instead of a koala bear," she teases, "they should show *me* clinging to a tree in that Quantas ad! I'll bet the place would be overpopulated in no time!" Looking at Alana's raw beauty in this primitive setting brings the Garden of Eden to mind. "I'm the very first temptress, the original sinner, Eve and the serpent all in one," Alana adds, delighted at the thought. "When a man is exposed to a temptation like me, his usual response is 'Heaven can wait!'"









"Falling from grace sounds like a lot of fun," she jokes, "... no more dangerous, I suppose, than falling out of this little studio tree!" Her more far-reaching hopes are that her modeling career will continue to flourish. "In front of a camera," she confesses, "I feel even more uninhibited than usual." Wild thing, we think we love you... 



TOM T. HALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

since I was fifteen." When he speaks of these early days, the muscles around his eyes—which look strong enough to lift weights—go soft and he gazes out the window, as if the past were out there. "I was always moving, because someone down the road would always be offering ten dollars more a week. A station owner would hear me and say: 'Hey, we got a feller here who can pronounce *nu-cle-ar*!' Everybody else down south was saying 'nul-ce-ar.' Saying nuclear kept getting me raises."

Roaming the highways of Kentucky, Indiana, and West Virginia like a paladin of the airwaves was clearly a joy to Hall, who's at home on the road; he still makes incognito trips to such places whenever he can. "I love small towns. You turn off the highway and find a ruined old motel that someone divided into apartments for winos and floozies and songwriters . . . I feel very secure in places like that. I'll rent a room, do my own cooking, find a Laundromat down the road somewhere, and just hang out."

It was in such a room that Hall began ransacking his memory for songs, in the simple belief that what he'd witnessed held meaning. "One night I took a Seven-Up bottle and threw it through the TV screen because it was interfering with my writing. I

was sitting there about half drunk"—in Hall's lexicon "about half drunk" means totally wasted—"and *chunk*, there was the neck of the bottle stickin' out of the screen like a modern-art piece. It was time to get down to serious writing."

He eventually landed a job, writing songs for fifty dollars a week, and drove into Nashville on January 1, 1964. The community that now bills itself, rather grandly, as "Music City U.S.A." was little more than a glorified crossroads then. "When I got to Nashville," Hall says, smiling at the memory, "Kristofferson was tending bar. Mel Tillis was just some dude with a rubber tongue. Tanya Tucker was one year old. Johnny Cash thought God was a Mexican—which He may be . . . And now look where they are. As JFK said, 'The rising tide lifts all the boats.'"

Hall's own boat was just about made airborne in 1967, the year of "Harper Valley P.T.A." The song, inspired by the strong-minded woman in Olive Hill and recorded by Jeannie C. Riley, sold more than 5 million copies; it poured out from every car radio, television show, and two-bit lounge singer's throat. Rich in its imagery of redneck passion, the song tore the fig leaf from country music, making way for today's steamy "tangled-sheets-and-sweaty-limbs" tunes. More important, it spoke with a bite and conscience for too long lacking in C&W.

"I was so fascinated by this woman

marching up to the power structure and telling it off," he explains. "I never thought anyone would dare speak up to a mayor or a policeman or a mailman or anyone with a uniform or title. I couldn't believe that an ordinary person could tell the aristocracy to go to hell and get off her back. I thought, 'Man, what a brave lady she is.' And I put her in a song because she meant so much to me."

Showers with recording offers from many labels, Hall stubbornly refused them all for five years, drawing "That ain't what I do" to exasperated moguls. In fact, though singing is the least of his skills, his dusky baritone, redolent of brandy and cigarettes, is a perfect vehicle for his songs. Like Roy Acuff or Ernest Tubb, he can be plaintive in a monotone, articulate with a single trill. His voice is a storyteller's voice, scaled for back porches; it seems to well up from some inner hush, and it convinces.

"Someday I think I'd like to paint a seascape," he sings in a recent couplet, "if they ever get the ocean to stand still." His rough-hewn baritone gives his sentiment room, whereas a more spectacular voice might crush it.

The Four Bones at Work around Here
The jawbone—always jawin' about the work he's gonna do.
The knucklebone—always rappin' other folks' work.
The wishbone—always wishin' the work got done without him.
The backbone—the one who gets it done.

The fumes of lunchtime burgers and chili have left black streaks on the yellowed sign over BJ's bar in Nashville. BJ's is a blue-collar bar where factory hands and would-be songwriters gulp down thirty-cent drafts and swap timeworn jokes. The delicious sobs of Tammy Wynette pierce the static of a hand-held transistor.

"Had a git-tar pullin' in here last night," says a cockeyed mechanic with slicked-back hair. "What's a git-tar pullin'?" an outsider asks, envisioning some local ritual. "You know, they's only but one git-tar for twennah-five pickers; someone's alwus pullin' the git-tar out of ya hands."

The noon whistle from a factory rooftop—"F over high C," some drunk lisps, in parody of a fruity music professor—drives a whole new crew into the tiny café. The lunch counter crowd makes space for a regular, Ernie Carter, a welder sweaty from his labors. Conversation is not of the SALT talks, but of universal joints; not of the shah, but of new GM pistons. When the subject of Tom T. Hall is raised, the welder brushes foam off his lips and smiles. -

"Man, he said my daddy's eulogy."

At first, this seems to be a stunning coincidence, but Ernest P. Carter is using poetic license. "I don't mean *in person*, man; I mean with a song. When my father died, I got too busted up to move. I went from a little bit nutty to flat-out *squirrelly*. Couldn't face it, couldn't even cry, just set there on the davenport for two days. Then I went to



"We're letting you go, Winslow. Your work isn't worth doo-doo!"

the stereo and put on 'I Love'—my daddy loved that damn tune—and let go. So I always feel like Tom T. said my old man's eulogy." He takes a pensive swig of draft, stares at the pyramid of sugar cubes he's unconsciously built, and then says: "Can you imagine playin' an Olivia Newton John tune for a eulogy?"

These are the people whose praise holds meaning for Hall.

"I'm dedicated to making songs for working people," he says, and while many C&W singers mouth such platitudes for their cash value, Hall means what he says. He's at least as happy when he is talking insulation with an arthritic, old carpenter as he is showing his band some new chord changes; he's almost evangelistic about human labor. Sitting down to dine on finely roasted quail, he exclaims: "Look how the chef loves those birds. *Will you look at the care?*" Some days he drives out to construction sites and watches all day, a pastime that baffles some of his friends. "Construction is great entertainment," he says. "Hell, I'd buy a ticket to watch that."

He warms to the subject, buttonholing a public-relations man. "See, intellectuals decided that the only reason a man would work with his hands is if he couldn't (1) analyze, (2) legislate, (3) count, or (4) rationalize. But there's joy in a tangible accomplishment—a building, a sidewalk, a truck—and some people still love to see those objects as manifestations of their labor. We need to respect that urge and honor it."

It's nearly 1:00 P.M. Across town, at BJ's, the crowd thins out; it will form again, like clockwork, at 5:15. Hunched over in the corner, a bearded giant struggles with the falsetto notes of a song he's working on. At the bar Ernest P. Carter, welder, guzzles his fourth draft and turns to go.

"You tell Tom T.," he says, "that Ernie Carter owes him a round."

It's one of the poignancies of Hall's stardom that he'd feel awkward if he were trading rounds at BJ's now, even though such joints delight him. "I'm just enough of a celebrity," he says, "for it to be a pain in the ass." He's carved his poetry from the speech of the Ernie Carters and decked it out with details from their shops, homes, and dives. But in recent years, as he's become more visible—like a camouflage jacket in the snow—it's been harder for him to hang out, and more and more he retreats to Fox Hollow.

"Last time I was downtown I was sitting in a bar with some of my drinking partners," he recalls, "a bunch of struggling young writers, just sitting there, and all of a sudden one of 'em turns to me and snarls, 'You ain't so goddamn much.' These days I don't mix that much with people in town. I'm pretty much of a recluse. Even at parties I have to get drunk to get involved."

He's sitting in a red-leather chair in his small jewel of a library. Faulkner and Steinbeck and Hemingway repose amid dark wood and burnished brass. An early and melancholy winter dusk seeps into the

room as he sips his third bourbon and water. He drinks in the plantation style, heavily but with stately composure, starting at noon with a light beer and easing through whiskey and good wine after dark, finishing with a sneaky flurry of brandies that usually knocks out his companions. He seems to have a coffee for every two drinks and never so much as slurs a word. Putting down his glass, he lets a long twilight silence pass before saying: "I've always had this dream of being a Good Old Boy. See, it knocks me out to go someplace where no one knows who I am. To just pull up a chair on the front porch and talk about the weather, about what happened to Joe from down the road, who it was that shot him last week . . . The pulse and flow of people's talk. I miss that; I really do. It makes me sad to be patronized, to suddenly realize that people are just doing things because I'm Tom T. Hall. It makes you wonder if you have any virtues beyond celebrity . . . I could probably write better songs if not for that."

This is not the obligatory lonely-at-the-top lament of a pity-seeking hero: the gravity of his voice tells you that. It's a heartfelt sense of loss, which is mixed with a suspicion of mass acclaim. You hear it, too, in the way he describes his private studio out by the chicken coop: "This is for when they get tired of me." It's as if he feels that any prize which has not been paid for in sweat is suspect: the heritage, perhaps, of eastern

Kentucky in the thirties.

In a roomy, steel-and-mesh kennel in back of the main house, some three dozen basset hounds pace and bark. Like the donkeys and chickens, like the pond full of catfish and the pair of snow white peafowl, these creatures soothe Hall with their elemental gestures.

Dixie Hall, the singer's wife, supervises the Fox Hollow wildlife. Mrs. Hall, a fine-featured and gracious lady whom he calls "Miss Dixie," is as richly paradoxical as Tom. An Englishwoman with a patrician accent, she once wrote a hit song called "Truck-Drivin' Son of a Gun." She's a prime mover behind the Nashville animal-care movement and a breeder of champion show dogs. As the hounds leap up to her in greeting, the Hall's kennel girl casually lets drop the fact that each dog is worth \$12,000. That's nearly \$400,000 in canine flesh alone and gives a sense of Hall's finances.

As Tom T. walks his grounds in the thickening dark, the good stink of hound clinging to his jeans, he marvels at the whole damn thing. "Coming to where I am—it's been such a haphazard process . . . Sometimes I wonder where I'd be if it hadn't been for an old black man with a taste for watermelon wine and a ballsy divorcée in Olive Hill."

Handsome Tandy Rice heralds the Nashville of the eighties. He chirps and



"He looks so natural!"

bubbles as if he could dispel the sleepy aura of the town with his own high-speed rap. He probably can. Rice, who manages Hall and Billy Carter as well as most of Nashville's luminaries, is fast becoming a hillbilly Robert Stigwood. Yet even the shrewd Tandy Rice is forced out of his normal business practices by Tom T.

"Did you know," Rice asks, awe slowing him down, "that the man doesn't have a single contract? Never has signed a one." Hall, who describes contracts as "sticks people use to beat one another with," conducts a million-dollar business with handshakes and eye contact. "Tell you what," says Tandy Rice, "I trust a handshake from Tom T. more than a document fifty feet thick and drawn up by the entire graduating class of Harvard Law School." He's tempted to go into detail about Hall's philanthropy, too, but he's been forbidden to do so by Tom. Nonetheless, stories of the man's generosity—from funding children's shelters to picking up a stranger's car payments—are common lore around town.

If Rice is the brainpower of a new, corporate Nashville, Bobby Bare is still as down-home as the day he was born. Bare, a veteran country-rock singer best remembered for "Detroit City," is one of Hall's oldest friends. He draws so slowly over the phone that you wonder whether or not you've lost him; the man could go for a

Sunday drive between clauses.

"You been drinkin' brandy with Tom?" he clucks. "Don't try keepin' up with that man; he sets too mean a pace." Bare, reputed to be no slouch with the booze himself, ponders the subject. "Man . . . drinkin' brandy with Tom is like runnin' head on into a freight train."

The list of friends who can vouch for this statement is long and variegated. Nothing gives a sharper flavor of the man than hearing him describe his drinking partners.

"In the wintertime I take off and go visit all these fascinating people. Like Stubbs, the man who runs Stubb's Bar-B-Que in Lubbock, Texas—best barbecue in Texas and a brilliant man to boot.

"Butch Harrison in Miami Beach hunts frogs for a living. Me and him go out on the airboat and drink Jack Daniel's and catch frog. Then he cooks 'em up. A great character.

"Miller Williams, poet and professor at the University of Arkansas. He gave a poetry reading here in the library for thirty people that I'll never forget.

"An old fella in Indiana, name of Mitch Mitchell, a junk dealer. Darrel Royal, coach of the Texas Longhorns, another great American. Plus a few local winos I hang out with a lot.

"They don't put much stock in me; they're not impressed, either because they're too

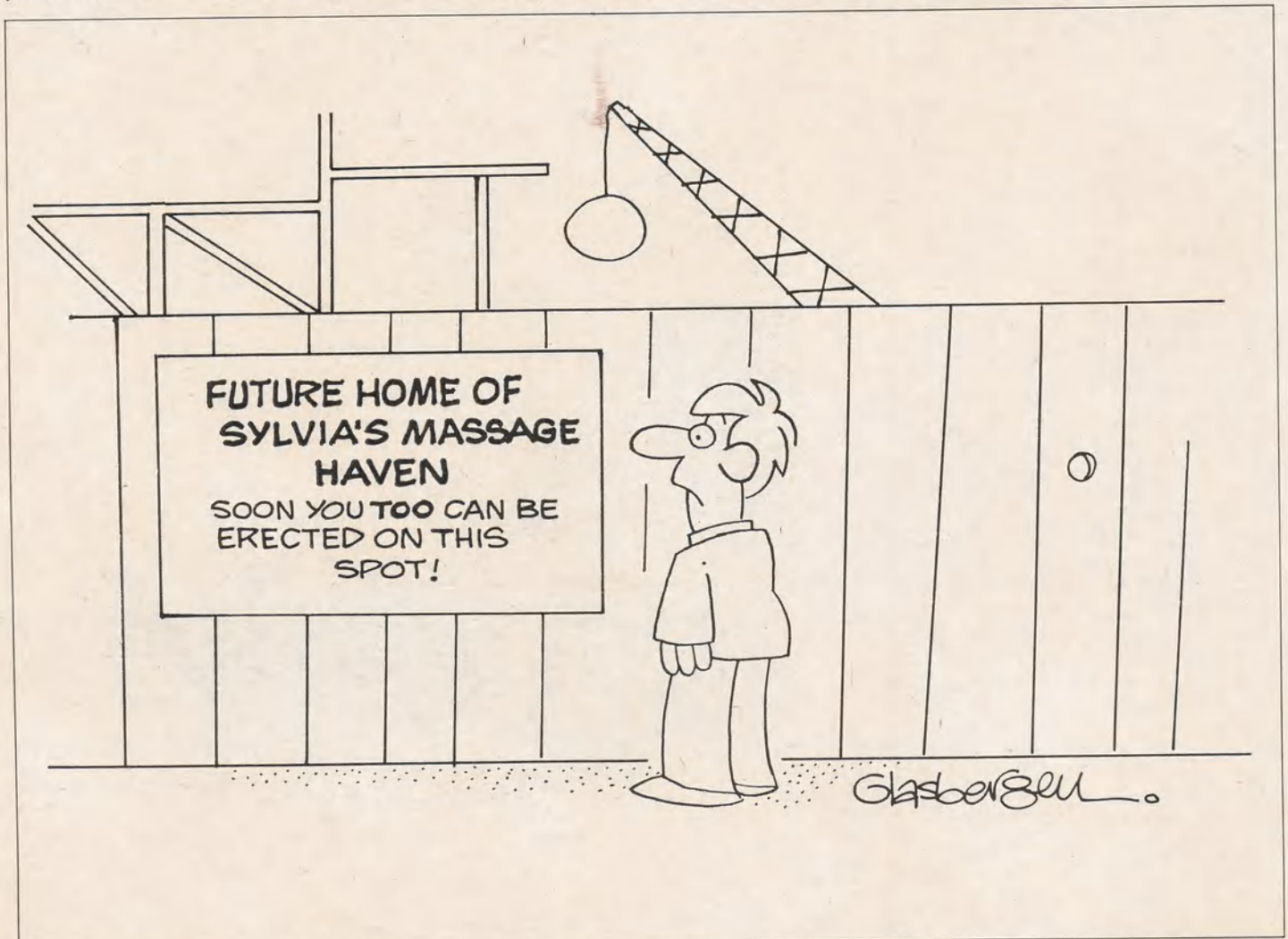
wealthy or too poor."

Above his office desk, there are two framed photographs: one of Hall beside Jimmy Carter, after playing at the inaugural ball; another of Stubbs, the barbecue owner, a stocky black man in overalls.

"Songs are magnificent accidents," Hall says, but there's nothing hit or miss about his discipline or the way he studies his craft. He's been up since four this morning—he begins each day with five hours of writing—and now, over the last of the midnight brandies, he's still going strong. Once described as resembling "a high-school basketball coach who made it"—a description he considers "a great compliment"—he ruffles his thick gray hair and pulls a sailor's cap over it. The restaurant is emptying, and he's finally TKOed his dinner guests, who can't match his energy.

At the end of a winter day, having drunk countless glasses of booze and cups of coffee; having told jokes, recited poems, sung tunes, and paid homages; having scarfed down gizzards from Kentucky Fried Chicken and roast quail from a master chef; having crooned to roosters and cracked sharp one-liners—he walks into the chill of midnight, "about half drunk." Smiling, he points a finger in warning.

"You know, of course," he says by way of good-bye, "some day we'll have to give up this foolishness." 



The Hiram Walker Sour Ball. For kids over 21.



Didn't you once love the zing of a sour ball? Remember the citrus snap that made you pucker your lips? Remember the cool taste on your tongue?

Now that you've grown up, you're ready to discover the delights of the *Hiram Walker Sour Ball*.

It's a quick treat to mix. (But remember to take it easy. *This Sour Ball's*



not child's play.)

Just pack your glass with lots of ice, pour in 1½ ounces of Hiram Walker Apricot Flavored Brandy, top it off with the juices of half a lemon and half an orange and stir.

Now relax and savor that Sour Ball. It's tart to start, tart to finish.

You'll be surprised how something sour can sweeten up your day.

slapping Mother across the face! She kept silent, except to say, "Watch the face, asshole! Watch the face!" But they ignored her heartrending pleas and kept beating her while screaming, "Sig Heil! Sig Heil!" (Who was this guy Sig?) And then the two giant men in Nazi uniforms both unzipped their pants and revealed—penises in the shape of swastikas!

It was like a Gothic nightmare! *I had to help her!* I ran down to Grandma Myrna's room—and what I then saw would become even more emblazoned on my tortured psyche! Grandma was gagged and tied to her bed!

I am only two years old, and I cannot untie her. I run for the phone. I dial 911 for the police. Then I remember it is only 1942, and the police don't have that number yet! (I am a very precocious child!) I then dial Operator! "Get me the police! Get me the police!" The police arrive, and I direct them right to the Nazi party going on in Mother's room.

And of all the things I ever regretted in my life, it was calling the police that night. For Mother never forgave me for interfering with her sex life, and neither did her two current boyfriends, who were just having a few laughs. And as for Grandma Myrna, it was *Mother* who tied her up every night so that

she wouldn't run back to Brooklyn. (Tying people up was the only way Mommy could keep people close to her.) After the police left, she shaved my head bald as a punishment (and this was years before Telly Savalas)!

It took my hair six months to grow back, and by this time Mommy was making a musical version of *Oliver Twist*. And although Greer Garson won an Academy Award for crying all over the screen in *Mrs. Miniver* in 1942, it was Gloria Joy's performance in *The Low and the Twisted* that made people cry all over the world. I cried all over the house for other reasons, thanks to Gloria Joy's raging and constant irascibilities! She had now begun to shackle my fragile ankles with two fifty-pound balls and chains she had bought on sale at F.A.O. Schwarz. She said the reason was that she did not want me to run far from our "perfect Hollywood home." But the *real* reason is now easy enough to see. My "Loving Sister" was a sadist! Yes! Yes! She was a sadist—which meant that she was also a masochist, as in America you can't have a good sandwich without butter, a good movie without popcorn, or a good fuck without regrets!

How many nights my ankles would swell from the pressure of the fifty-pound weights *on each foot!* Swimming was completely impossible but something I had to learn the hard way. One lovely California Sunday I was entertaining two little girls of the

neighborhood when I abandonedly threw myself into our sixteen-foot-deep swimming pool. I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE ANKLE WEIGHTS! My little friends screamed for help as I sank, sank to the bottom. Mother was away making a movie. SHE WAS ALWAYS AWAY MAKING A MOVIE! How I hated her for that! Little girls need love and care—and weight-free ankles! Luckily, Grandma Myrna saved my life with a long pole. It took dear Grandma a while, though, to help me, as she, too, had heavy ankle bracelets on, thanks to GLORIA JOY, voted that year THE WORLD'S MOST HUMANITARIAN STAR, according to *The Hollywood Distorter!*

Yes, Mother was "busy" making another war movie, with the strangely affectionate title *A Dyke from Berlin*, which, after a complaint from a minority group, was changed to *A Dyke from Detroit*. (This title was also picketed!) And although Jennifer Jones created a stir with her Academy Award for *The Song of Bernadette* in 1943, it was Gloria Joy in *A Dyke from Nowhere* that really made people talk (of course, what they said is unprintable—even here)! But Mother always said, in those few times that she was sober—YES, SHE WAS AN ALCOHOLIC, TOO!—"It doesn't matter what people say about you as long as it gets in the papers!"

Yet people who ever knew the real Gloria Joy, beneath the hard tinsel, realized this was not true. Deep down, where Lux Soap could not reach, Gloria Joy was sensitive. She wanted to be liked. She wanted to be respectable, like Greer Garson and Loretta Young. But Mother had a problem that kept her off the right path—a problem worse than the liquor, the unhappy childhood, the daughter she hated, the twenty-four Twinkies she consumed every day because of depression. A PROBLEM WORSE THAN BEING THE GREATEST BITCH WHO EVER LIVED—Mother's big problem was BAD MEN!

She was like a queen bee who loved and then destroyed her victims! And there were never enough victims to satisfy her. When Ingrid Bergman was getting an Academy Award for *Gaslight* in 1944, Gloria Joy was getting fucked by Husband Two in the Mocambo parking lot. He was the car attendant.

When Joan Crawford was getting the Academy Award for *Mildred Pierce* in 1945, Gloria Joy was getting fucked by Husband Three on top of the second L in the HOLLYWOOD sign. He was a sign painter.

When Olivia de Havilland was getting the Award for *To Each His Own* in 1946, Gloria Joy was getting fucked by Husband Four behind the canned peaches at the Shopwell supermarket. He was a check-out clerk.

When Loretta Young was getting the Award for *The Farmer's Daughter* in 1947, Gloria Joy was getting fucked by Husband Five on top of a 1943 DeSoto. He was a used-car salesman.

And when Jane Wyman was getting the Academy Award for *Johnny Belinda* in



**“I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston.”**

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack or Box.

1948, Olivia de Havilland again in 1949 for *The Snake Pit*, and Judy Holliday for *Born Yesterday* in 1950, Gloria Joy was getting fucked on a collapsible table, at a traffic intersection, and on the roof of a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge by, respectively, Husbands Six, Seven, and Eight: a masseur, a traffic cop, and a roof shingler.

YES, GLORIA JOY SPENT THE SEVEN PEAK YEARS OF HER LIFE JUST GETTING FUCKED!

During this "exploration period," I was gladly sent to a convent school in the midst of Death Valley. How many days I almost died as the good and not-so-good Sisters of the Everlasting Sand brought me up in a hair shirt! The loneliness was indescribable! For seven long years my mother punished me for my father's faulty rubber! How many nights I cried myself to sleep, screaming, "I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN!" At which the nice Sisters would knock the shit out of me, and I'd fall asleep feeling right at home.

The years of my "lost" childhood passed, and soon I was on the edge of the "non-fellatio fifties," and Gloria Joy was in dire need of a comeback! (Have you ever noticed how all Hollywood terms seem to have dirty hidden meanings?) She was now newly married to Bobby Richards, the pro-football star, and claiming to be thirty-four! (I knew she was really forty-two! Yes, I was keeping a lot of facts for the glorious day when I would expose her!)

Her old studio, Universal Message — now miraculously saved, thanks to Silas's oldest son, Douglas (and Mother's stepson) — was doing a film based on the Hans Christian Andersen story about the goose that laid golden eggs. The story was changed "slightly," courtesy of Hollywood, the Home of Rewrites:

A once glamorous film star loses her appeal. She lives in an old, rundown mansion on Sunset Boulevard. Her bills are mounting. An interviewer comes for a story. Star falls in love with interviewer. She is then suddenly and mysteriously gang-raped by her entire Oriental maintenance staff. The interviewer leaves her for a younger woman. Star shoots interviewer, and he dies in swimming pool.

Although this sounds amazingly like *Sunset Boulevard*, which had been made the year before, Mother's comeback film had one distinct difference: whatever the faded film star sat on turned to gold! This, of course, had nothing to do with the plot, except to make it impossible for the original producers of *Sunset Boulevard* to sue! And even though Vivien Leigh won her second Oscar for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the world went into shock, watching Mother use her ass to turn everything golden in *She Stoops to Golden*!

Her comeback film broke records everywhere, just as she broke the arm of her ninth husband, Bobby Richards, when he tried to sleep with her the second time. Yes,

let it now be told: MOTHER COULD NEVER SLEEP WITH ANY MAN TWICE! Though some say she did it twice with Trigger, that remains only unbelievable folklore — the same kind of unbelievable folklore that says that Mae West's a drag queen or that Elizabeth Taylor likes diamonds! (But much more malicious gossip in Part II — The Impossible Years!)

Mother was loaned out to Twentieth Century Coon to shoot a remake of *War and Peace*, called *The Seven-Year Bitch*. I was now eleven and overdeveloped for my tender age, which was giving the Sisters of the Everlasting Sand great remorse. And then, in the name of religion, they proceeded to do something that would maim me for the rest of my life! They bound my erupting bosom with tapes and wires, much as the Japanese bind feet! In a matter of hours they brought me down from a thirty-nine bust to a thirty-two! How glad I was when my "Loving Sister," after seven long years, sent this misspelled letter:

Darling,

Just a note to tell you I will be sending a car for you tomorrow. I miss you terribly and since good house hold help is impossible to find these days, I need you immiately.

Regards to all the Nones,
Your "Loving Sister"

After seven long years the ominous black limousine returned. I was being driven BACK TO HELL — which, oddly enough, was Mother's next film. She was "hot" again after *She Stoops to Golden*, and her costar for *Back to Hell* was to be none other than America's current heartthrob, Hank Frank — known by those who "really knew" him as "Hankie Frankie." (But more of this filth later!) As long as Mother could remember — which was about one hour — she had been in love with Hank Frank! If there was ever a man she could sleep with twice, HE WOULD BE IT!

How excited her jaded heart was when I arrived back in her grand home on Angelo Drive (once owned by Greta Garbo, according to the broker)! She smothered me in kisses and immediately noticed my now twelve-year-old breasts bursting out of the convent uniform, made from a lovely barbed-wire material. "We'll get you a whole new wardrobe and a pony and new friends, all with famous parents! You're home now!"

I was becoming so mature that Mother made me vow that I would always call her "Loving Sister"; if not, no punishment would be severe enough!

And she was serious! Look what she did to Grandma Myrna! Yes, Myrna was now in a motorized wheelchair, thanks to swollen ankles from the years Mother forced her to wear those heavy balls and chains.

I didn't see much of Mother the next month, as she busied herself with making *Back to Hell* in Las Vegas. She played a carhop who finally buys Caesar's Palace with her tips. *Back to Hell* was another in a



long series of Mother's films using the same plot, over and over again:

Cheap but determined woman moves into town from nowhere. Gets job as waitress in a bar owned by a little, balding man. Falls in love with the muscular but sincere bartender. Kills the wife of the owner so that she can marry owner herself. Divorces owner, sells bar, and invests money in cheap Greek restaurants, making millions. She then moves to big house on top of hill with muscular bartender! THE HAPPY END!

MOTHER FINALLY MADE IT IN HOLLYWOOD! There was one exception that made this plot different from the other films she made: not once in *Back to Hell* was she gang-fucked! When the middle sagged, she merely sang a song! SHE WAS FINALLY LEGITIMATE! Yes, she had come a long way, baby! And although Shirley Booth beat her for the Academy Award in 1952 by showing people the horrors of alcoholism in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, Gloria Joy showed people everywhere in *Back to Hell* that the American Dream of fucking your way to the top legitimately was still possible! How the public loved her, and how little they knew! Yes, how little they knew of the nights I lay in terror from her perilous perversity. Like the hot, smoldering night in July, after her "thirty-sixth" birthday (her forty-fourth, to be exact). She and Hank Frank had completed *Back to Hell* two days before schedule, and she planned a big surprise "wrap" party at our house. The surprise was that there'd be only the two of them! For in all the fifty-eight weeks of shooting, she hadn't scored with Hank once! AND NO MAN WAS IMMUNE TO THE DIABOLIC CHARMS OF GLORIA JOY!

There was mild talk that Hank Frank was one of the "boys," but Gloria knew better. Hank was from Chicago, which meant that he was a decent, all-American fellow. He needed his time. He liked innocence. She knew if she could get him alone and in the proper mood, she could have him! He liked innocence? She'd give him innocence! She could play any part!

That foreboding night Grandma Myrna was sent to Pasadena—a fate worse than death—as a punishment: she had recklessly run over Mother's favorite Chihuahua in her four-wheel-drive motorchair.

Only Mother and I were in the large and lonely Hollywood house to greet Hank Frank. To this day I still regret being in that house that night! If only I would have followed my instincts! (If only I had any instincts!) Hank appeared in the driveway in his large-headlighted racing-green MG. Mother was all girlish coquette, in a virgin-white Communion dress designed especially for that night by Edith Foot. Mother greeted him demurely. (All the servants had been dismissed, missing this, her greatest performance!) I was properly introduced as her "Loving Sister," whom she was baby-sitting while "Mother was away in Europe." (The lies! The lies! It's amazing I can still recognize reality!)



For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send \$2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The eagle was chosen instead.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY® 101 PROOF

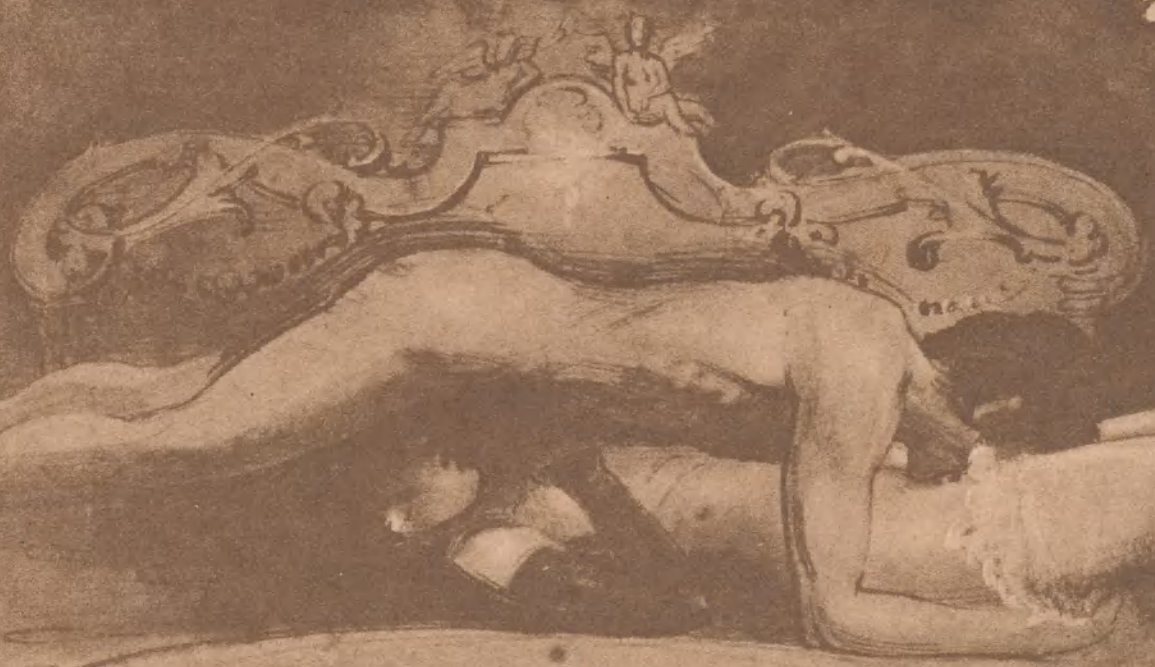
© 1979 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

I still had my petticoat frock on, and Mr. Frank generously offered to help me out of it, layer by layer. It was at this point that I really noticed something strange. At the sixteenth petticoat, he sank his teeth into my slightly exposed right nipple. He began grabbing my other overdeveloped breast! I pleaded with him to stop. This was exactly

I tried to fight him, but I was helpless! He

"No! No! I am innocent! It wasn't my fault he wanted me! He wanted me because I had youth!" Next to the Academy Award, *she* wanted youth more than anything, I had it, and she hated me for it; so she killed him and framed me! (If you think this is irrational, wait till Part Two.) Gloria Joy was the great bitch, after all! *She blamed me for everything!* I was the eternal victim. And although Audrey Hepburn won the Academy Award in 1953 for *Roman Holiday*, Gloria Joy had the greatest dramatic scene that year, when the L.A.P.D. dragged me, the most perfect "Hollywood child," away. I didn't cry. I didn't even ask for my favorite doll. I knew I was innocent, and I was going to beat this rap and the evil force that destroyed everything it touched—known as GLORIA JOY! My MOMMY BITCH!! *I had to stop her! And I was the only one who could!* For I also had the great devil-bitch inside me! I HAD TO! FOR I WAS GLORIA JOY'S DAUGHTER! ☺

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the background, a sign on a wall reads "WINO TRAINING CAMP". Three men are in the room. Two men are walking towards the viewer from the left; they are dressed in light-colored, button-down shirts and trousers. The man on the left is slightly ahead of the man on the right. A third man stands on the right side of the frame, facing away from the viewer, looking towards the other two men. He is wearing a light-colored jacket or sweater and trousers. The floor is indicated by simple lines, and the wall has vertical lines suggesting panels or a window blind. The signature "REILO" is written in a stylized, cursive font in the bottom right corner.



THE ELEVEN THOUSAND WHIPS

or The Amorous Adventures of Prince Mony Vibescu

BY GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

In 1907, at the age of twenty-seven, Guillaume Apollinaire, one of the most original and influential French poets of the twentieth century, turned his hand to the erotic novel. More pressed than ever for cash and richer than ever with new ideas, he produced two short novels for the "clandestine" market. The finest of these was Les Onze Mille Verges (The Eleven Thousand Whips).

Apollinaire did not make his fortune, but he created one of the most hilarious erotic novels of all time, so masterful that Picasso once owlishly pronounced it to be Apollinaire's masterpiece. For nearly seventy years this novel has remained a legend. The following selection from Les Onze Mille Verges marks its debut publication in the United States.

"Mademoiselle, the moment I laid eyes on you I fell madly in love. I felt my genitals rise up in salute to your sovereign beauty, and my blood run as hot as if I had just drunk a glass of hot rum!"

"Oh, come, come!"

"I lay my fortune and my heart at your feet. If we were in bed together, I would prove my passion for you twenty times in succession. May I be punished by the 11,000 verges, or even 11,000 verges,* if I tell a lie!"

"Pie in the sky!"

"No, my feelings are sincere. I do not speak to every woman in this manner. I am no Casanova."

"Oh, sir, you bowl me over!"

This conversation took place one sunny morning on the boulevard Malesherbes. It was May, the month when nature is reborn, and the Parisian sparrows were chirruping their love songs in the newly verdant trees. The gallant Prince Mony Vibescu made this declaration of love to an attractive young girl, slender and elegantly dressed, who was walking toward the Madeleine. She moved so fast that he had difficulty in keeping up with her. Suddenly, she turned around and burst out laughing.

"Come on then, let's get to the point. I'm in a hurry. I'm going to see a girl friend on the rue Duphot, but if you are prepared to entertain two women with a passion for luxury and love, and if, indeed, you are a real man in terms of both fortune and sexual prowess, come with me."

Mony drew his handsome figure to its full height, announcing: "I am a Romanian prince and a hereditary Hospodar."

"And I am Culculine d'Ancône," she said. "I am nineteen

*There is an untranslatable pun here, on *vierge* (virgin) and *verge*, which means both a rod or switch and, anatomically, the penis. The 11,000 virgins referred to are the followers of St. Ursula; according to legend, they were all martyred by the Huns, in Cologne, during the fifth century, though the date given varies.



years old, and I have already drained the balls of ten men who were masters in the art of love and emptied the purses of fifteen millionaires."

Chatting pleasantly on a number of whimsical and titillating subjects, the prince and Culculine reached the house on the rue Duphot. They took the lift to the first floor.

"Prince Mony Vibescu ... my friend, Alexine Mangelout."

Culculine made the introductions very gravely in a luxurious boudoir decorated with obscene Japanese prints.

The two friends kissed each other, using their tongues. Both women were tall but not excessively so.

Culculine was dark, her gray eyes flashed with malice, and a beauty spot with a little tuft of hair on it graced the bottom of her left cheek. Her complexion was matt, the blood coursed beneath her skin, and her cheeks and forehead wrinkled frequently, attesting to her preoccupation with money and love.

Alexine was a blonde of that particular shade tending toward ash, which one sees only in Paris. Her complexion was clear, almost transparent. In her charming, rose-colored negligee, this pretty girl looked as dainty and as roguish as a naughty eighteenth-century marchioness.

The formal introductions were soon over, and Alexine, who had had a Romanian lover, went into her bedroom to fetch his photograph. The prince and Culculine followed

her. The pair threw themselves at her and laughingly undressed her. Her peignoir fell off, leaving her in a batiste chemise, which revealed a charmingly buxom body, dimpled in the appropriate places.

Mony and Culculine tumbled her over onto the bed and exposed her lovely rosy tits, which were large and hard. Mony sucked the nipples. Culculine bent down and lifted her chemise, uncovering strong, round thighs, which met beneath a pussy of the same ash blonde as the hair of her head. Gurgling with pleasure, Alexine drew her little feet up onto the bed, letting her slippers fall to the floor with a sharp slap. Her legs spread wide; she lifted her arse to meet her friend's licking tongue and clasped her hands around Mony's neck.

It was not long before the desired result was achieved: her buttocks clenched; her body lashed more violently. Then she came, crying out: "Beasts! You have excited me; now you must satisfy me."

"He has sworn to do it twenty times!" said Culculine, taking off her clothes.

The prince followed her example. At the same moment each of them stood naked, admiring the other's body while Alexine lay swooning on the bed. Culculine's large bottom swayed deliciously below a very narrow waist. She grabbed hold of Mony's enormous prick, swelling over a huge pair of balls.

"Give it to her," she said. "You can do it to me afterwards."



As the prince's member approached Alexine's half-open cunt, the girl trembled in anticipation.

"You'll kill me!" she cried.

But the prick sank in right up to the balls and was withdrawn and rammed in again like a piston. Culculine climbed onto the bed and laid her black bush on Alexine's mouth, while Mony licked her arsehole.

Soon the three of them were thrashing about in a transport, panting and gasping. Alexine came three times; then it was Culculine's turn. Immediately afterwards, she moved down to nibble Mony's balls. Alexine began to cry out like a damned soul; and when Mony shot his Romanian spunk into her belly, she writhed like a serpent. Culculine at once wrenched him out of the hole, and her mouth took the place of his cock, lapping up the sperm that was dribbling out in large droplets. Meanwhile, Alexine had taken Mony's weapon into her mouth and licked it clean, giving him a new erection at the same time.

A minute later the prince threw himself on Culculine, but his prick remained at the entrance, titillating her clitoris. He seized one of the young woman's breasts in his mouth. Alexine caressed them both.

"Put it in," cried Culculine; "I can't bear it any longer."

But his prick still lingered outside. She came twice and was on the point of desperation when suddenly he penetrated her, right up to the womb. Mony began to plough her with vigor and did not leave Culculine's cunt until he had

discharged three times, while she herself came ten times.

When he withdrew, they found to their amazement that Alexine had disappeared. She soon came back, carrying a huge coachman's whip.

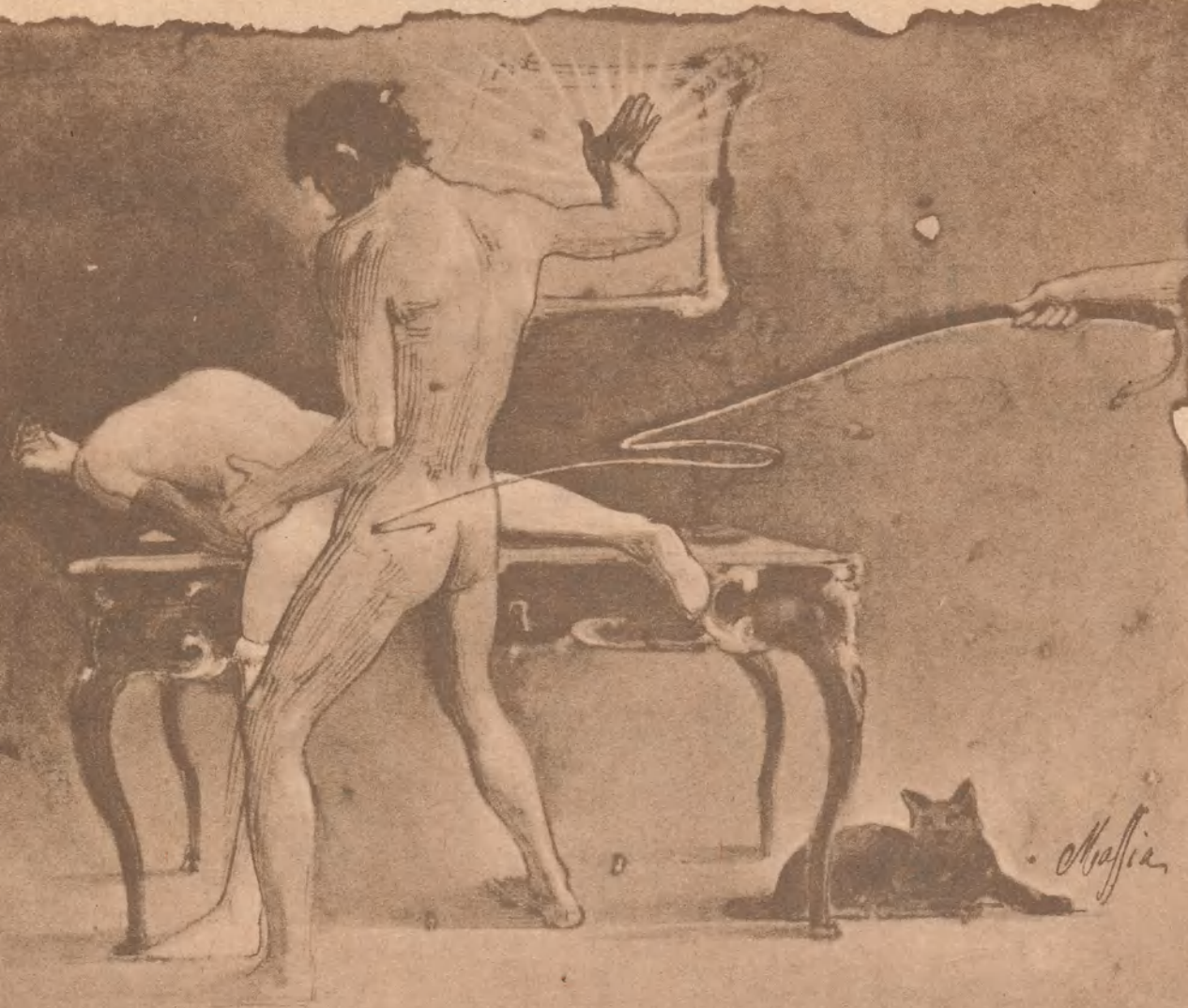
"I bought this for fifty francs," she exclaimed. "I got it from the driver of hackney carriage number 3269, it will help us to make the Romanian hard again while we do sixty-nine to stimulate him."

Mony watched the provocative spectacle of Culculine and Alexine, head to tail, greedily licking one another. Alexine's large backside, white and dimpled, dangled over Culculine's face; their tongues, as long as little cocks, worked steadily, saliva and vaginal juices mingled, wet hairs stuck together and sighs—which would have been heartrending if they had not been sighs of love—rose from the bed as it creaked and squeaked beneath the agreeable weight of the two pretty creatures.

"Come and bugger me!" cried Alexine.

But Mony no longer had the strength to get an erection. Alexine stood up and seizing the whip from hackney carriage number 3269, a superb, brand-new *perpignan*, brandished it and set about lashing Mony over the back and buttocks. He started to yell, but the naked Alexine, like a frenzied bacchante, kept on striking.

"Come and beat me, too!" she cried to Culculine, who, with blazing eyes, began to thump Alexine's large, quiver-



ing arse as hard as she could. Soon Culculine was as excited as her friend.

"Beat me, Mony!" she pleaded, and the prince, who was growing accustomed to the flagellation, started to slap her handsome, dusky buttocks, which opened and shut rhythmically.

Alexine then turned around and proffered her lovely arse to the enormous and presently stiff prick, which pierced her little rosebud, while she, impaled, cried out, wriggling her backside and shaking her tits. But Culculine laughed and separated them, so that she and Alexine could resume their game of sixty-nine. Mony again buried his weapon up to the hilt in Alexine's arse and buggered her so vigorously that she was soon overwhelmed with joy. His balls swung to and fro like the bells of Notre-Dame and bounced against Culculine's nose.

Meanwhile, out in the street, a crowd had gathered round hackney carriage number 3269, whose driver had no whip.

A policeman asked him what he had done with it. "I sold it to a lady in rue Duphot."

"Then go and get it back, or I'll fine you."

"All right, I'll go," said the coachman, a Norman of exceptional strength. He asked the concierge for directions and then rang the bell on the first floor.

Alexine answered the doorbell stark naked; the

coachman's eyes nearly started out of his head; and when she fled into the bedroom, he ran after her, caught hold of her, and thrust a respectable sized cock into her from the rear. He soon climaxed, shouting: "Hell's bells, heaven's brothel, and the Whore of Babylon!"

Alexine jerked her arse against him and came at the same moment, while Mony and Culculine were splitting their sides with mirth. The coachman, thinking they were laughing at him, flew into a terrible rage.

"Ugh, you whores, pimps, vultures, sewer rats! You're taking the piss out of me! My whip, where's my whip?"

And, catching sight of it, he snatched it up and began to flay Mony, Alexine, and Culculine with all his might. Their naked bodies flinched under the blows.

The front door had been left open, and the police sergeant, tired of waiting for the coachman to return, had come in search of him, and it was at this precise moment that he entered the bedroom. Without wasting a moment, he pulled out his regulation-size prick and slipped it into Culculine's backside; she clucked like a hen and shivered at the cold contact of his uniform buttons.

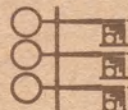
Alexine, left to herself, took the policeman's nightstick and inserted it into her cunt, and soon all five of them were enjoying themselves immensely, while outside, the abandoned hackney carriage number 3269 was being led away to the police pound. ○+■

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

THE AGE OF ANDROGYNY WHERE ARE YOU ON THE SEXUAL SPECTRUM?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty questions to tell you if your scenes match your genes



PSYCHOGRAPH

Once upon a time men were men and women were women, and no one (except a few social misfits) questioned the appropriateness of this arrangement. You could easily distinguish one sex from the other because ladies wore dresses and had babies while men carried on the important business of society, such as looting, pillaging, fighting, and drinking beer instead of white wine.

Nowadays, some folks are wondering if the old sex roles haven't outlived their usefulness. When our australopithecine ancestors roamed the countryside 3 or 4 million years ago, it made sense that the stronger, faster males would go off hunting while women, saddled with offspring, tended to do the more sedentary chores of hearth and home. But now women are asserting themselves, and men are beginning to suspect that there might be an alternative to the Marine Corps school of masculinity. These are the androgynous men—males who balance their masculine characteristics with traits traditionally viewed as "feminine."

Many social theorists believe that we have entered an age of androgyny, which will see a blending of sex roles. In that case, the androgynous man will be better able to cope with the new order, while the stereotyped "masculine" man we have all known and loved will be left by the wayside.

No one, of course, would argue that no differences between the sexes exist. At birth, for example, boys are generally longer, heavier, and more muscular and have proportionally larger hearts and lungs than do girls. Still, men and women are more alike than different (after all, only one chromosome determines sex; both sexes share all the other genes), and society seems to be drifting in a direction that will reward those who recognize this fact. Many of the traditional "masculine" attitudes are culturally, not genetically, determined. Ideas of what is "normal" sexual-role behavior have changed in the past and will continue to change in the future. We find a glaring example of the variability of sexual roles among the Tchambuli tribe in New Guinea, where women are the strong, practical managers of society, while men, as one researcher has noted, "are idle, spoiled, emotionally dependent, and engage in shopping and gossip."

In the last twenty years, thousands of studies have investigated the differences between the sexes and within each sex. We drew on this vast research literature to produce this psychograph. It is designed to give you an idea of how "masculine" or how

androgynous you tend to be. It focuses on those traits that have traditionally been viewed as either "male" or "female," and it should enable you to see where you fall between these two sexual extremes.

Each of the statements below is followed by a scale that runs from five to one. Five represents complete agreement with the statement. Circle it if you have no reservations about agreeing with the sentiments expressed in the statement. One is the opposite end of the scale, representing complete disagreement with the statement. The numbers two, three, and four represent less absolute positions of agreement or disagreement, with three being the halfway point between the two extremes. Since you'll be the only one who knows how you've answered, be honest in circling the number that most accurately reflects your feelings about each statement.

1. When I look at a picture of a nude woman, I consider her breasts to be more erotically stimulating than her genitals.

1 2 3 4 5

2. I would say that I'm very independent.

1 2 3 4 5

3. I'd like to be more tough-minded, rational, and dominating than I am now.

1 2 3 4 5

4. I honestly think that I'm superior to most other people.

1 2 3 4 5

5. I'm fascinated by politics. I think that I might even have made a good politician myself (certainly better than most of the scoundrels we've had lately).

1 2 3 4 5

6. I generally hide my feelings.

1 2 3 4 5

7. When I was growing up, my parents were not particularly affectionate toward me.

1 2 3 4 5

8. I am happier doing something active, like canoeing, playing tennis, or swimming—rather than something passive, like staying home by the fire and reading a good book.

1 2 3 4 5

9. If I were *really* angry with someone, I'd be more likely to hit him than to insult

him verbally.

1 2 3 4 5

10. When I'm talking with a woman, I like to be the one who leads the conversation.

1 2 3 4 5

11. I'd say that I'm very competitive in most instances.

1 2 3 4 5

12. I feel that people who are always polite are rather effeminate. If I'm at an important social function where I'm supposed to put on impeccable manners, I feel uncomfortable and embarrassed.

1 2 3 4 5

13. I often worry about failing.

1 2 3 4 5

14. Most of my achievements have been due to skill rather than luck.

1 2 3 4 5

15. When I was in school, I generally did better in math than in English.

1 2 3 4 5

16. I don't really care what people think of me. My own feelings about myself are more important than the opinions of others.

1 2 3 4 5

17. I find it easy to put aside my own desires when I think that someone else needs my help or attention.

1 2 3 4 5

18. Some people feel that it's important to have a prestigious and/or high-paying job, but it doesn't make much difference to me.

1 2 3 4 5

19. I'd like people to think of me as warm, cheerful, and kind.

1 2 3 4 5

20. When I was in high school, I enjoyed watching school basketball and baseball games more than football games.

1 2 3 4 5

21. I often find that music played on a stereo or at a concert is too loud for me.

1 2 3 4 5

22. I had relatively little trouble in learning

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|--|---|---|---|---|---|
| | to read when I was young. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 23. | I enjoy cultural activities, such as going to art galleries, concerts, and museums. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 24. | I have a good memory. I can usually recall important dates, places, faces, and names. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 25. | I'm very good at grammar and spelling. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 26. | I usually have difficulty in making decisions. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 27. | I'm not nearly so self-confident as I'd like to be. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 28. | I tend to go to pieces when the going gets rough. I give up easily when faced with a problem. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 29. | I rarely find dirty jokes funny. Usually, as far as I'm concerned, they're just crude and stupid. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 30. | If someone asked me, "Are you sensitive and supportive of others?" I'd be able to answer, "Yes, I think so," even though I might be embarrassed to admit it. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

INTERPRETING YOUR RESPONSES

This psychograph is actually made up of two parts. The first fifteen statements reflect what psychologists (and society in general) concede to be "masculine" characteristics, while statements sixteen through thirty deal with "feminine" characteristics. By adding the numbers that you circled on the first half of the psychograph, you'll arrive at your "masculinity" score. Adding the circled numbers for the second fifteen statements yields your "femininity" score. The maximum possible score that is attainable for each of the two sections is seventy-five.

The *androgynous* man shows a high degree of correspondence between his masculinity and femininity scores. If you had less than a twenty-point difference between your two scores, you are likely to be

in this category. Also, the higher your two scores are (especially if each is above forty points), the more likely you are to be comfortable with your balance of male and female characteristics. Men in this group have been shown to have a higher amount of achievement motivation than do most people. They also have a greater sense of self-esteem than any other group has. One study of college men concluded that androgynous men "are better adjusted than their peers who present other sex-role identities." These men, it has been found, often perform intellectual tasks better because they combine the boldness that characterizes masculine thought patterns with the reflection and attention to detail that is characteristic of the traditionally "feminine" approach.

Prof. Sandra Bem of Stanford University, one of the leading investigators in this field, says the androgynous man possesses unique strength because he must overcome strong pressures to conform to masculine stereotypes. He emerges from this struggle in better shape than men who have not gone through it; and, in the light of changing social conditions, his prospects should continue to improve. Who, for example, would have predicted fifteen years ago that a scrawny, low-key guy like Woody Allen would be the type of man who would be able to arouse the erotic inclinations of an entire generation of American womanhood?

If your masculinity and femininity scores were at the lower end of the scale (especially if each was less than thirty points), you may share characteristics with androgynous men but you are more likely to fall into a category that psychologists call "undifferentiated" males. These men have relatively little identification with either male or female sexual roles and often have severe doubts about themselves: about their abilities, about their sex lives, and about the place that they hold in the universal scheme of things.

The *masculine* man scores considerably higher on the "male" scale than on the "female" one. His scores are likely to show a difference of more than twenty points, and his "male" score is usually fifty points or higher. Men in this group have internalized society's stereotyped masculine behavior. They often overemphasize the importance of physical prowess. While they may be extremely accomplished sexual acrobats, they are not skilled in the tender, loving aspects of sex. They are bold and adventurous, but sometimes their recklessness prevents them from channeling

their energy in constructive directions. These men may do well at the beginning of their careers, which is the time when aggressiveness is usually rewarded. Yet they often fail to rise into the upper reaches of the corporate and administrative world because their impulsiveness prevents them from assuming managing responsibilities effectively. Men who fall in this group are often viewed by others as having limited intellectual ability, even though that may not really be true. These men, says one researcher, "prefer action to thought and are practical and nontheoretical. They may be covering up basic doubts about their own masculinity."

But take heart—the news isn't all bad. Men in this group are usually thought of as being cheerful and decent. They like to settle down among family and friends and are usually happy with their lives. They tend to rank about the same as androgynous men in achieving academic honors and success with women. However, as more and more women free themselves from traditional sexual roles, the masculine male may begin to lose his parity in the sexual game.

The *feminine* man predictably scores higher on the second half of this psychograph. His masculinity and femininity scores also are likely to show a difference of more than twenty points, and his "female" score is usually fifty points or higher. "Feminine" in this case does not mean "effeminate," and it is in no way a pejorative term. It describes a man who has unconsciously rejected male stereotypes and substituted a mind-set traditionally characterized as female. A man like this is likely to be tolerant, creative, organized, logical, ambitious, and sociable. He tends to have good self-control and works well with other people. He is no more likely to be homosexual than men who have a higher masculinity score. Indeed, his softness and gentleness often make him attractive to women (although he may be too shy or polite to take advantage of this). These same traits can also enable him to be a good father.

Although he may be passive and dependent in interpersonal relationships, his social and occupational success is not necessarily hindered. One study of young boys with high femininity scores found them "just as likely to be chosen as leaders and friends as masculine boys. Furthermore, they are no more likely to appear as sociometric 'rejects.'" Men in this group often achieve prominence in fields such as the arts, where creative intelligence is rewarded. 



"I only hope all this business of getting friendly with so many new countries doesn't lead to a cut in our defense budget."

GROOM
AT THE TOP

SCREEN TEST

Offer yourself
the protection
of sunscreening
lotions and
lenses.

BY ED EMMERLING

When it comes to your skin, letting the sunshine in should be a gradual, cautious procedure. The same ultraviolet rays that impart a healthy tan glow can also be harmful; they can burn sensitive skin, cause permanent pigmentation damage, and even cause three different types of skin cancer. Therefore, everyone—from olive-skinned "easy tanners" to fair-skinned "easy frecklers"—needs a suntan lotion that contains a sunscreen. The question is, How much? Labels often explain the amount of protection offered on a numerical scale.

Don't scrimp on buying a good pair of sunglasses to be worn at the beach. Your eyes are susceptible not only to ultraviolet rays but also to infrared ones. Good sunglasses allow only from 15 to 35 percent of all visible light rays to penetrate and block nearly all ultraviolet rays. If they have neutral gray or sage green optical lenses, they also filter out the infrared rays. Four brand-name sunglasses are shown below, with *Penthouse's* suggestions as to when they are most appropriately worn.

(left) The suntan products that offer the least protection should be used only when you're already tan and want to get even tanner: Sun System Maximum Acceleration Oil III; Ultima II Scientific Deep Tanning Formula Number 2; Bain de Soleil Tropical Deluxe Formula Dark Tanning Oil; Aramis Deep Bronzing Oil Number 2; Alo-Sun Super Rich Tan; and Coppertone Dark Tanning Oil.

(right) for maximum protection for beginning a tan and for fair-skinned sun-worshippers: Sun System First Exposure Lotion; Eclipse Sunscreen Gel; Block Out Cream Lotion by Sea and Skr; Piz Buin Protective Tanning Lotion Number 6; Aramis Solar Shield Cream; Bain de Soleil Ultra Sun Block Crème Number 15. The degree of sunglass protection differs among these four lenses. The first (worn) are Rivera's gradient tint, aviator frames, best used in minimal sunlight; (clockwise) The Ray-Ban wire frame sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb, with gray lenses, protect in all bright-glare situations, such as sailing, driving, and hiking. The Cool-Ray polarized lenses, in gradient tint, protect best in subdued sunlight. Foster Grant's polarized frames have dark lenses and will protect in even the brightest situations.

Photograph by Shig Ikeda

Desperate public-health
officials are trying to prevent the
rat population from
replacing humanity itself in
our oldest cities.

THE RAT INVASION

BY RICHARD BALLAD

In the novel *1984* a totalitarian régime uses a torture in which the hero is placed with his face in one end of a narrow cage while in the other end a large, starving rat is deposited. The man is given two alternatives. He can allow the rat to eat his face, or he can ask to have the woman he loves replace him. As the rat comes closer, the terror builds until, at last, the man breaks and screams, "Take her! Take her."

Author George Orwell chose the right animal for creating a feeling of fear and revulsion. Almost everyone hates rats and for good reason. Rats brought the Black Plague to Europe in the Middle Ages and killed 25 million people. They also transmit scores of other diseases, destroy at least a fifth of the world's annual food supply, bite thousands of people every year, and even eat pieces of human beings, living or dead, when they get a chance.

After a six-month *Penthouse* investigation, it has become evident not only that this fearsome and destructive creature is thriving in great numbers in this country but also that the rat population, particularly in some of the older cities of the East and Midwest, could reach plague proportions by this summer.

Following the disastrous winter of

1977-78, the rat populations of New York and Detroit jumped approximately 30 percent. Chicago fared somewhat better, but the rat control work there, while spectacular in some areas, has not appreciably reduced the rat population. Six months ago, New York had about 8 million rats. By June, if the winter feasting matches that of last year, the figure could reach 11 million, or almost two rats for every person. Most of the other large cities of the snow belt are faced with a similar threat.

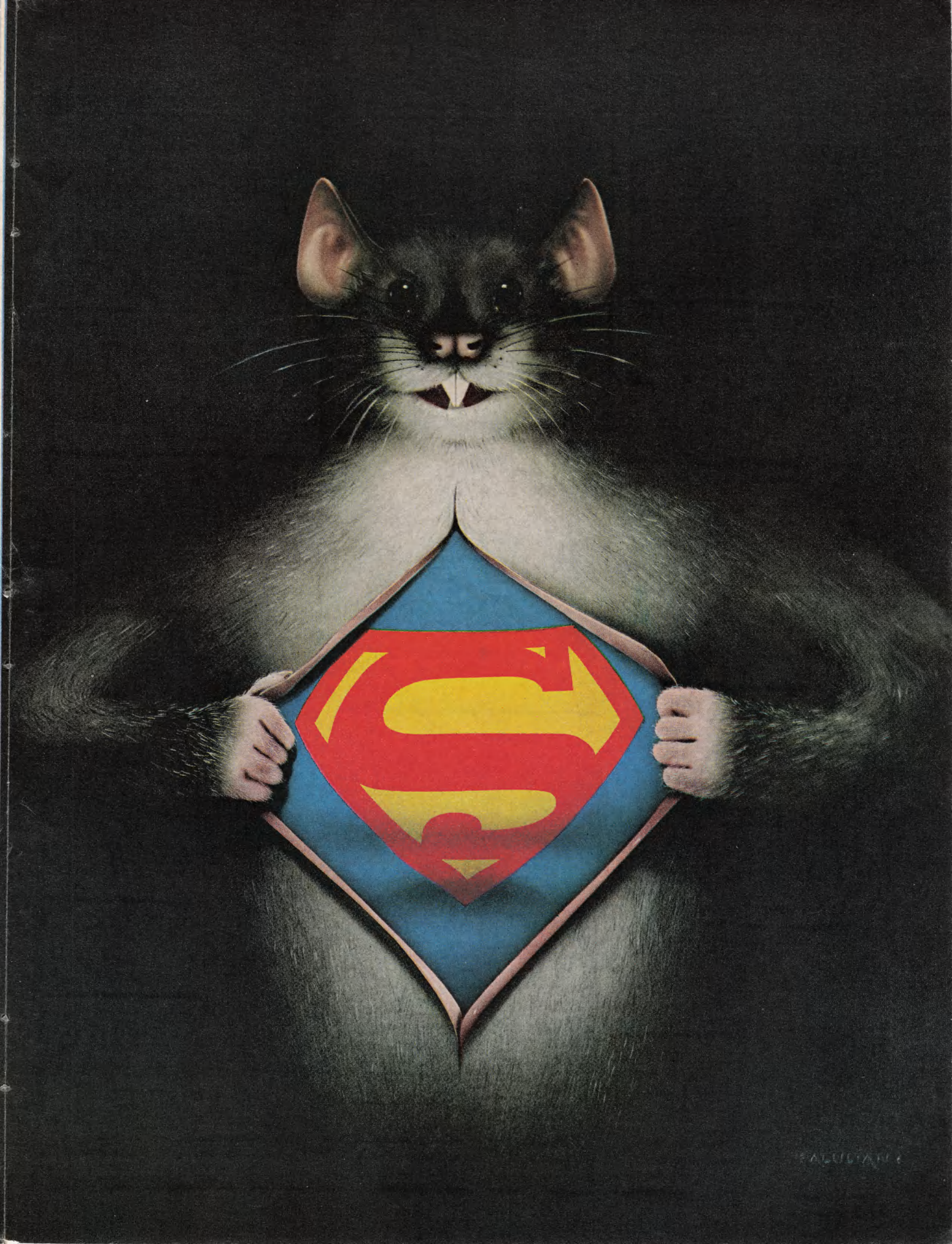
The severity of winter weather and the prosperity of the nation combine to produce hordes of rats. First, heavy snows tie up men and equipment normally used in the removal of trash and garbage. As the debris accumulates, the rats nest, gorge, and breed. One female can, theoretically, produce 30,000 descendants in a year. Allowing for a high mortality rate, the probable number of offspring is still a frightening 15,000 rats.

Second, the prosperity of the nation means that we all have more and that we therefore throw away more. And the basic fact about rat control is that if we were all scrupulously clean and kept our garbage cans tightly covered and our food supplies secured, there would be no rat problem.

They would turn to cannibalism, thin out, and virtually disappear. Of course, that's not going to happen. The more reasonable goal is to try to keep the population low and stabilized. But that, as you will see, is becoming harder and harder to achieve.

On a dark summer day in New York City, with rain falling lightly, we drove out to a point on Casanova Avenue in that urban-blight section known as the South Bronx. Not far away were the blocks of abandoned and fire-gutted buildings that set the tone for the area. Our guides were Solomon Peeples, New York's deputy director of pest control, and Joe Fowler. Peeples wanted to show us a "rat city," which had grown within the debris on a vacant lot across the street from a Department of Sanitation garage.

"It's unusual to see rats in the daytime," said Peeples. "But they were running around here yesterday, and I guarantee you'll see them today, even in the rain." I watched as Joe Fowler tucked his trouser legs into his boot tops. He grinned. "I have to do this. Couple times they've run up my legs. When they come out of those holes, they go crazy trying to get away." He walked over to a ten-foot mound of debris forming a low hill containing abandoned sofas, rotting food, and broken boxes. He



attacked the area with his pick. He had not taken more than a half-dozen strokes when grayish brown streaks began exploding out of holes on both sides of him, bounding like antelopes, extremely fast. Then they were gone, disappearing into other burrows.

"Those," said Joe Fowler, "are rats."

"You see," said Peeples, "there are hundreds of them here!" He pointed at the holes not more than six feet apart, which dotted the entire lot. "They're great engineers, you know. They dig interconnected tunnels with four or five exits. Scientists say that they don't allow for drainage, but I swear they do. It's almost impossible to drown rats by pouring water in there. It just disappears."

Satisfied that we had seen the rats, Peeples led us to a nearby five-story apartment house, run-down and dismal. It was administered by a nervous, middle-aged man of Spanish-speaking origin.

"You have rats in here?" asked Mr. Peeples, flashing his health department card. The superintendent, sensing trouble, spread his hands and shrugged. "No. No rats."

"I'll bet," said Peeples, leading the way down a rough stone corridor, shining his light. "You see," he said, "here, here, and over here? Rat droppings. See their runways? See 'em? Hell, I don't need to see 'em. I can *smell* 'em. I mean, not a real scent. But just a feeling. A sixth sense. I know when there are rats around."

Two cats wandered in, yawning and trying to appear nonchalant. But when something dropped to the floor farther back in the basement, both of them leaped straight up in the air, their fur standing on end, their tails puffed out.

"Those cats look shell-shocked," said Joe Fowler.

"Sí," said the superintendent who didn't understand English too well. "Sí, the cats keep out the rats."

Mr. Peeples held his head and groaned. "Oh, I don't think so. You've got enough rats next door to outnumber those cats 500 to one. It's not your fault. But they're there. And we've got to try to get rid of them. Listen, you don't leave those cats down here alone at night, do you?"

The superintendent, catching the drift, hurried to switch gears. "Oh, no," he protested.

Out on the street again, Peeples tapped my arm, saying: "I've seen people with a cellarful of rats, and they think they can take some mean, hungry tomcat and put him down there to clean it out. Well, you do that, and know what you'll find in the morning? One dead cat."

As we got into the car to return to his office, Peeples delivered himself of his favorite theme. "People say, 'Isn't it too bad that the ghettos have all those rats?' Okay, now we have almost two rats for every person in New York, as close as we can figure, and there are maybe five rats to every person in Bedford-Stuyvesant and maybe three persons to every rat in the high-rent

district. But the rats are everywhere; don't forget that. And what you must realize is that even if you never see a rat, you are paying a rat tax of a billion dollars a year. We all are—a billion dollars' worth of rat-damaged property every year. Rats break into a grain warehouse in Battle Creek, Michigan, and who winds up paying five cents more for cornflakes? You do."

Wanting to appear knowledgeable, we told him a story of how office workers in Calcutta, India, sit in Curzon Park and feed wild rats their luncheon scraps. But he had heard it all before. "Not just in India," said Peeples. "One Saturday morning we got a call that there was a woman feeding rats on the traffic island at Park Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street, a top residential area. Sure enough, we found a well-dressed lady hand-feeding three wild rats. We explained to her what deadly creatures they are and suggested she go feed the squirrels in Central Park, just two blocks away. But she was hurt. They were her rats. She didn't

Rats can chew through
pipes, cinder blocks, and
even concrete. Galvanized
steel will stop them, if
it's not too thin.

want to give them up."

We asked Peeples and Fowler whether they were afraid of rats. They nodded their heads in unison. "If you get trapped by them, I guarantee you'll fear them," said Fowler. "You should have been with me last year while I was inspecting this butcher shop in Brooklyn. I went into the cellar, down this long flight of steps, and then down this long corridor lined with pipes. When I got to the end, I heard a noise and I turned around. My God, there were rats all over the place! On the pipes. On the floor. Poking their heads out of holes. I just plain panicked. I put one arm over my face, and yelling like a maniac, I went busting down the corridor, looking for daylight. Well, those rats started jumping and squeaking and crashing into each other and screaming, and they were bouncing off my legs, and I thought I'd have a heart attack. Halfway to the steps I fell down, but I never bothered trying to stand up. I went the rest of the way, up the steps and into the street, breaking the world's record for crawling."

In the Brownsville section of Brooklyn there is a pest control office run by a tall, courteous man named Joseph Bryan. We asked him whether he had ever heard of

anyone who had been killed by rat bites, since no one we had talked with could confirm that there had ever been such an incident. Bryan looked at Peeples and then back at me, somewhat uneasily. "Well," he said slowly, "last July out on Blake Avenue the cops found a man who was so torn up it makes me sick to talk about it. In fact, I wish you'd ask the cops rather than me."

A check with the Seventy-third Precinct confirmed that on July 11, at 438 Blake Avenue, a man had been found dead in his room. His eyes, ears, and genitals had been eaten by rats. "His fingers were eaten, too," said the detective. "Nothing but bones left. They stripped him."

"Was he dead when it happened?"

The detective hesitated. "Jesus, I don't know for sure. I hope so."

Other stories came forth. Peeples recalled an incident a few years ago. "It was out on Gates Avenue in Brooklyn. I got a call, and I found this little girl, no more than six months old, her left wrist almost gnawed through." Tears sprang into his eyes, and he brushed them away. "I think they saved her hand, but I'm sure she's crippled for life."

There are no national statistics on rat bites, but the available figures for several of our larger cities suggest that there must be at least a thousand bites reported every year. The problem is that a doctor is not obligated to report rat bites unless diseases result from the bites. Also, no one knows how many bites go unreported by derelicts, poor people, or immigrants, legal and illegal, who don't know how to report them—that is, all the people who live in all the areas where rats abound.

New York City had 253 reported cases in 1977, down more than 60 percent from a high of more than 700 in 1969. Undoubtedly, New York has more rats now than it had then, and the decrease in bites makes little sense, but there is no way of finding out the truth. Again, in Chicago, which has a slightly less serious problem than New York's and a population about half of New York's, 243 rat bites were reported last year. In Detroit, on the other hand, where Mrs. Dorothy Yan, supervisor of environmental control, calls the rat situation "critical," there were less than fifty bite cases reported, a figure that probably doesn't reflect the real situation.

Why do rats bite people? Generally, it's a matter of biting babies or invalids who are lying in bed with food traces on their mouths or clothing. Rats creep in, begin eating the food, nip the skin, taste the flesh, and keep eating.

Rats are the largest and most dangerous animals that can live in our homes as unwanted guests and resist all but our most strenuous efforts to throw them out. If the average person gets up in the dead of night and runs into a mouse or a platoon of roaches, he won't find it too hard to cope. But faced with a Norway rat, nine inches long, with a nine-inch tail and weighing in at up to a pound and a half, the average person will start climbing his average drapes.

**"Ballantine's.
Damn good
scotch."**



© "21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

The main reason why the rat is so successful at living with us is that he is small enough to hide in impossible places. Most rats can squeeze through a hole about the size of a quarter. Also, they can eat almost anything. Like man, the rat is a generalized animal capable of quickly adapting to extreme changes in environment. In fact, the rat has a lot of manlike qualities, or man has a lot of ratlike qualities, depending on how one looks at it.

For example, the rat's body tissue is very similar to ours, which is its hard luck, because that makes it popular for laboratory experiments in which it has been blinded, deafened, castrated, and given VD and cancer—among other things. In addition, it has been used as an instrument of torture in real life as well as in fiction. During the Vietnam War both sides accused the other of putting rat cages, complete with rats, around the heads of political prisoners. And, we are told, the Mongols once devised a unique amusement that involved strapping a brass pot to a man's stomach with a rat trapped inside. They would then heat the pot, and the rat, madly seeking to escape, had no recourse except to gnaw through the man's body.

But the point is that despite its revolting and terrifying habits, the rat is simply trying to survive. He can't come close to matching man's record for cruel and senseless torture.

But for all that, it has been found that the rat often reacts emotionally exactly the way men do. Dr. Gaylord Ellison, a U.C.L.A. psychologist, opened a bar for a colony of lab rats and soon had a bunch of boozers on his hands. The rats began observing a regular cocktail hour before dinner. They also went on terrible benders, came down with hangovers, went on the wagon for several days—gulping water—and then fell right off again and went back to their old drunken ways. According to their natural bents, some grew belligerent while loaded and others grew depressed.

When we talk of "the rat" in America we generally mean the Norway rat, which arrived here as a stowaway on ships from Europe. For some reason Norway got all the blame. In the South and West the smaller and more agile roof rat is also found. It is the descendant of the rats that brought the Black Plague to Europe in ships from Asia. As a matter of fact, all rats originally came from Asia.

In India there is the lesser bandicoot, a shaggy and pugnacious rodent about the size of the Norway rat. There is also a greater bandicoot which, if it were aggressive, would be a real nightmare since it is three times as big as other rat species. But partially because of its great size, it finds it hard to discover as many places to hide; as a result, it is killed with relative ease.

The smallest rat is the Polynesian, which

is found in the Pacific islands. Some of this type became world famous as the only creatures to survive the atomic blasts on Eniwetok Atoll. Dr. William B. Jackson, a member of the scientific task force that studied the rats, said that they probably burrowed so deeply that they were not affected by the heat or the concussions and that some of them survived the radiation which followed. Their descendants are still thriving in Dr. Jackson's lab at Bowling Green State University in Ohio. In spite of all the hopes of science-fiction fans, not one of them has grown to the size of an aircraft carrier.

All other rats are merely variations on, or combinations of, these four basic types.

Like the shark, the rat is a marvelous machine for destruction. It has four large incisors with which it does its dirty work, including chewing through lead and plastic pipes, cinder blocks, and even concrete if too much sand has been used in mixing it. Galvanized steel will stop the rat if it's not too thin and if the rat can't get a good grip on it.

Dr. Stephen C. Frantz, head of the New York State Rodent Control Laboratories in Troy, told us, "A rat will chew anything he can get his teeth into, and he can digest almost anything he can chew or drink." The doctor offers nauseating proof of that. One night in a warehouse in Calcutta he was sitting on the floor, observing several hundred lesser bandicoots as they ignored him, even walking over his legs, while they went about their business of systematically cutting open grain sacks, eating some of the food, and defecating and urinating as they went. It is this wanton, "nibble here, piss there" behavior that accounts for the rat's staggering ability to destroy.

As Dr. Frantz watched, he noticed the rats going to a far corner of the warehouse and gathering around something on the floor. Getting up to investigate, he found that they were clustered at a spot where he had relieved himself earlier. The rats were drinking, and apparently enjoying, human urine.

Fortunately for us, rats seldom live longer than a year in the wild. But in that time a female can have an average of seven pups in each litter, with a litter every three to four weeks. Rats are devoutly promiscuous. Dr. Frantz reports a mating orgy involving fifteen to twenty males and a single female. "Driven into a sexual frenzy by the female's scent, they mounted her, one after another. The female grew weaker and weaker, but the males couldn't stop. At last, she died of exhaustion, but the males, driven by this fantastic urge beyond their control, continued the orgy, using the dead body."

As athletes, rats are far superior to us. They have been seen to leap from the tops of five-story buildings, land on concrete, and get up and run away. They can scale sheer brick walls, and their aquatic abilities are legendary. Ships have sunk in mid-ocean, and three days later rats were found, still alive, treading water. They can also swim at least 100 feet under water. This



last ability has led to some horrifying, and comic, encounters with men.

Gordon Micheler, a New York City stock broker, once told us of an experience he had had in Texas during World War II. Getting up one morning, with a slight hangover, he made his way to the bathroom and sat down on the toilet. Idly, he looked down into the bowl, and staring up at him were two beady, black eyes. Micheler came off the throne with a shout. Then he lifted the lid and took another look to make sure that he wasn't hallucinating from the night before. Sure enough, there was a rat in the toilet, desperately trying to scabble up the smooth porcelain. Not having any weapon at hand except a rolled-up magazine, Micheler did the first thing that came to mind: he flushed the toilet. It worked; the rat went out as he had come in. If you like to read in the bathroom, you may find that the most unnerving rat story of all.

All the experts say that encounters with people are the last things rats want. They are largely nocturnal creatures for that very reason. But shyness isn't a characteristic of all rats, and there is evidence that some of them are growing bolder. In Chicago, for example, a man named William Henderson found that not even gunfire could deter some rats. He and his family lived under siege by an army of rodents, even though he sat up nights, taking potshots at them as they roamed the house. Even during the day the rats would stalk through the rooms, making aggressive noises and baring their teeth. Various members of Henderson's family were bitten. At last, he and his wife and three children were forced to abandon the place. A city official, who refused to be quoted, sadly concluded that the building would have to be razed as a public health hazard, "... if the rats don't eat it first."

Joe Fowler, one of the city of New York's top rat control workers, told us that he's also bothered by the changing attitudes of some of the rats he meets as he goes about his job of baiting rat areas with poison.

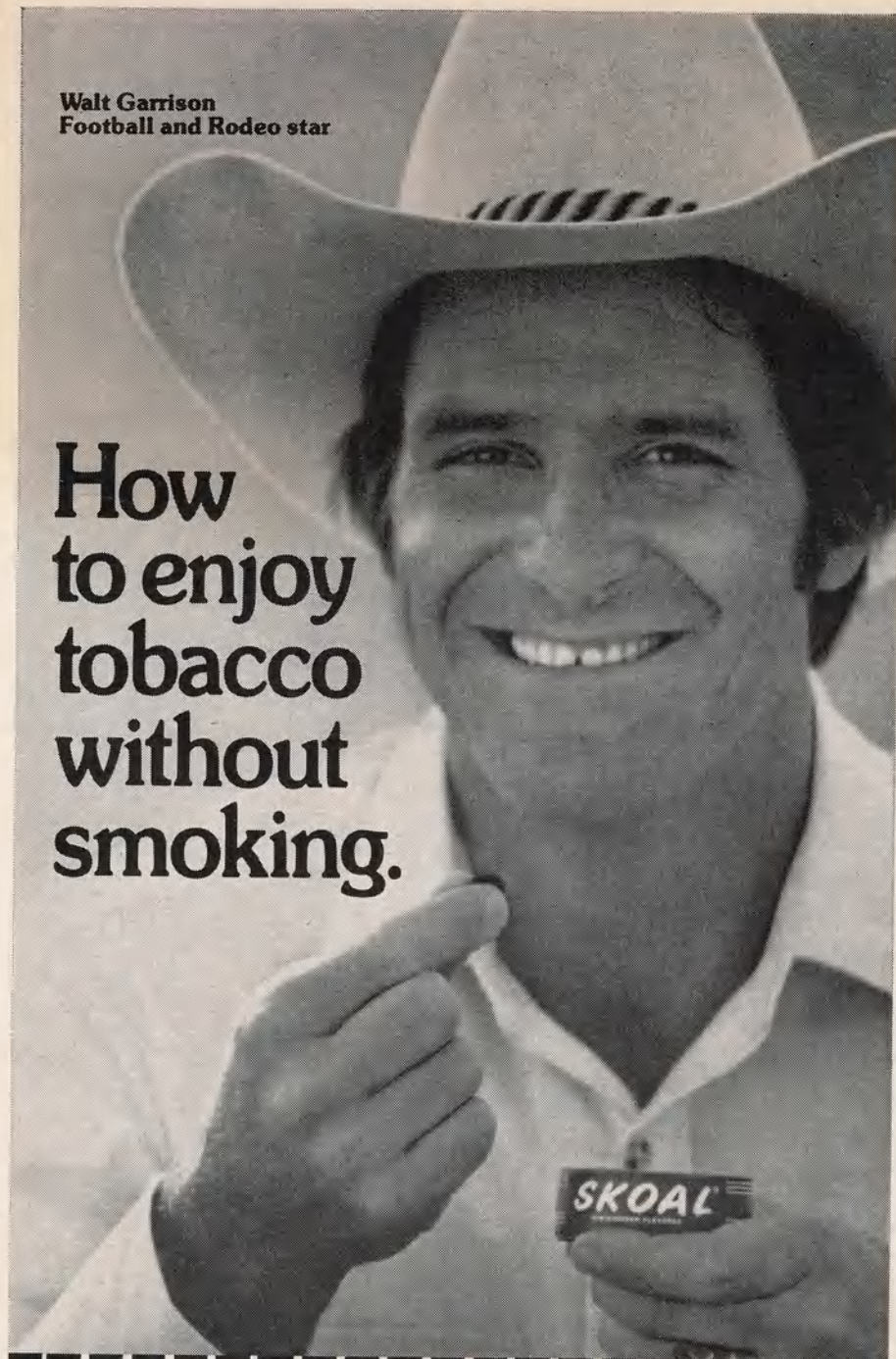
"It used to be that I could clear them out of my path by yelling and stamping my feet. But now I go into some buildings, and I go into my noise routine, and they just sit there, staring at me. I don't know what that means. I don't like to think about it."

Rats not only scare men but also are very tough on one another. They fight more in captivity than they do in the wild, but a rat will almost always battle for food or sex. Most fights start with aggressive grooming, one rat tugging hard at the other's fur. That's the signal for the victim to cut and run. If he doesn't, he'll have to defend himself. Oddly enough, despite an almost suicidal courage when a rat is cornered by man, if it is attacked by one of its own and if it knows it can't win, it will often simply give up and die of shock without suffering a mortal wound.

"It's all a matter of establishing dominance in the rat world, even as it is in ours," says Dr. Frantz. "I once had a lesser bandicoot that escaped from his cage. When I recaptured him, he sank all four incisors

Walt Garrison
Football and Rodeo star

How to enjoy tobacco without smoking.



Free. Just fill out this coupon, send it in and we'll send you a can of mild Happy Days, one of America's favorite "smokeless tobaccos." My brand is Skoal. But, if you're just starting out, I'd suggest easygoing Happy Days. It's so easy to enjoy. Just a pinch of mint flavored Happy Days between your cheek and gum gives you real tobacco pleasure without lighting up. And each can is dated for freshness.

Yes, send me my free can of Happy Days.
Fill out and send to: **"Smokeless Tobacco"**
100 W. Putnam Ave., Dept. PE 069,
Greenwich, Conn. 06830



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

© 1979 U.S. Tobacco Company. Offer not available to minors. Limited to one sampling per family

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

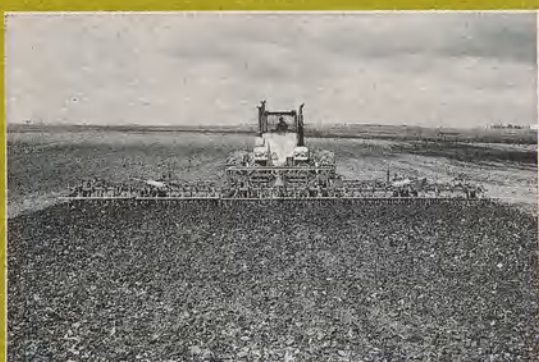
ON SALE MAY 24th



LAW



FICTION



AGRIBUSINESS



NEUTRINO

NEUTRINO MADNESS—Billions of neutrinos zing through your body every second. Yet, omnipresent as they are, we're just beginning to understand the full potential of these subatomic particles. Someday, "neutrino radios" may allow us to send messages straight through the center of the earth or may be used as a more efficient way of sending messages through outer space. Next month, reporter Hal Hellman takes you on an eerie journey to the bottom of a South Dakota gold mine where scientists are attempting to trap and study this fast-as-light, superpenetrating phenomenon. The hottest story in physics today awaits you in the June *Omni*.

IN THE MATTER OF SPACE LAW—Can we really keep nuclear weapons out of orbit? Can you sue for damages if a falling satellite demolishes your back porch? If you live in a space colony and visit Earth, can you shoot your wife's lover and claim the strange environment drove you temporarily insane? A few pioneering attorneys are already grappling with these and other equations even more complex. In our next issue, George S. Robinson, the first attorney to win a Ph.D. in space law, offers an intriguing progress report. Read how the long arm of the law stretches beyond Earth.

AGRIBUSINESS 2001—If farmers keep cultivating the same furrow they've been in since World War II, by the year 2001 they will own nearly twice as much land as they do today—perhaps 1,000 acres each in the Corn Belt. Tractors will have diesel engines of around 500-horsepower. An array of on-board computer functions and electronic monitors, which would do justice to the starship *Enterprise*, will control everything from the rate of plow spin to actual seed depth. The only reason for a farmer to be aboard a tractor will be that he still prefers driving to sitting at his desk. What will all this do to the prospect of food shortfalls and world poverty? The limits of growth may be in for some bending, as our readers will find out in the June *Omni*.

SCIENCE FICTION—Roger Zelazny, among the most honored of science-fiction writers, tells of "Halfjack," a cyborg whose human emotions face the crucial test of love. George R. R. Martin's "The Way of Cross and Dragon" examines the future of religion in an interstellar civilization. Robert Haisty appears for the first time in *Omni* with "The Madagascar Event," and Tom Sullivan shows how genetic engineering can drive sports officials to complete distraction in "The Mickey Mouse Olympics."

into my thumb. He was a valuable rat, and I didn't want to kill him, but he wouldn't let go, and it hurt like hell. Finally, I started slapping his head, harder and harder and harder until he turned me loose and dropped in his cage. His ears were badly bruised for days, and he wouldn't even look at me. Then, after I felt his feelings weren't quite so badly hurt anymore, I tried putting my hand on him. He submitted immediately. I had established dominance."

A strange kind of sympatico bond sometimes forms between the rats and the men who study them. As a part of his experiments, Dr. Frantz took this same rat and turned him loose in an Indian warehouse to see how he would fare in a wild environment. A week later he came back and called for the animal with a distinctive clucking sound he has devised.

"Out staggered this battered rat. The wild rats had really worked him over. He came up to me, sat on my foot, and wouldn't get off. He had had enough. He wanted to come home to the lush life. I couldn't take him back, but I never felt easy about leaving him there. I still remember him and wonder what happened to him. I don't like rats in general, and yet with some individuals you establish a relationship. I mean, they are *life*, aren't they? They are *living* things."

In matters of disease the rat qualifies among the world's most deadly carriers. The Black Plague, which is really a combination of bubonic (which attacks the lymphatic system) and pneumonic (which attacks the respiratory system), is carried by the fleas that infest rats. In some port cities, such as Venice, the plague has struck fifty or sixty times. In 1665 the infamous plague year of which the Englishman Daniel Defoe wrote, more than 100,000 Londoners died, their skins turning dark, after which fact the disease gets its name.

Several thousand people succumbed to it in the United States between 1900 and 1925, with San Francisco particularly hard hit. The introduction of streptomycin and other drugs, however, brought an end to major epidemics by the mid-1920s. According to Dr. Allen Barnes, chief of the Plague Branch of the Center for Disease Control at Fort Collins, Colo., the western third of the country remains a danger area, with fifteen to twenty cases a year. In 1978 a fifteen-year-old Colorado girl became the first fatality in several years. In the West, however, the chief carrier is not the rat so much as the ground squirrel.

Rats also spread many other diseases, most notably jaundice, Lassa fever, and rat bite fever. In 1977 a man died of leptospirosis in New York City. The health department traced his contamination to a spot under a bridge in the Bronx where he had been digging earth worms. They found the earth soaked in rat urine. The disease had entered the man through a cut on his hand.

Man, in his attempt to get rid of the rat, has used an impressive array of weapons, including snares, steel traps, box traps, poison gas, flooding, soaking burrows in

gasoline and igniting them, electrified fences, sterilization, birth-control chemicals, disease-bearing bacteria, and the importation of snakes and owls. Nothing works totally and forever.

Dr. Frantz scoffs at the media term *super rat*, although it is frequently used by rat control workers to define those rats that prove immune to the poisons being used. "Sure," said Dr. Frantz, "there will always be a certain number of rats that will develop an immunity to any poison after a period of time. But when the immunity level reaches 5 percent, we simply change poisons. Right now we recommend an anticoagulant called fumarin. It is introduced into food which is then put in plastic bags and shoved down burrows. It takes three or four meals before the rat begins to feel the internal bleeding the poison induces."

But why not a quicker-acting poison? "Well," said Dr. Frantz, "rats are incredibly clever about poison. They nibble at a new food and wait a long time to see if it's bad for them. Many times, if we use one-shot poisons, the remaining rats somehow get wise and won't touch it."

The result is that there is a great deal of switching around among a variety of lethal potions, such as Red Squill, Vacor, Rat Guard, zinc phosphide, and a brand-new one called Talon.

The problem with the quick-acting poisons is that they can be fatal to family pets and even small children. To lessen that possibility, the poisoned food, generally grain, is scattered about so that innocent victims are not apt to eat more than one grain.

The problem with the anticoagulants, such as fumarin, which require several baitings, is that it is wasteful of manpower. In cities such as New York, where the financial crunch is very serious, the pest control people are caught between the need for safety and the overwhelming specter of a rat plague.

The New York City work force, for example, was reduced to less than 500 men last year, down almost 50 percent from the normal complement. Last summer only the emergency use of 2,000 vacationing high-school students saved the city from an even more disastrous increase in the rat population. In October, Randy Dupree, New York's pest control administrator, managed to wheedle an allotment of 1,500 men from the welfare rolls to help his beleaguered crews dig out. "December 1 is our deadline every year," said Dupree. "If we don't cut the garbage piles down to size before the snow flies, we're dead and we have to brace for still another big increase in rats come spring."

But in January Dupree had to throw a sizable part of his increased work force into a \$150,000 emergency campaign to block an alarming rat invasion of two clean, residential areas in Sunnyside Gardens and Ridgewood, where rats had previously been unknown. Ironically, the incubation spot proved to be an abandoned federal postal facility. 



The Men's Bar may be gone forever but the man's drink is here to stay.

For over 90 years men all over the world have made Metaxa part of a tradition of friendship.

And while more and more women are enjoying it, Metaxa is still considered the man's drink.

On the rocks, with soda, or neat after dinner, Metaxa is like nothing else in this world, because of its uncompromising character and unforgettable taste.

A taste as distinctive as its Greek heritage.

Next time order the man's drink. Metaxa.

Metaxa



The Supreme Court has now made it official: all citizens are *not* equal before the law. A million American kids are locked up without due process. One in five has committed no crime at all.

CHILDREN IN JAIL

In Pennsylvania two brothers, Antony (eight) and Aubrey (ten), have been locked up in a "temporary" juvenile-detention center for thirty months. When a lawyer is finally allowed to see them, she notices that the older brother has a large, purple lump in the center of his forehead.

"Oh," Antony explains, "he bangs his head against the wall at night before he goes to sleep."

The boys had been charged with arson, assault with intent to kill, and conspiracy. Their mother had indeed left them alone with a baby sister, and there had been a fire, with no injuries. But the court had never determined whether or not the two brothers had intended to set the fire. (Actually, it was an accident. The older brother had been trying to iron his sister's dress.) No formal trial had been held, because these were children, and so the brothers had been deprived of liberty without having received any of the constitutional safeguards guaranteed to adults accused of crimes.

And because Antony and Aubrey were children, they were sent—for their own good—to a center for children, where one of them put himself to sleep every night by banging his head against the wall.

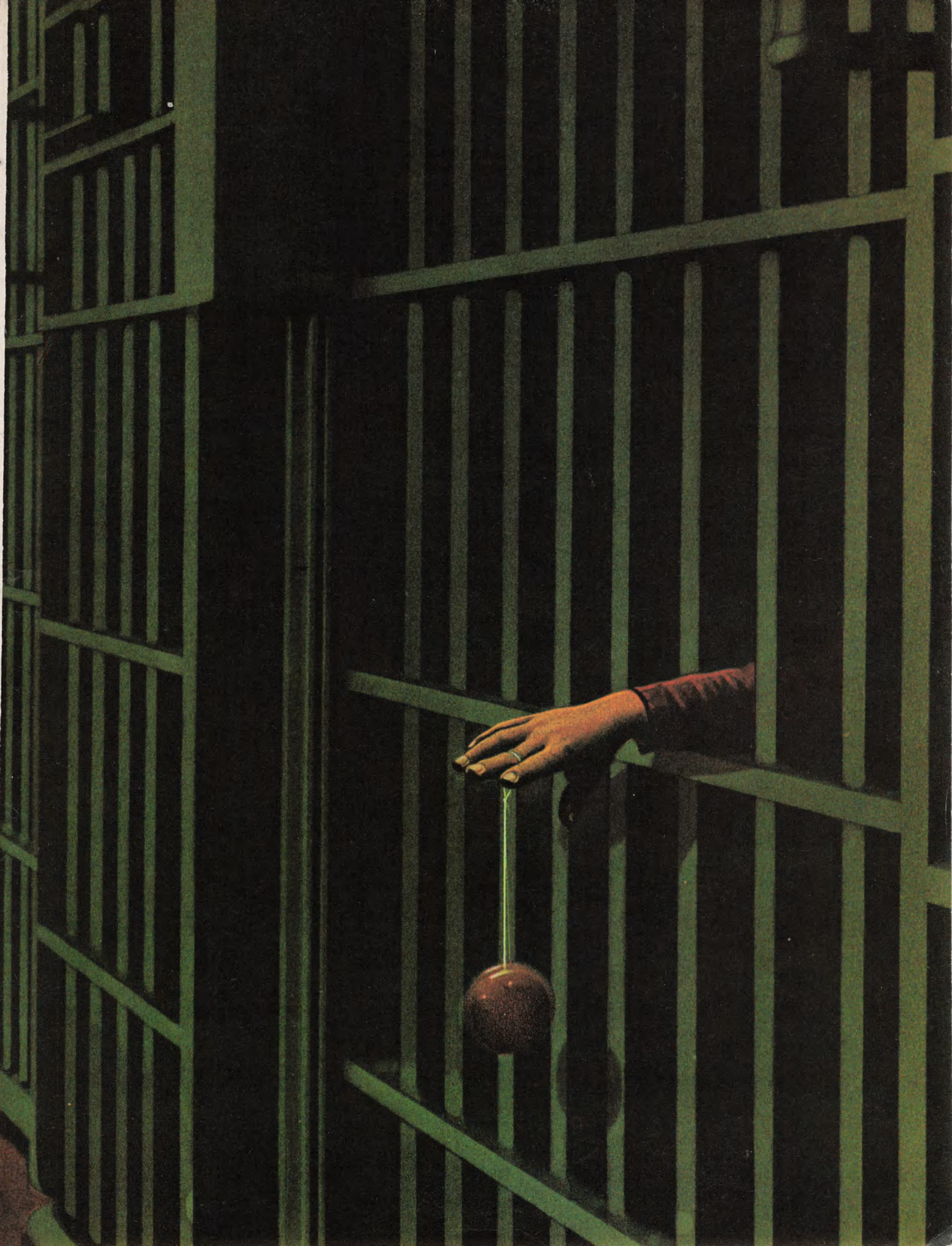
Antony and Aubrey were not in jail, of course. They were in limbo, waiting for someone in authority to decide what to do with them. There are no precise figures as to how many other children are similarly waiting to be disposed of. But it is known, according to several studies, that nearly a million American children are actually incarcerated in the course of a year.

Consider the case of three brothers in South Carolina—Dan (fourteen), Brian (thirteen), and Billy (twelve). Arrested at school for having scooped up some coins from a washing machine in a Laundromat, the boys were put in a cell at the county jail with two men and an older boy. The first night the men amused themselves by burning Brian and Billy with

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

BY NAT HENTOFF





matches as they slept. The second night the adult prisoners raped the three brothers.

Dan was released by the judge, but the two younger brothers were taken back to the county jail to await transfer to a juvenile institution. Brian and Billy begged not to be put back in the same cell they'd been in. Their pleas were ignored.

Each year half a million youngsters are held in adult jails in all but seven states in this nation. At the same time another half a million children are incarcerated in places especially designed for them—reform schools, training schools, and other such facilities.

In one of those places, the Industry State School, outside of Rochester, N.Y., David, thirteen, kept complaining to the superintendent and other staff members that he was being hassled by certain older kids because he refused to agree to their sexual demands. David said that he was afraid he would be killed. In the summer of 1977, he was stabbed and beaten to death at the Industry State School two days after his last complaint to the adults in charge of safeguarding him.

More than ten years ago, Lorraine, then fourteen, was sent by the state of Pennsylvania to an institution for the feeble-minded. She was not feeble-minded, but somehow a mistake had been made in the diagnosis. When Lorraine entered the institution, she knew how to read and write. Ten years later

she had forgotten how to do either.

Nor is this the only kind of damage that these "child care" institutions do. In a letter to a Baltimore newspaper, a man serving a twenty-five-year sentence for armed robbery and burglary writes:

"My criminal career began at the Maryland Training School for Boys, where I was committed for the heinous crime of truancy. . . . At the training school I soon learned how to steal a car . . . how to mug someone so they could not make an outcry, how to use celluloid to open a house door . . . how to make up and use a burglar's kit, and various other little things necessary to a successful criminal career."

Indeed, as law-enforcement statistics show, some 75 percent of all adults in prison have had a prior history in juvenile courts and institutions. Says Milton Luger, former president of the National Association of State Juvenile Delinquency Program Administrators: "With the exception of a relatively few youths, it would probably be better for all concerned if young delinquents were *not* detected, apprehended, or institutionalized. Too many of them get worse in our care" (emphasis added).

In June 1977 six youngsters, ranging in age from nine to sixteen, were informing an adult audience at Columbia University's Teachers College about children's rights. The kids, all of them reporters for the monthly *Children's Express*, kept stressing

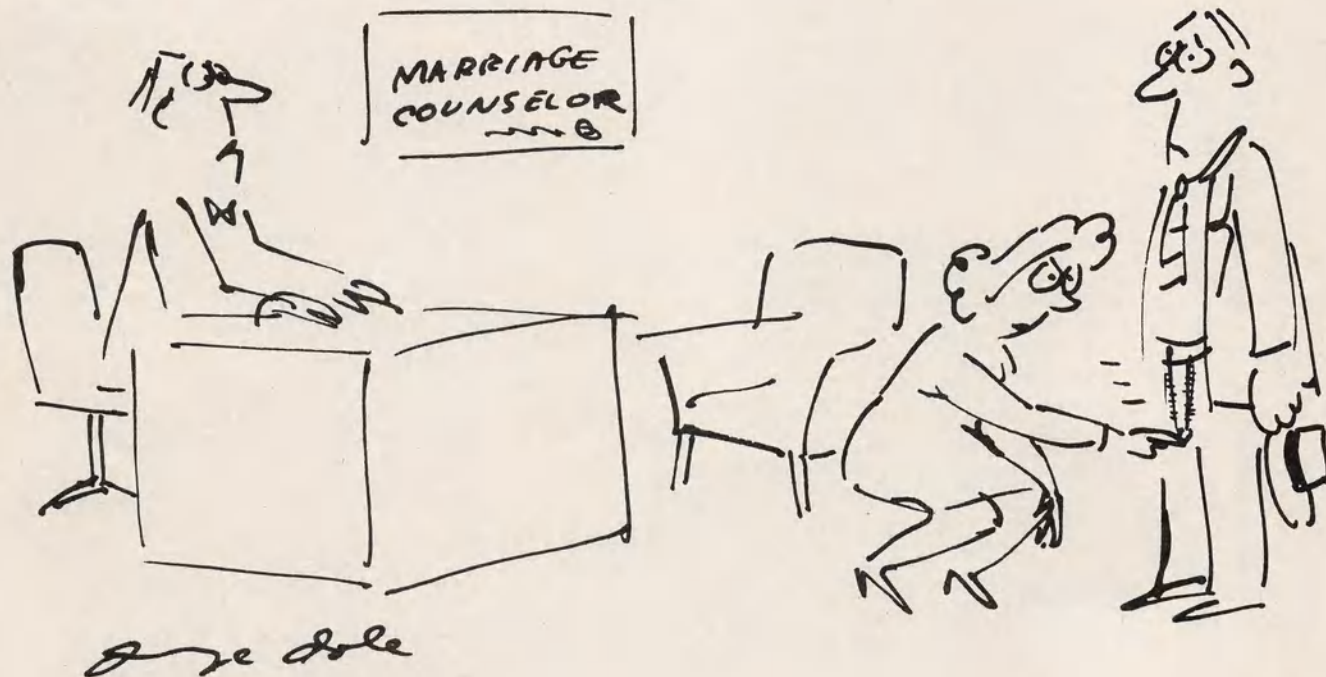
that children's rights are few and are hardest to find for those who need them most.

For example, the children noted, a majority of the Supreme Court had recently held corporal punishment in the public schools to be constitutional—not a violation of the Eighth Amendment's prohibition of "cruel and unusual punishment." In the case before the Court, *Ingraham v. Wright*, one junior-high-school student had been battered so hard and often that a resultant hematoma kept him in bed, face down, for a week. The other student, also in junior high, had been so savagely assaulted by an educator that he lost the full use of his arm for a week.

In a furious dissent Mr. Justice White had belabored the majority of his brethren for having astonishingly declared, as he put it, that "corporal punishment in public schools, no matter how severe, can never be the subject of the protections afforded by the Eighth Amendment." Just as appalling, White continued, was the majority's ruling that "students in the public-school systems are not constitutionally entitled to a hearing of any sort before beatings can be inflicted on them."

"You see," said a thirteen-year-old at the Teachers College session, "the Constitution talks about inalienable rights for human beings. So essentially they're saying we're not human beings because we don't have the right not to be hit."

Or, rather, what the Supreme Court has



"Can't you just tell me what's wrong?"

Taste the tantalizing new spirit of old New Orleans.



Old New Orleans lives in music, memories and pralines—those sumptuous morsels of pecans and vanilla that have been French Quarter favorites for 300 years. Now that spirit lives in tantalizing new Praline® Liqueur. Smooth, mellow, elegant and slightly risqué, Praline is the original New Orleans-Style™ liqueur!

© 1979. For a free Praline Liqueur Food and Drink Recipe Booklet, write to: "Recipes," Suite 3, 2615 Edenborn Ave., Metairie, La. 70002.

IN THE JUNE FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

SEX IN THE WILDERNESS

If the world's most popular indoor sport is losing some of its excitement for you, try an erotic romp in the great outdoors.

John Love provides a guide that tells you where to look for your own personal paradise—in hot springs, on mountaintops, and near the shores of clear, blue lakes. Then he explains how to handle the poison ivy and the grizzlies.

FEMALE INFIDELITY

Is your wife "fooling around"? One-third of the married women in America have engaged in extramarital sex; more and more wives are giving it a fling every day. Donna Buys explains why it happens and what you can do about it.

LOSE WEIGHT: FAST

Have you had it with diets? Why not just stop eating? Fasting melts away those extra pounds in days. Besides providing physical benefits, fasting can create a mental clarity that you might not have thought was possible.

WOMEN'S SEXUAL SIGNALS

Is it a come-on, or is her girdle pinching her? Judith Bennet shows you how to read those subtle signals in expression, clothes, and posture that mean a woman wants you. Get the message?

CONFESSIONS OF A HEALTH NUT

Novelist Malcolm Braly, author of *On the Yard*, confesses macrobiotic binges, carnivorous attacks on vegetarians, and other desperate acts of a health addict on the prowl for a fix. From aerobics to yoga, it could drive a man crazy.

actually said in this decision is that children are largely excluded from the Constitution and now occupy by themselves the subcellar formerly shared with women and slaves.

The kids on the Teachers College panel went on to instruct their elders as to the further consequences of being without rights in their native land. Of the million or so youngsters held each year in juvenile institutions and adult jails, less than 12 percent, according to one Children's Defense Fund study, had been charged with serious crimes against persons. The majority had lost their liberty for nonviolent offenses against property or for various other minor transgressions. And more than 20 percent had committed no offenses at all. They are "status offenders"—kids locked up for truancy, running away from home, being "incorrigible," or just being neglected. And if you're a girl, you can be locked up for no more than "promiscuity."

"It makes no sense," said a nine-year-old on the panel. "Children who run away or don't go to school are asking for help. They're trying to tell *somebody* that things are terribly wrong at home or at school. And instead of help, they get put away."

An example is the New Jersey girl who was locked up for seven years. Her only offense was to run away from home.

Whatever crime juvenile offenders have committed—and even if they have committed no crime—they get put away, most of the time, without anything resembling "due process of law." Says Judge Lois G. Forer, Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, and the author of *No One Will Listen: How Our Legal System Brutalizes Our Youthful Poor*: "Under most juvenile court laws, there is no requirement that a child be arrested with a warrant. There are no provisions for challenging the legality of the arrest prior to trial or for motions to suppress illegally obtained evidence. In very few jurisdictions is there any procedure for a lineup—a critical procedure to weed out mistaken identifications. Frequently, children are jailed because of mistaken identity. Often when I [as a lawyer] represented poor black boys, I would have them exchange shirts. The supposed eyewitness never recognized the boy by his face but only by his clothes. . . . In few juvenile courts are there requirements that a child be brought before a judge within a limited period of time. . . . There is usually no requirement for a preliminary hearing at which probable cause for the arrest must be shown." And bail is seldom allowed.

But surely children who may be sent away have lawyers. Not always. And when they do, since 90 percent of the kids brought into juvenile courts are indigent, they must make do with an overburdened legal-aid attorney or a public defender.

Says a sixteen-year-old in Chicago: "The cat don't talk to you till you come in. They bring you in from the bullpen, and you're standing in front of the judge, and he [the public defender] kind of puts his hand over his mouth and whispers sideways to you, 'What happened? How do you plead?' And

you tell him in three minutes, and then he goes on, and you get busted."

Judge Forer agrees: "In very few juvenile courts does a child see his lawyer before the day of the trial. It is obvious that such a child, confronted with a total stranger who tries from twenty to thirty cases a day, cannot possibly tell his so-called counsel what his defenses are. . . . The trial itself is all too often what the President's Commission on Crime and Delinquency described as 'the five-minute children's hour.'"

After the five-minute children's hour come the years of punishment (described as "rehabilitation" by the state). It takes place in "warehouses of human flesh"—a term used by the Children's Defense Fund. In these warehouses—sometimes called training schools and usually located in remote, rural areas—children are given either "scattered education or none at all, and they are often beaten or drugged. The most horrifyingly illuminating survey of America's incarcerated children is Kenneth Wooden's *Weeping in the Playtime of Others* (McGraw-Hill). Among scores of documented cases of institutional child abuse in the book, there is this epiphany of the way the state of Texas rehabilitates the wayward young:

"A ninety-pound, hopelessly retarded epileptic Chicago boy at Mountain View . . . had a seizure. Mack O. Morris, who had been promoted from a cook at Gatesville to assistant superintendent of Mountain View, gave orders to lock the sick boy in a solitary confinement cell. Tear gas cannisters were then thrown through a slot in the bottom of the steel door, and as the gas enveloped the terrified youth, he turned and dug his nails into the wall. According to Derrick [a prison ombudsman appointed by the federal court], 'He clawed marks into that wall all the way down to the floor, where they found him subdued.'"

Wooden also tells of a boy on work detail in a Massachusetts institution. He had to go to the bathroom. "The guard," Wooden reports, "told him to hold it. He couldn't and defecated in the carrot shed." Excerpts from court affidavits give the reaction of staff personnel:

"The guard grabbed the kid by the hair and dragged him to put his face in the shit. The kid refused. The guard grabbed him by the hair and collar, kicked him to his knees, and stuck his face in the shit, saying, 'That'll teach you to shit in the carrot shed, you cocksucker.'"

In *Children in Jail* (Beacon Press), Thomas Cottle lets the children themselves tell of the changes they go through as their childhood disappears. One speaks of solitary confinement:

"I thought lots of times when I was in there that I was becoming somebody else, changing persons, you know, so when they'd let me out I wouldn't be no one no more. . . . All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, you'd see some guy [in another solitary confinement cell] freak out. One minute he's perfectly all right, minding his business. Next minute, he's a goddam

looney, running around, smashing his head into a wall. Usually, it's one of those quiet guys, too, somebody you don't notice. Then wham, he's going crazy . . . trying to bite his way through the bars. One guy they had here broke all his teeth doing it. Hell, I bit so hard on my own hand that first time in solitary they thought they might have to sew it up. And all I was trying to do was keep myself from being more crazy than I knew I was already."

Another boy, interviewed by the Children's Defense Fund, says: "I can still see that room, man. They wouldn't put a sick dog in one of those [rooms], and still they had no problems sticking me in there. I kept thinking, 'Somewhere in here I'm going to find a body of some kid just like me who they stuck there once, and he never got out.'"

Just being locked up can be terrifying to a child. But as Dr. Rosemary Sarri (codirector of the National Assessment of Juvenile Corrections) says, *total* isolation leads some children to total panic. "They can't stand it. They hallucinate. . . . An adult learns it is not the end of the world, but a kid is, a lot of times, just not experienced enough to know."

Sometimes it *is* the end of the world, not, perhaps, after the first time in solitary, but after a number of descents into the hole. In a solitary confinement cell in the Southwest, a young boy, before committing suicide, scratched a message for the next child thrown into the void: "As you are, I was once. As I am, you shall be."

Many of our incarcerated young do not have enough life left in them to try to take their lives. Those are the kids referred to by Sen. Birch Bayh—one of the few members of Congress who care about these crumpled souls—as being imprisoned by "medical handcuffs."

Bayh is talking about institutional drug abuse. In testimony before Bayh's Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, Wooden told of the research he had conducted on the subject in some thirty states. "I find," he emphasized, "that most institutions, both public and private, give control drugs. Administered like candy, the drugs are, by and large, given to these children for one purpose—to control and sedate. . . . With the advent of indiscriminate use of barbituates . . . and tranquilizers, the child who does not conform to institutional rules and regulations is quickly brought under control by means of medication, the dosage of which is increased until the child is no longer a problem to custodial personnel."

At the same hearings Louis Thrasher of the Department of Justice's Civil Rights Division confirmed that massive drugging does indeed go on in child-care facilities. His area of special concern is the drugging of so-called banished children. When a state concludes that it does not have adequate facilities for certain kinds of "difficult" youngsters, it ships them far from home, paying private or public institutions in other states to handle the children. And

A&C Panetelas can't be imitated.

**There's only one
beautiful smoking
experience.**

What makes A&C Panetelas so special? Maybe it's the handsome, comfortable shape. Or the time-tested blend of aged, rich-tasting tobaccos. Or the choice of imported wrappers: dark Cameroun or light. Try an A&C Panetela and see for yourself.

One thing is for sure—there's only one beautiful smoking experience. A&C Panetelas.

**A&C
PANETELAS**

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

FIVE CIGARS

THE MILDTEST TOP QUALITY CIGAR

the way they are handled is with medicinal handcuffs.

In appalled reaction Senator Bayh said, "We can't just sit by and let children in this nation be boxed up, shipped off, and then sedated just so they won't cause trouble or be active as children normally are."

That, however, is precisely what we are allowing to happen. In Texas, for instance, where thousands of out-of-state children are kept in "commercial care" centers, drugging is commonplace. Louis Thrasher told the Bayh subcommittee that many of the children shipped into Texas are "kept almost like vegetables."

In Hialeah, Fla., there is the Montonari School, a prototypical dumping place for children, where some 320 boys and girls from around the country are stored. Ranging in age from three to nineteen, they include runaways, truants, neglected kids, and emotionally disturbed youngsters as well as retarded and handicapped children. The educational program is somewhat less than rudimentary, with few textbooks and no remedial-reading programs. High-school-age inmates are doing fourth- and fifth-grade work. When CBS television's "60 Minutes" visited the institution, one of the teachers told Mike Wallace that 90 percent of the kids in the disciplinary section were on some sort of drugs. Another teacher, agreeing, said, "I can't seem to keep them awake most of the day."

Wallace asked Adelio Montonari, head of

the alleged school, "Why are so many of your kids on therapeutic drugs?" "Because," Montonari readily answered, "it makes them much easier to work with, instead of putting them in chains."

Meanwhile, large numbers of incarcerated children—whether still in their home states or part of the interstate commerce in "child care"—also continue to experience what Kenneth Wooden calls a new form of solitary confinement: "solitary confinement of the mind."

Drugs are often administered without a doctor being present to see the child and examine his record in order to determine whether certain medication is contraindicated. The drugs are powerful: Thorazine, for example, which should be prescribed, if at all, only for clearly psychotic children. Among other formidable tranquilizers and antidepressant potions forced on kids are Sparine, Prolixin, and Elavil. These drugs are not given as part of a carefully supervised therapeutic program. They are intended only to control behavior, with little if any concern for the ultimate effects of the "medication" on the child.

One effect is psychological and perverse. As a federal district judge said during a Texas case dealing with institutional abuse of children (*Moreles v. Turman*), kids busted for drug usage are locked up and then drugged by the state. The state, having become their pusher, reinforces "their feeling that life's problems may be solved

by ingestion of chemical substances."

Another effect is the plain and awful physical damage to the child. In an Indiana case concerning institutional child abuse (*Nelson v. Heyne*), the court cited expert testimony that "the tranquilizing drugs administered to the juveniles can cause: the collapse of the cardiovascular system, the closing of a patient's throat with consequent asphyxiation, jaundice from an affected liver, and drowsiness, hematological disorders . . . and ocular changes."

In *Weeping in the Playtime of Others*, Kenneth Wooden tells of "Anthony Jones, a nineteen-year-old asthmatic at the Sheridan Training School for Boys in Illinois, who was given daily injections of Thorazine for misbehaving. Had those responsible for medicating the young man read the warnings enclosed with the vial, they would have known that Thorazine is contraindicated for asthmatics. Anthony Jones died of strangulation caused by Thorazine-induced respiratory inertia."

There is a further danger when children are controlled by drugs in institutions that are chronically understaffed and that have a staff not trained to monitor the effects of drugging. Says James Ellis, formerly staff attorney with the Mental Health Law Project:

"Another problem with regard to children, especially young children and the mentally handicapped, particularly people who are not verbal, is that they are not going to report as adequately—or at all—the side effects that they may be experiencing. And these side effects can be very, very serious. The final problem . . . is the potential impairment of cognitive ability. If there is one thing that children and mentally retarded persons do not need, it is an interference with their ability to learn. And yet that is an effect we are seeing in some of the studies that are being done on some of these drugs."

Most institutionalized children are, to begin with, far behind in academic skills. A survey of one typical Texas holding pen, the Mountain View State School, revealed that the majority of the inmates were from six to seven years behind their grade level. Yet at Mountain View and nearly all other juvenile institutions in the country, the educational programs for children desperately in need of them have been accurately described by Vermont State Commissioner of Corrections Kent Stoneham as "mere ornaments." Actually, instead of enabling these youngsters to learn, the authorities daily add to their handicaps by drugging them.

Some of the kids in prison, on the other hand, were achieving well in school before being locked up. One of them, fifteen, who was sent to a women's county jail for breaking and entering, told researcher Thomas Cottle: "I lost my education in the prison. That shouldn't have been. That was mainly the only good thing I had going for me. So now I ain't got that either."

You don't have to go to jail, of course, to lose





The smooth Canadian.

This Canadian has a reputation for smoothness. So you won't catch him drinking anything less than the smoothest whisky around. Windsor. A whisky made with glacier-fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.

WINDSOR CANADIAN.
It's got a reputation for smoothness.



your education, in whole or in part. In a carefully detailed report, *Children out of School in America*, the Children's Defense Fund has disclosed that nearly 2 million children, from seven to seventeen years of age, are not enrolled in school. (This is in addition to children in detention centers and other juvenile institutions.)

These youngsters deprived of their right to an education include mentally, emotionally, and physically handicapped kids; children labeled "immature"; suspended and expelled children; pregnant girls; migrant children; and, believe it or not, youngsters who cannot afford the cost of textbooks and other school fees, such as replacement charges for damaged materials. In Macon, Ga., the Children's Defense Fund notes, "a sixteen-year-old black youngster was expelled for the rest of the school term (three months) because he could not pay five dollars to replace a ruler that he had broken accidentally."

Of the hundreds of thousands of suspensions annually, CDF found that 63.4 percent "were for nondangerous offenses," such as truancy and tardiness. (A brilliant prescription for both is prohibiting the child from going to school at all.) Also, poor and minority children are suspended the most—"almost 13 percent of all black secondary students were suspended, three times the rate of white students. . . . The rate of black secondary-school suspensions in some districts in the survey exceeded 30

percent." And black and minority kids are disproportionately represented in juvenile institutions and, later, in adult prisons.

These 2 million children excluded from school, whether for years or months, are yet another index of the national indifference to kids sliding into a limbo of illiteracy, unemployment, delinquency, and dependency.

Take simple truancy. In New York City alone, more than 100,000 children are illegally out of school every day. Nobody in authority seems to care. Teachers and principals surveyed by the Children's Service Monitoring Committee of the Community Council of Greater New York accepted no responsibility for having in any way caused these kids to want to cut school. The children prefer to be on the streets, the educators said. The children do not understand the importance of schooling, and their parents don't care one way or the other.

The truants themselves and their parents told a different story to the committee. The majority of the kids said that they damn well did understand the importance of education but that they could not find a place for themselves in the schools they had to attend. The teachers were hostile; the rigid curriculum strangled them; and when they went for help in the school, nobody would listen. In 85 percent of the cases covered by the Monitoring Committee, parents of the truants kept trying to persuade their kids to go back to school, but the children

felt that it was hopeless for them to get inside the same failure-machine again.

Consider the case of John, who is sixteen and totally deaf in one ear. John liked elementary school and did reasonably well, but his grades plummeted in junior high school. Accepting the school's assessment of him as being stupid and terribly embarrassed thereby, he began to cut classes and by the time he was in high school seldom showed up at all.

Neither his teachers nor the principal cared. Indeed, John did not get noticed until he was caught in an act of petty thievery one day when he was supposed to be in school. To teach John a lesson—though what kind of lesson was never clear to the boy—his principal thereupon suspended the youngster.

Soon after, John came to the attention of Advocates for Children of New York, a tenacious public-interest group that keeps insisting that every student has a right to an education. It turned out that during all these years school personnel had never done anything at all to deal with John's partial deafness. Nor had they ever written or spoken to his parents about John's accelerating truancy or about one of its causes—his feeling that he was falling so far behind that he could never catch up.

Attempts are now being made to get John into a school that cares about him and will work with him to undo the harm done him in other schools. The odds against



John may be lessening. But for the millions of school-made failures in the nation who have not been reached by any child's advocacy service, the odds remain overwhelming.

For years a black principal in New York City has been saying that the road to Attica—or, in other states, to other prisons—starts in the classroom. As Chief Justice Warren Burger has pointed out, "The percentage of inmates in all institutions who cannot read or write is staggering."

According to the records of Massachusetts youth facilities, 98 percent of the incarcerated children in that state were involved in school problems in traditional school programs. There are similar reports from other states. "Angry failures," says Alfred Holte, superior court judge in Alfred, Wash., "provide an excellent source of raw material for our system of justice. . . . The frustrations these children face cause them to drop out, to turn to drugs, to act out, to reinforce, and continue their delinquency patterns until they are institutionalized. . . . A child who is forced by law to attend school but cannot read and write well enough to accomplish his work is being warped and destroyed by the system designed to benefit him."

Surely, since children are compelled by law to attend school, they have a right to be educated. But the National Center for Educational Statistics estimated that 11 percent of 1977's high-school graduates were

functionally illiterate. That is, 346,000 youngsters received a diploma that was utterly fraudulent. Furthermore, as James Harris, an official of the National Education Association, has told the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, 23 percent of all schoolchildren leave school *before* being graduated.

"If 23 percent of the automobiles did not run," Harris said, "if 23 percent of the buildings fell down, if 23 percent of the stuffed ham spoiled—we'd look at the producer. The schools, here, are not blameless."

However, since the only victims of this pervasive educational malpractice are children, there is no mass public outrage. Indeed, what with strong teacher and supervisory unions plus fierce tenure laws, it is so rare for an educator to be fired for incompetency that most administrators no longer even try.

And so it is that in public schools throughout the country, children are diminished from year to year, never learning their real potential and instead accepting the school's labeling of them as dumb, disruptive, expendable.

Inexorably, many of them become caught in the quicksand of the juvenile-justice system. There the state finishes the demolition job. As the federal district judge hearing *Morales v. Turman* put it, "The results of continual violation of a juvenile's dignity, privacy, pride, and possessions is inevitably the exacerbation of delinquency

rather than its cure, for such treatment teaches the juveniles that they are considered to be less than human beings."

In Volusia County, Fla., William Kelley, an ex-employee of a juvenile facility there, told Kenneth Wooden: "I watched this student who was thrown in our bomb shelter without food for over four days, and this was authorized. I don't know who authorized it, but it was called therapy—starvation therapy. . . . I listened to him pound on that metal door, and I know it's a matter of record there's a welder who had to repair that metal door on that bomb shelter from the rattle that that boy gave it."

"Do we Americans *really* like children?"

The question was advanced a couple of years ago by Prof. Kenneth Keniston, director of the Carnegie Council on Children. We seem to, he said, according to the values we profess and "the myths we cherish, celebrate, and pass on from generation to generation." In real life, however, he added, "we do *not* really like children. We do not as a nation really love them in practice. . . ."

So this article has demonstrated. Yet it would be self-indulgent to despair of changing the odds against children in this nation. In fact, there are more advocates of children and their rights than existed a decade ago. The Children's Defense Fund is only one. Other children's advocacy organizations are emerging around the country, and they have been developing an agenda of what must be done to make children full "persons" under the Constitution. Here are some of the principal items on that urgent agenda:

As the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards has emphasized, "... existing institutions for juveniles should be closed. The primary purpose to be served in dealing with juveniles is their rehabilitation and reintegration, a purpose which cannot be served satisfactorily by state institutions. In fact, commitment to a major institution is more likely to confirm juveniles in delinquent and criminal patterns of behavior."

States must legislate the immediate and complete prohibition of holding youths under eighteen in a jail or lockup used for adult offenders.

The Department of Justice must issue strong regulations ending the practice by which the Bureau of Prisons contracts with state local jails to hold juveniles charged with or convicted of federal offenses.

States should follow the lead of Massachusetts, which has closed large institutions for delinquents, replacing them with an almost entirely community-based network of services—group homes, expanded foster-home placements, and a program in which formerly institutionalized children stay at home while receiving special, individualized treatment.

Since children elsewhere, however, will continue to be institutionalized until there is enough public support to close down such places, at the very least corporal punishment and solitary confinement must be

ended at all institutions for juveniles. So must the administering of behavior-controlling drugs.

In every children's institution, the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals decision in *Nelson v. Heyne* (1974) must be implemented. This was the first time a federal appellate court has held that juveniles in state institutions have a constitutional right to treatment. Treatment means whatever is required to integrate these children into society—from medical and psychiatric services to a thorough education. And the treatment must be continually individualized.

At every institution for juveniles, there should be an independent ombudsman as well as frequent outside monitoring of the practices of that institution.

At the very beginning, when the child is first brought to juvenile court, the Supreme Court's 1967 *Gault* decision must finally be enforced throughout the land. *Gault* held that at delinquency hearings, children must have the following: the right to notification of the charges against them, the right to counsel and the right to be told they can have counsel, the right to remain silent, and the right to confront evidence and cross-examine witnesses.

The *Gault* decision has largely been ignored. As Judge Lois Forer told the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency: "Despite this seminal decision, there has really been little substantive change in our juvenile justice system. Only a few states have adopted new juvenile court laws. *None of these laws provides a child with the same constitutional protections as an adult*" (emphasis added).

Juveniles in all states should have the right to a jury trial. This is not now the case.

The whole concept of "status offenses" should be destroyed. As Helen Baker of the Ohio ACLU puts it, "An act that would not be a crime if committed by an adult should not be an 'offense' if committed by a child. We should remove the incorrigible, the unruly, and the runaway child from the juvenile-justice system."

Children should have the right not to be unnecessarily removed from their families and the right not to "banished" to institutions long distances from their homes.

As for runaways, it must be established by law that certain children have a right to leave home. Says a 1973 report of the Massachusetts Committee on Children and Youth: "An extraordinary number of children left circumstances that had become overwhelming and intolerable for them; they were both psychologically deprived and physically abused. For these children, running away seems to be a healthy reaction to an impossible situation."

This, in turn, leads to the need to establish clearly, through court action, that children have inalienable rights, too. When these rights are abused—whether by the state or by a parent—the child's welfare must be paramount.

With regard to truancy, the burden of

proof as to the reason for the offense must clearly be on the state. Was the school being so injurious to the child that he or she, in self-defense, stopped going there?

The public schools as a whole—incubators for so many juvenile and then adult prisoners—can be changed only if the citizenry, particularly parents, recognize that they are the employers of the educators and thus have a right to hold teachers and principals accountable for the damage they do to children.

To begin with, children are now the last Americans who can be legally beaten. So said the Supreme Court in upholding corporal punishment. But that decision does not prevent political pressure to abolish locally the beating of children in the schools. There is a long way to go. At present, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Hawaii, and Maine are the only states that wholly outlaw corporal punishment.

Even should the beating stop, however, there is much more for which the schools must be held responsible. Erik Erikson once said that "the most deadly of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit." Many educators are much more proficient in that pernicious skill than they are in quickening a child's ability to learn. This mass stunting of children will continue until teachers and supervisors are no longer immune from sanctions for their failures.

For a start, tenure laws must be revised, as has already been done in some states.

Instead of getting "life" teaching certificates, educators should receive "continuing" certificates. The latter mandate that tenure be reviewed periodically. Were this the case, teachers and their supervisors would keep or lose their jobs on the basis of an independent evaluation of their work.

As Helen Baker says, "A teacher can add to a child; no one has a right to subtract from a child."

Furthermore, all states should adopt legislation similar to Massachusetts's landmark bill, declaring that every child has a right to be in a regular classroom; every child must receive a detailed analysis of his or her need for special programs; and every school must prove that a special classification is warranted and then must be held accountable for providing a program that works.

Until this agenda of children's rights is implemented, we will continue to have hundreds of thousands of our young in the sinking state described by a boy in solitary confinement in *Children in Jail*:

"So I start to imagine the future, man, and there's nothing there. I can't see nothing, man. It's like a cell, all dark and nothing there, nowhere to go, nothing to see. . . . So I'm crying in there, man, like I was this little boy or something. I'm really crying. I ain't shitting you. I'm crying 'cause I ain't got no future . . . 'cause I can't think about tomorrow because I don't know when tomorrow's coming." O +

**TALC
LIKE A
MAN.**

Don't send a baby powder
to do a man's job. Reach
for a man's deodorant talc
with a masculine scent
— a talc that fights wetness,
chafing, and odor.
When you talc with Mennen,
you talc like a man.

**MENNEN
DEODORANT
BATH TALC**





**SLICE
ONE OPEN.**
Heublein Piña Colada

Break out the ice.
Sip...you're on a
tropic isle.
Only Heublein
mixes sweet,
light rum with
the essence
of fresh
pineapples
and coconut
this magical
way.

Piña Colada. Made with Rum,
Natural Flavors, Simulated Cream Base & Certified
Color added. 30 proof. ©Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

THE KID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

whole tribe is lined up next to the airplane. "This must be what they do every time a plane lands!" flashes the Kid. "Jesus Christ! Am I in trouble!"

They have landed on a smuggling strip, sure enough. The only problem is that this is not their strip. They are invading somebody else's territory. As the Kid well knows, the punishment for such an act is instant death. His mind flashes the sequence of events. First, the Indians will gun them down. Then they will strip the plane. Next, they will call their connection in Santa Marta. He will send out a pilot to fly back the plane with the load of goods. It is a gift from heaven! Who wouldn't grab it? As for killing a man, to these Indians it is not much different from killing a dog. People get killed in these parts every day for far less. The Kid feels his body oozing a cold sweat. Tim is off, walking the strip as if he were safe at home in Florida. Nobody speaks Spanish in the tribe. The only hope is to get to the leader and make a fast deal before matters take their course.

The Kid is still talking at this point, but he's really scanning the lineup of Indians desperately, trying to pick out the headman. The warriors are lined up in front. The women are behind them, dressed in brilliantly patterned muumuus and turbans and covered with gold jewelry like gypsies. In the back are the naked kids and the toothless old hags. Finally, out of the line strides the chief. He looks like a little sumo wrestler, naked to the waist, with a bulging belly sticking out of his khaki pants.

The Kid looks at him hard and says, "Hey, man, you know me! You've worked with my people before—the Cardenez, the Val de Blancos, Lucho Barranquilla, El Negro, the Castellanos..." He rattles off the names of every smuggling boss and smuggling family on the coast, hoping to ring a bell. Thank God, this dude knows a little Spanish! He seems to acknowledge the Kid's greeting. Now the Kid is bullshitting the guy blind, telling him that he came here to make friends with him, to make a deal with him, to make him rich. The Kid has \$20,000 in his money belt. He pulls out the bundles of rubber-banded hundred-dollar bills and one by one lays them on the chief. As he continues talking, he takes off his fancy, custom-made boots with their gold eagles. He takes off his richly embroidered jean shirt. He practically strips himself naked as he makes his pitch to the chief. Finally, he comes down to the nitty-gritty.

"Look," he says, "I know you kill people who land on this strip; but I swear if you kill me and people hear about it, nobody will come back here to work with you, and you'll never make any money again. If you kill me, you will be in deep trouble. I come here in good faith to do business with you. Tell me your terms, and I'll come back here with more money than you ever seen." Fortunately, in addition to the chief, there is another man who speaks a little Spanish. He gets into the act. Now they have a three-cornered conversation going.

Meanwhile, the tribesmen are standing around, all hopped up from chewing coca leaves and eager to make short work of the Kid with their tommy guns. The Kid could practically hear these guys panting as they sized up their chances of killing him and grabbing the plane. They were mean-looking dudes with dark Oriental faces and stringy, straight black hair and scarred, nearly naked bodies.

At this point, Tim walks up, real dumb, saying: "Hey, Kid, what's goin' on here?" The Kid snaps, "We're jist about to git killed! Thass what's goin' on here!" But they are lucky. Again. After explaining at great length that he wants to come back and take out a load in a much bigger plane, the Kid finally gets the chief to talk business. The chief says that his price is six dollars a pound. He explains that they have just built this strip. Nobody has ever landed on it before. That's why they were so uptight. Finally, he agrees to let the Kid go—on condition that he come back and do business right away. The Kid swears up

and down that he will be back in a couple of days. Then he practically leaps aboard the plane, pushing Tim ahead of him.

With teeth grinding, he growls: "Git this fucker off the ground fast as you can, or we still might catch a load of lead in the tail!" Down the hard, glistening sand strip they skim and roar up into the air. This time Tim doesn't fuck around. He banks at low altitude and puts the plane flat down on the neighboring strip. Reynaldo and his crew come running out to greet them. It is a miraculous escape.

Now, having brushed death twice, the boys should have been in the clear. They are on their own strip, surrounded by their own people. Reynaldo has the merchandise stacked up in plastic-wrapped bales. There is plenty of gasoline for the flight back. What could go wrong at this point? The answer is—plenty! Having overcome his fear of landing on the strip, Tim decides now to play the big macho man. When Reynaldo asks him if the plane could take the whole 600-pound load, Tim says, "Sure!" He should have said, "Hell, no!" because with all the fuel they will have to carry, the plane will be desperately overloaded with 600 pounds of cargo. Tim is now determined, however, to live down the impression of cowardice that he has created by his previous panics.

He gets behind the controls, guns up his engines, and, with the air of a man who is standing on the edge of a precipice with his balls in his hand, turns to the Kid and says with great bravado: "Kid, the next ten seconds will be the most critical in your life!" Then, he shoves forward the throttle and roars down the bumpy dirt track.

When they get to the very end of the strip, where a big pile of bush had been thrown up by a bulldozer, Tim pulls back on the wheel. The plane barely makes it off the ground. Just as it skims over the pile of rubbish, one prop strikes a protruding branch and registers a fearful *boing!* Both men are practically catapulted out of their seats. The plane continues to lift laboriously into the air, but with such a violent rocking and rattling that there is nothing to do but turn in a tight bank and come back down again. Even landing is a desperate chance, as the heavily laden plane bounces violently along that ragged strip.

Now there really is trouble looming ahead. For the third time they have narrowly escaped death; and when they inspect the aircraft, they discover that one prop has been badly bent. After trying to straighten the buckled blade by hand, they decide to go into Riohacha to get a mechanic to work on the ship.

Riohacha is a charming-looking town on the Caribbean, with palm-studded beaches; a great, curving wooden quay; and a gridiron of narrow streets lined with pretty, pastel-colored Spanish colonial houses. Behind its picturesque facade, however, lies all the evil and danger of the dope game. Every day people disappear mysteriously from this town, only to be discovered days or weeks later as acid-disfigured, maimed, or bullet-ridden corpses up in the surrounding hills. Everyone in Riohacha is in the Game. Even the simplest peasants can be found standing patiently in line at four in the morning outside the local bank, waiting to exchange wads of American money for pesos. It's not the kind of town in which a foreigner, much less an American smuggler, should be hanging around. Yet this is what the Kid is condemned to do for the next ten days. For when he brings the mechanic from the local airfield out to the strip, the man takes one look at the bent prop and says, "No, *señor*, this propeller cannot be repaired. It must be replaced." Getting a new propeller in Colombia is virtually impossible. It will have to be flown down from the States. The Kid gets one of his boys in Florida on the phone and tells him to airfreight a prop immediately to Maracaibo. Meantime, as there is no living at the strip, they will have to find a hideout in Riohacha. Reynaldo is encharged with finding a suitable hideaway.

When he drives the men into the town that night, the hideout turns out to be the back room of a store directly across the street from the police station. The Kid flips out when he sees where he is stuck. "It doesn't matter," insists Reynaldo. "You'll never go outside. We'll bring all your food in here. Just lay low,

CRACK
ONE OPEN.
Heublein
Amaretto Colada

HEUBLEIN'S
COCKTAILS

THE
LIQUOR'S
IN IT

HEUBLEIN

AMARETTO
COLADA

Almond.
Creamy.
Coconutty.
It's all that it's cracked up to be.
And more. We added the rum.
You add the ice.
A nutty idea.

Amaretto Colada. Made with Rum, Amaretto Liqueur, Natural Flavors, Simulated Cream Base, Artificially Colored. 30 proof. © Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.



Some like it cool.



Some men love the cool fresh mountain air, deep woods, the quiet streams.

That's the kind of man I give Timberline...the After-Shave and Cologne with the scent of the great outdoors.

TIMBERLINE®

Toiletries for men.

ENGLISH LEATHER, Northvale, N.J. 07647
© 1979. Available in Canada.

and it won't mean a thing." After one day of lying around in that dark, smelly back room, the Kid says: "Fuck it! Ahm goin' to the beach!" For the next week he does a lot of swimming in the warm waters of the Caribbean—and a lot of worrying.

At some point in every day, the Kid rides out to the strip and looks at his disabled airplane. The prop has been bent so that every time it revolves it brushes against the engine cowling. The Kid stands in front of the engine for hours at a time, forcing the prop past its sticking point. After many days of this labor, the propeller begins to turn a little more freely. Finally, after ten days, the Kid decides there is no point in waiting any longer. They will never get a new prop from the States. Some thief has grabbed it—or perhaps it was never sent. They will just have to take off with the bent prop and take their chances on making it back home.

On the last day they warm up the engines and find them running smoothly, though with lots of bumping from the bad prop. They reduce their cargo of contraband from 600 to 400 pounds. They cut their fuel supply to the bare minimum. At last they are ready for the big gamble. As Reynaldo and the Colombians stand beside the strip, staring grimly at the plane, which is twitching with every revolution of the engines, they taxi to the end of the strip and buckle themselves in for the run. Bumping and banging all the way to the end of the strip, they get safely aloft and begin to drag their weight up to cruising altitude.

After hours of flying at relatively low speed, they finally make out the mountains of Haiti in the distance. Their fuel consumption has been greater than they calculated. They can clear Haiti, but they can't fly much farther. There is only one thing to do: land just north of Haiti at the Caicos Islands.

The Caicos are the way station of the Colombian dope run. A cluster of low, flat, sandy isles, under native rule and largely devoid of tourists or foreigners, these thinly inhabited sandbars are virtually worthless to anyone but a dope smuggler. Almost precisely halfway between southern Florida and Colombia, they are the perfect place to land and refuel a light plane. What's more, they lie in that gray zone designated on American air maps as "Uncontrolled Area." Having no radar or navigational equipment, such areas lie outside the flight-control system of the Federal Aviation Authority. Once a plane flits inside this gray zone, it goes right off the charts and out of the observational field of the civilian aviation authorities. That doesn't mean, of course, that it's a perfectly safe place to land. Far from it! Government agents are always checking out the Caicos. In fact, their efforts to clock the traffic through the local airport and the smugglers' answering efforts to thwart such monitoring are the theme of one of the Kid's favorite tales. As he puts down at the airport that day, he must have thought about this guerrilla operation with grim satisfaction.

Not long after the Kid became a Colombian connection, one of the planes he had loaded got busted in the States. A panic developed among the smugglers because they got word that the American government was going to subpoena the flight records of the airport at Grand Caicos. To prevent such disclosures, either this time or at any time in the future, the smugglers worked out a plan. Late one afternoon they boarded one of their planes and flew down to the Caicos. When they arrived at dusk, they ran into the little airport building, wearing ski masks and carrying guns like a commando unit. They emptied the building of its few employees. Then they soaked it from top to bottom with gas. Putting it to the torch, they ran out and jumped aboard their plane, taking off just as the building went up in flames. Now the airport is nothing but a hamburger stand with a crude shortwave radio and a fuel dump.

On this afternoon the boys are anticipating no trouble. Planes that are in transit are not inspected by customs officials. It will be a safe landing, a quick refueling; then they will take off for an evening flight that will put them over their drop zone after dark. When they get on the ground, Tim arranges to have 150 gallons of fuel put aboard the plane and then goes into the little wooden refreshment stand to fill out the flight

forms and buy some hamburgers.

The Kid is looking pretty strange at this point, because he hasn't bothered to replace any of the clothes that he gave to the Indians. He's wearing gym shorts, tennis shoes, long socks, and a yellow Adidas T-shirt. Tim tells the locals that the Kid is a basketball star who is flying from Puerto Rico to play in an exhibition game with Pete Maravich. That should have satisfied their curiosity. But this was an ill-starred mission. Something had to go wrong. A customs agent takes it into his head to go out to the plane and give it the once-over.

When he comes up to the ship, the Kid buttonholes him and starts rapping about sports. "You guys play basketball here? You play baseball? You and me ought to get together and shoot a game o' pool!" He's bullshitting the guy to waste time and distract him from his job. Finally, the agent makes as if to look inside the plane. Now the Kid changes his tone. He comes on a little hard. Nothing threatening, you understand. Just firm.

"Look, man," he says, "you don't wanna look inside mah plane. You don't have no time. If you *must* look, you're gonna have a problem. Unnerstan'? Hey, you and me is buddies! I want you to have a good week. Lemme give ya somethin' for your family." He hands the dude two hundred-dollar bills—several months' wages. The black dude looks at the big numbers and cracks a smile. "No problem," he says in his soft West Indian accent. "Everythin's cool." With that, he ambles back to the building.

Now Tim comes back, and they get in the plane and prepare to take off. They have some difficulty with the flaps, but finally the ship is responding properly to its controls. They take off into a cloudless, moonlit sky for the last leg of their journey home. The next problem that faces them is whether or not they will find the ground crew in position when they arrive. They had phoned the news of their departure before they left Colombia. Now they are many hours late.

Their destination is a spot in north-central Florida, near Hawthorne, a country town close to Gainesville. More than a hundred miles from the site, they start calling the ground crew. On their third transmission, they get a reply. The crew is in place and waiting for the drop. Now their spirits begin to rise. They are nearly home at last, nearly at the end of their long ordeal. The Kid is smoking a joint as he works in the back of the cabin, straightening out the lines on the chutes.

As they near the drop site, the Kid prepares to push the cargo out of the plane. He has gotten himself braced in a special position, with his back to the cabin door. He has secured himself with a length of rope tied around his waist. When the signal to drop comes, he will throw the bales out over his shoulder. The trick is to keep them separate, so that the chute lines don't become entangled, and to throw them out fast so that the load is not dispersed over a wide stretch of ground.

At this point, they're about fifteen miles from the drop point, flying at sixty miles per hour. Tim says to the ground man, "Gimme a fifteen-second count!" The man on the ground, unsure why the pilot is asking for the count, starts counting too fast. By the end of fifteen, he has counted off only thirteen seconds. The plane is still two miles from the drop site. Even so, the pilot should have been able to make the correction, because by this time the ground crew is shining its hooded flashlights up at the oncoming aircraft.

Tim has never done a trip like this before. He is overanxious, ready to jump the gun. When he hears the voice on the radio say, "Fifteen!" he responds instinctively. He yells back to the Kid: "Go!" The Kid can't see a thing. He's taking his cues from the pilot. Without a second's hesitation, he starts pitching the bales over his shoulder. With athletic proficiency he throws out seven heavy parcels in six seconds. "Load is out!" barks the pilot into the radio. There is a long pause. Then a voice comes from the ground: "We can't see the load!" Naturally, they can't see it, because they're looking directly overhead instead of two miles off in the distance.

At this point there's nothing either crew can do but to pro-



Some like it hot.

Some men can't get
enough of the sun, the
sea and the surf.
That's the kind of man
I give Wind Drift After-Shave
and Cologne...the
fragrance for sea lovers.

WIND DRIFT[®]
Toiletries for men.



ENGLISH LEATHER, Northvale, N.J. 07647
© 1979 Available in Canada.

ceed, each on its own way, the plane to its base and the ground crew to search the area. Even allowing for the mistake in calculations, it's not likely that the load will be lost. If worse comes to worst, it will turn up in the morning light. When Tim and the Kid finally put their plane down, they're so relieved to be home that they practically fall into each other's arms. They have survived one of the worst trips on record. Whatever they really think of each other, it's all blotted out in the flow of relief at finally making it home. They have won!

Only they haven't. The very night they were flying in, a lovely nineteen-year-old girl had been raped and murdered in the woods where the load was dropped. An alarm had been spread, and people were combing the area, looking for her. Meanwhile, the ground crew had given up its search and had gone back to the motel, where it was quartered, to phone the Kid and ask him what he had done with the load. After a few fast and acrimonious exchanges on the phone, the exhausted Kid jumps in a car with Tim and two of his gang, Miles and Rusty, to drive down into the area and lead the search himself.

Arriving early in the morning, the Kid spots the police in the area. He doesn't understand what they are doing, but he assumes that they are looking for the same thing he is looking for. Under normal conditions he would have backed off and either given up the search or postponed it. Now

he is half crazy from his long ordeal. He insists on going into the woods at the same time that the police and the civilian posses are there. The outlaws and the cops are practically rubbing shoulders. Finally, the Kid and his boys find a couple of bales and haul them out to their car. Things are really getting hot now. A helicopter is thut-thut-thutting overhead. Men are beating the bush. Any minute they may get busted. It's time to sound the retreat. The boys pull out and run their two bales back to Tallahassee. The Kid decides to knock off for a few days and lie back. He figures that the police will soon abandon their search. Then his men can go back into the area safely and try their luck one last time.

Two days later the Kid gets up early in Tallahassee, picks up his three men, and drives down near Gainesville. Soon these four highly suspicious-looking men driving a rented car are knocking on the door of the local crop duster's house. They figure he must have spotted the load from the air and stolen it. The pilot is out working, but his wife is at home. When she hears the bell ring, she shouts, "Who's there?" Tim says, "Joe." "Joe who?" she replies. In the meantime she's dialing the police station.

The boys have walked right into a trap. The cops figured, when they found the dope on the ground, that the smugglers would come back to pick up their property. They alerted everyone in the area to be on the lookout for suspicious strangers. When

the pilot's wife calls, they race to the house and nail the boys just as they are pulling away from the curb. In a couple of minutes, the whole area is swarming with police. They drag the boys out of their car, throw them over the hood, frisk them, handcuff them, and cart them off to headquarters.

When they get everybody in the jailhouse, they begin interrogating them, trying to break them down so that one will inform on the others. Tim says that the Kid is the ringleader. The other boys say nothing. When they are brought up before the judge, they are in deep trouble. Then the last and not the least marvelous thing occurs in this interminable adventure.

When the Kid comes before the judge, he is playing the good boy wrongly apprehended. He certainly looks the picture of innocence. Here is a tall, blond, all-American boy dressed neatly and appearing utterly bewildered. When the judge tells him about the girl who was murdered in the woods, he shows the Kid the girl's high-school commencement picture. The Kid takes one look at the picture and bursts into tears, not just tears but great, heaving, straight-from-the-heart sobs.

Actually, he is crying more for himself than for the girl. Who wouldn't cry after what he's been through? No wonder that he is virtually hysterical. Two solid weeks of bad flying, dangerous flying in a damaged plane, endless hours in the shadow of a Colombian jail, near-death at the hands of the Indians, his load lost through stupidity. Two weeks of fear, worry, fast-talking, brain-searing coke, a thousand dizzying joints, with his blood pressure ready to blow the top off his head! Then, after all these terrible dangers and close calls and triumphs of luck and mother wit, what happens to the poor bastard? Does he get to relax and enjoy his hard-won gains? Does he get anything better than a Burger King as his reward? Hell no! He goes straight from the frying pan into the fire.

Just because he feels so close to Tim at the moment, he lets himself be persuaded to do something that he knows is dumb. He sticks his head straight into the hanging noose in Hawthorne. Hawthorne, for Christ's sake! What a place to get thrown in irons! So he cries. Cries his eyes out. Cries so hard and loud that it seems that he may go mad in that country courtroom.

Finally, the judge says to him: "You know, ah knew a man once that would cry jes like that, son. Don't ah know you?" "No, sir," mumbles the Kid in a barely audible little boy's voice. "Yes," muses the gray, old cracker judge, "ah knew a man once jes laike you. Turn around, son. See that pitcha hangin' over theah on the wall?" The Kid turns around and looks at an old, yellowed photo framed on the wall. It shows a face he recognizes instantly. It's his grandfather—with his arm around this very judge.

As the Kid stands there, staring in disbelief, he hears a tired, old voice behind him with a thick country twang. "You kin go now, son," says the voice. "Call yer people 'n' have 'em come and pick ya up." 



"I knew they'd get around to it sooner or later."

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

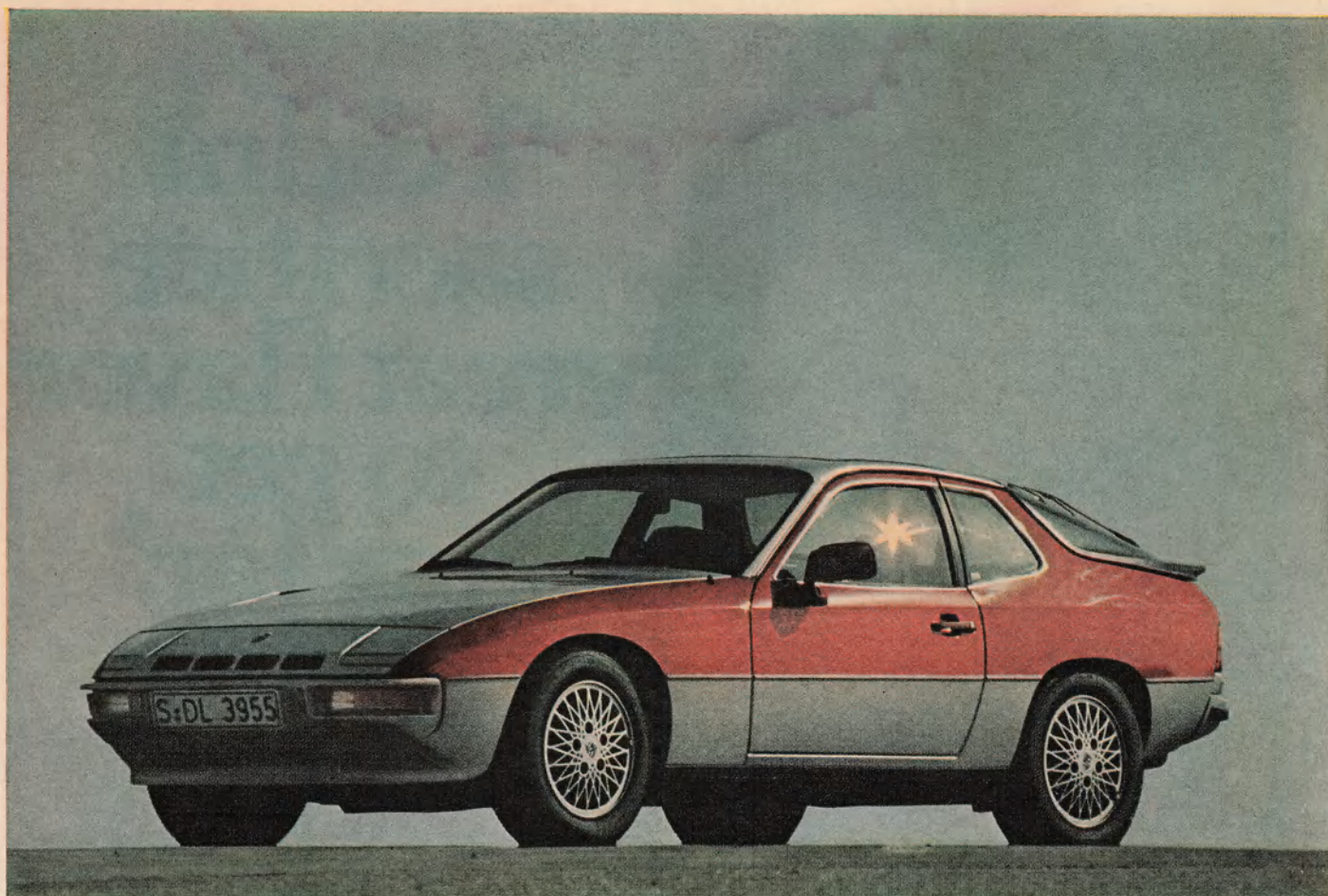


Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE

BY WADE HOYT

When Porsche introduced its 924 coupe in 1976, it served three purposes: it was a replacement for the Volkswagen-engined 914 model, which had been discontinued; it was Porsche's price leader, selling for \$9,500; and it was the first of a new generation of Porsches, with water-cooled, front-mounted engines—a radical departure for a company that had made its reputation with air-cooled, rear-engined cars.

Even the Porsche factory was willing to admit that it had taken the air-cooled premise of their founder, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, about as far as it could go—from the first hot-rodded Volkswagen of the 1940s to the blistering Turbo Carreras of the 1970s. It was time for a new premise and a new generation of sports cars, and it was ushered in by Dr. Porsche's son, Ferry. The V-8-engined 928 was still up the corporate sleeve when the four-cylinder 924 gave the public its first taste

of Porsches to come.

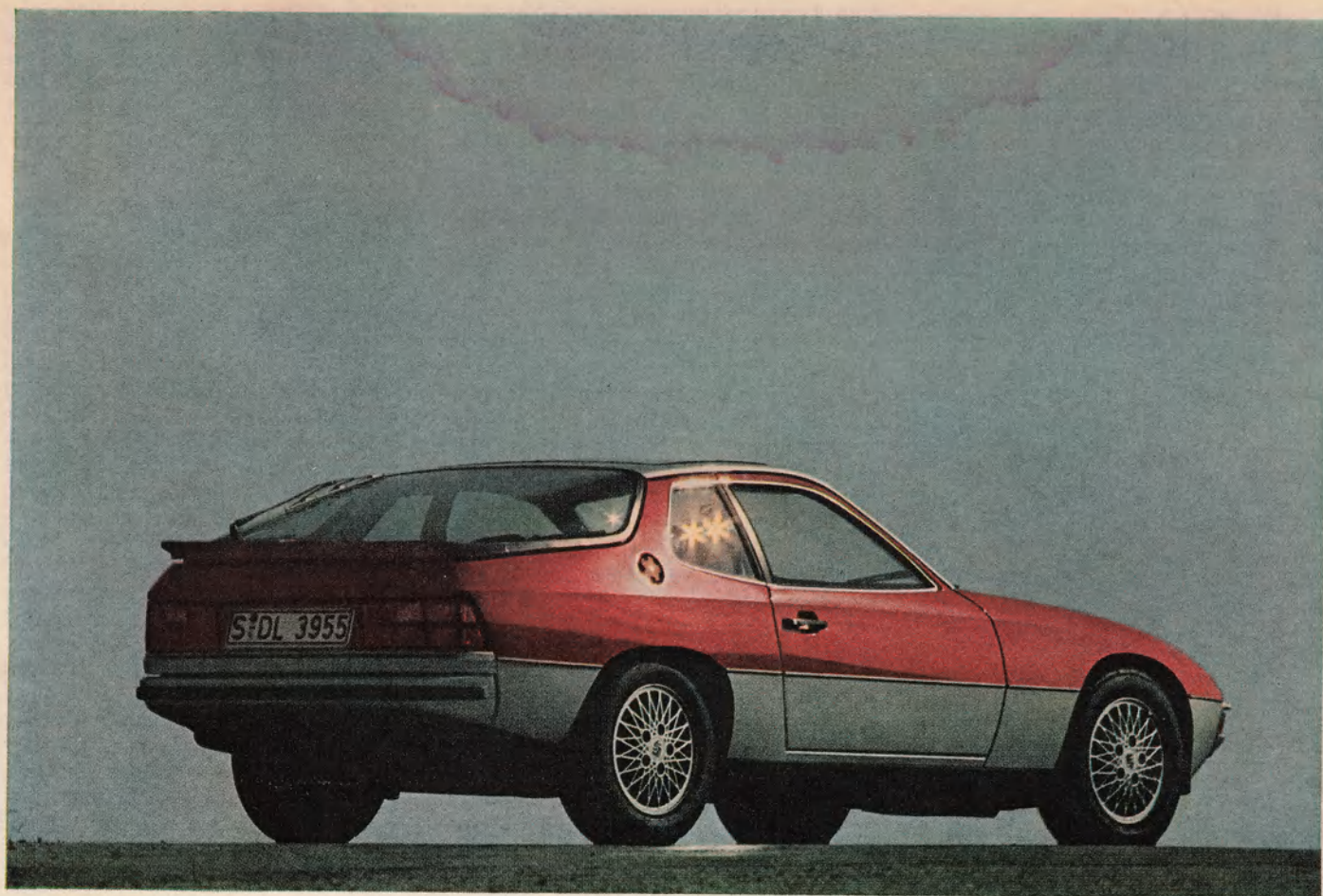
The new car was a success, despite the uninspiring performance of its 95 hp Audi engine (a 0 to 60 time of twelve seconds and a top speed of 110 mph). In 1977 the 924's power was increased to 110 hp and its top speed to 117 mph, while its 0 to 60 time dropped to eleven seconds. But the declining value of the dollar had pushed the price of the 924 up to \$11,000, and sales declined. Today's 924 costs almost \$15,000.

The new 924 Turbo has eliminated all of the old car's negative aspects while preserving its positive ones. It is even more expensive, but it is also a lot more car. The turbocharger, spinning at 90,000 rpm, rams an extra 10 psi of fuel and air into the cylinders, raising the effective compression ratio from 7.5:1 to 10.8:1, boosting horsepower 36 percent and torque 48 percent. Its radically improved cylinder head was designed by Porsche, and each highly modified four-cylinder engine

is now assembled and tested at full power in the Porsche factory. The bigger wheels and tires, the aerodynamic spoilers front and rear, the additional radiator air inlets, and the NACA hood scoop all give the 924 Turbo an aggressive look that its unblown stablemate lacks. Extra sound deadening, added to squelch the characteristic whine of the turbocharger, makes the 924 Turbo quiet and rattle-free at all speeds.

For authenticity's sake, I test-drove the 924 Turbo in its native habitat: the tortuous back roads of West Germany's Swabian Alps and the flat-out, no-holds-barred superhighway, the autobahn.

First, the country roads. I quickly became convinced that the Turbo can hold its own with any modern Porsche. It is a fast car that is ideally suited for squirting along twisty back roads. Although it feels a bit strangled below 2,000 rpm, the Turbo comes on with a vengeance at about 2,300. With five speeds in the



The new Porsche 924 Turbo
goes from zero to sixty in 7.8 seconds—
with your back to the wall—
and tops out at a mere 155 mph.

rear-mounted transmission, it's no problem to keep the blower in its boost range all day long.

The upgraded suspension has vastly improved the 924's ride and handling. The steering is not only fast and precise but also so effortless that it almost seems power assisted.

On the autobahn, where there is no speed limit, I got a chance to see how fast the Turbo could move. I put the pedal to the floor, and the speedometer needle rose rapidly to 200 kilometers an hour and then slowed somewhat as it continued to climb to 220, 240, and, finally, 250.

A metric speedometer is as good as Monopoly money to me. I knew we were going fast, but the outstanding suspension and aerodynamics made it seem like no more than 90 mph. The car was rock steady and got light only for a moment, when we crested humps in the road.

"How much is 250 kilometers an hour in American money?" I asked my white-knuckled companion.

"Approximately 155 miles per hour," was her reply.

The factory claims a top speed of 140 mph. Speedometers are least accurate at the high end; but when you figure in tire expansion, a slight downgrade, and perhaps a tail wind as well, an honest 155 mph would not be impossible.

Even Sunday drivers in Germany are amazingly disciplined, and one flash of the high-intensity passing lights, which are built into the bumpers of European 924s for just this purpose, sends slower drivers scurrying out of the way. Some motorists, however—like fat cats in Mercedes—are not inclined to scurry, and this gave me a chance to test the Turbo's brakes. The ventilated discs on all four wheels can haul you down from 150 mph to perhaps half that speed again and again, with total confidence. Braking is

straight and true, with no fading and excellent pedal modulation.

Driving at 100 mph over the limit takes some getting used to, especially on a road that could pass for your local interstate. It certainly cuts your commuting time, and I was miles past my exit before I even started to look for it.

Aside from your license, how much will all of this cost in America? Porsche figures that most of us won't be driving at more than 100 mph; so you can order the 924 Turbo without the upgraded brakes and suspension and save \$1,500. The full package will cost from \$20,000 to \$21,000 (depending on the strength of the deutsche mark), or almost as much as a Porsche 911. Smog-controlled U.S. engines are down from 170 to 150 hp, and top speed shrinks to 130 mph, but the gear ratios have been shuffled to match closely the European car's 0-to-60 mph time of 7.8 seconds—a full three seconds quicker than the "ordinary" 924. 

anyway. It felt glorious. So I gave up trying to make him stop and was so carried away that I didn't notice that my wraparound skirt was completely unwrapped. There I was, about to come wildly, sitting completely naked in the balcony of the theater. Then he decided he wanted to really make love. I was going to object, but when I felt his thick cock sliding into me, it felt so great that I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

When Paul had come, he sat down and I started dressing. I was buttoning my blouse when I felt a tap on my shoulder. We turned, and it was the old man. Smiling, he said, "I've never seen a better show!" I jumped up and ran out of the theater as fast I could with Paul running behind me. In my haste, I left my panties there. On the way home, Paul was so excited that he couldn't wait—he pulled over to the side of the road and sucked and fucked me again like a madman.

I have no complaints about Paul's treatment of me. He's very good to me and treats me wonderfully. I know he loves me, and I do love him. And after all, he does adore my body. He just gets a thrill when other men see my body—I get repaid with terrific sex. I want to know if I should go along with his perversion and expose myself for his excitement.—T.H.

Sure, if you don't mind exposing yourself to the wrath of the law.

GREASY SOLUTION

I read the letter in the March 1979 issue called "Light My Fire." You replied, "The light-sticks were definitely not invented to be used as a kind of body lotion for freaked-out lovers who want to glow all the time." For the benefit of that person and the rest of your readers, I have a solution that is harmless. All you need is a black light and a jar of Vaseline. Anything white looks fluorescent, and Vaseline reflects the same way. My boyfriend and I have had many crazy nights with a jar of Vaseline and a black light. It may be a little greasy, but it won't stain your bed sheets or cause any side effects. Besides, it adds to the evening's play when you have to jump into the shower to get it off.—E.S.

I discovered your Vaseline-and-black-light trick some time ago. A friend of mine rented out a discotheque for a party one evening; and shortly after everyone had arrived, an orgy ensued on the dance floor. The DJ in the booth was playing some sexy Donna Summer records and working the strobes and the black lights. The guy who gave the party was prepared and brought along some great lubricants, including Vaseline. I don't think anyone there was quite prepared for the effect of all those cocks coated in a luminescent white. It had the

effect of enlarging the cocks. I mean, six inches all of a sudden looked like a good foot. No kidding! And of course after we women had taken at least one cock greased with Vaseline, our pussies lit up like burning bushes.

Safe but kinky!

LESS THAN PERFECTION

I am a perfectionist, which has me very worried and upset. It's very difficult for me to be turned on by a less-than-perfect body along with an attractive face. I need more than that to be truly interested. The woman must be intelligent, have a great personality, and have a lot of different interests, ambition, and maturity. The second part of my problem is that although I'm thirty years old, most people think I'm in my early twenties. This, coupled with the fact that I'm a student living on limited funds, decreases the number of women I meet whom I can find desirable.

My life-style is above that of most students, and sure, I get laid by a lot of ladies. But most of them are young and empty-headed, or else they are closer to my age, with bodies that have gotten flabby. I've always been told that I'm very attractive, and most of the women I've known find me more interesting and sensitive than other guys in their lives. In the bedroom, most say, I'm superior to or equalled by only one of their previous lovers. I have a great variety of unusual interests, and the activities I excel in keep my body in excellent shape. I'm generally compatible with most people I meet, but I quickly lose interest in my lovers. I've tried alternating among them—as many as five at a time—but it doesn't help. I'm adept at meeting new prospects, but it always ends up the same way: I get bored.

It's very hard to tell someone that she doesn't cut it anymore. I don't want to spend the rest of my life masturbating to pictures of desirable women, but I'm sick and tired of temporarily accepting less than what I need. Help—I'm very dissatisfied and frustrated!—D.G.

You sound like a narcissist, and I suggest you see a shrink—for your ego, if nothing else. Unless, of course, you enjoy your one-to-one relationship. If nothing else, it's a lifelong affair.

ON-THE-JOB JOLLIES

Let me tell you of one woman's experience with a Ben-Wa vibrating egg. You know—it's that very small egg with a wire going to a remote off-on switch.

The egg works without sound, because the motor is in your abdomen, which absorbs the whirring. The switch, which holds two penlight batteries, is placed in the bra, where it can be reached easily. The wire connecting the two is hidden by your dress or blouse.

About a month ago, while dressing in the morning for work and feeling a tad depressed, I decided to experiment with my Ben-Wa. Before dressing, I placed the egg well up into my vagina and put on a pair of



"Purvis, you spend so much time in the washroom that we're moving your desk in."

panties. Then I ran the little wire up my tummy, placed the switch box, which is small, in my bra, and continued dressing. While on my way to work, I was stuck in the usual everyday traffic jam. So I turned up my radio, reached into the top of my dress, and switched my little orgasmic time bomb on. While others were just sitting there wasting time in traffic, I was on my way to a terrific orgasm. When I got to work, naturally, I had to switch my little toy off; but as soon as things slowed down, I hit the switch again. Since I work alone in my own little reception area, I had total privacy to enjoy my own delicious reception of multiple orgasms.

I sometimes put my six-inch wand in, but tight jeans must be worn to hold this one in, since it is heavier than most. Hope my experience with my Ben-Wa will inspire your devoted readers and egg them on—or off.—Bennie

The Ben-Wa is a wonderful instrument, but I wouldn't suggest using it on the job. Back when I was a secretary, I put a Ben-Wa into my vagina before work one day and got so high transcribing a tape that everyone in the office thought I was typing up pornography. I didn't realize at the time that my face was going through all kinds of orgasmic contortions. Luckily, a girl friend brought this to my attention before my boss saw me. Another bad side effect was that the Ben-Wa did not improve my typing speed.

EUROPEAN LOVE

I was fortunate to have spent my early years (from fifteen to twenty) living in various parts of Europe. Having had all of my formal education in American international schools created many opportunities to meet girls of different nationalities and backgrounds.

The escapade I'd like to speak of occurred after graduation, when I went from being a small-time hash dealer to a full-time operator. Although the profit was appealing, I enjoyed it more because I met many different people. One day in early summer, my partner, Norman, and I packed up to hitch down to Italy to party and dump some merchandise. We weren't at the side of the autobahn more than ten minutes when a gray Mercedes van slowed down to pick us up. We grabbed our packs and ran for the open door. Norman was ahead of me, and when he saw the occupants, he just stood there, mouth agape. Neither of us could believe his eyes.

Inside were two of the most fantastic looking women I'd ever seen. It turned out that the two were sisters. Louisa was the blonde, and Marta was the older brunette. They were the daughters of a wealthy merchant from outside of Munich and were just starting out on a two-month holiday in the sun. Our destinations matched; so after storing our packs we promptly set out. By afternoon we were deep in the mountains around the Trieste border crossing. The roads here are well maintained but very



"Your Chivas or mine?"

dangerous, and I was getting the feeling that Marta was struggling with the van and might lose control. Norman took over the wheel, and it was decided that he and I would do the driving from there on out.

When evening came, we pulled off to camp for the night in the hills surrounding Italy. Norman and I were perfectly content to camp outside the van that night, but the girls claimed there was plenty of room inside the van. To prove it, they assembled the bed, which consisted of two sections that folded up into the walls. When dropped down, they created one very large bed, complete with eiderdown quilts and lots of pillows.

By this time Marta and Norman had paired off, leaving me with Louisa. After sitting cozily around the fire for a while, Louisa took me by the hand and led me to that expansive bed. Once we were inside,

without a word, she started to undress me. When I was naked, she pushed me down on the bed and took my cock in her mouth. After a few minutes of this toe-curling ecstasy, I came deep in her mouth. She quickly stood up and seductively disrobed in the pale light of the van. I almost foamed at the mouth as her pointed, cherry-colored nipples appeared and her moist, blonde pussy waved in my face. It was my turn to ease her down on the bed to patiently administer to her needs. My work was well appreciated, judging from her moaning and thrashing about. In one quick motion my now soaked face and beard were replaced with my aching cock, and I drove it all the way in, my balls slapping the cheeks of her ass. This action increased her euphoria to a point where I thought I would surely faint. To me the more beautiful and responsive the partner, the longer my ability

to give pleasure, and this fox was driving me crazy. Feeling me tensing for ejaculation, she locked her legs around my back and forcefully pulled me in as far as she could.

Making love to Louisa became even better as we traveled along the entire southern coast. Norman and I ended up staying with the two girls for almost three months. I also made love to Marta and, while Norman was away, enjoyed a threesome. No two women ever taught me so much about giving and receiving pleasure. Please accept this letter as a tribute and a salute to European women.—H.K.

With pleasure!

A HORNY PROBLEM

I'm a twenty-four-year-old woman and have been married for five years. My husband,

Introducing the **TRETORN XT**

The men's tennis shoe with the durable sole that's extra tough and long lasting.



TRETORN®
XT

*Incredible comfort.
Tremendous durability.*

Danny, is a very gentle and considerate lover. The problem is me. I have had only one orgasm during intercourse, and that was five years ago, on my honeymoon. This state of affairs was due, I think, to my strict upbringing, which was the biggest grief of my life. Danny and I did a lot of heavy petting, but I always stopped him before he could actually penetrate me. Then, all of a sudden, after a short wedding ceremony, I was expected to jump in bed and fuck like crazy with absolutely no guilt feelings whatsoever.

I've tried everything. Once I tried to give him a blowjob, but I hated it when he started to come and I started to gag. One time I decided to seduce my husband after he had gone to sleep; but when he woke up, I was too embarrassed to go through with it. It has gotten to the point where I avoid sex altogether because I know it will be a big letdown for me. I know I'm not frigid, because I get terribly aroused when I read Penthouse or sexy books. I can always masturbate to orgasm, and I have a lot of sexy fantasies. Danny has no idea that I masturbate, and I could never tell him. He swears that he has never touched himself and never will. I'm afraid it would disgust him to see me playing with my own body. (But I would love to see him jerk off, just for me.)

I can hardly bring myself to touch his cock. It makes me feel dirty. I feel that if Danny would take the upper hand and force me to try things that I have thus far shied away from, in time I could overcome my inhibitions and learn to enjoy the finer aspects of sex.

In my fantasies he takes off my nightgown and then pushes me down on the bed. Then, with the lights still on, he begins very slowly to kiss and lick me everywhere. I suck on him until he comes, and I swallow it all. Then he turns me over and, still gently holding me down, takes a big vibrator and sticks it in me while he screws me anally.

These are all things I have begun to feel I want to do, or at least try once or twice. But I'm too inhibited, and I'm afraid that if I take the initiative in bed, I might turn Danny off.

My question to you is, How can I get my husband to go along with all of this when I can't even bring myself to talk to him about sex? Besides, even if I did ask him and he agreed to try it, it wouldn't be the same. I would feel dirtier than ever asking him to force himself on me. Is there any hope at all for me?—W.N.

The fact that you wrote this letter and expressed an explicit sexual fantasy to me is proof that not all is lost. If you can possibly muster up the courage, show your husband this letter. You don't have to tell him you wrote it. Just say you find the letter to be very interesting. He'll ask you why. And you can say, "I just identify with it." His questions should lead to the realization of your fantasy.

WIFELY FAVORS

I have recently enjoyed an experience that I



PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS

Complete Control For The Over Eager Male STA-POWER SPRAY Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY \$6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You And Delight Your Partner ERECTION PILLS

Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the timpest of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS \$6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?

STA-POWER PILLS For A Terrific Rise — Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS \$5.95

Do You Need Help?

INSTANT ERECTION CREAM

Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is skillfully compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

CREAM \$6.95

Guaranteed To Make Her Hot

IMITATION SPANISH FLY & GINSENG

Do You Measure Up? You Can. Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our Imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steinbold: "...if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS \$8.95

POTENT PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. P-679
P.O. Box 535 Cooper Station New York, N.Y. 10003

would like to share with your readers, since it has opened a whole new world for my husband and me.

As a recently married couple (the second time for both of us), we have been exploring each other's fantasies and having a good time doing so.

One desire of my husband's was for me to pose for other men, allowing his imagination to wander. I did this recently with a photographer whom I knew had been asking me to model for quite some time. He is a part-owner of a small shop that specializes in very expensive, sexy clothes, and he wanted me to model some of them for some advertising that he was doing. We did the pictures at his home by the pool, which afforded us complete privacy and helped make me comfortable. The setting was perfect for me to try some things out.

As Phil set up the camera, I was to change in the cabana at poolside. I noticed that if I did not firmly latch the door, it would swing open just enough so that he could see into the room without being obvious. After I had changed into the first outfit and he had done some shooting to relax me, we selected an outfit that was sexy—but also impossible to wear with anything on under it. As I entered the cabana once again, I "accidentally" left the door unlatched. Taking my time, I nervously undressed and stood naked in front of the mirror, brushing my hair. Unknown to Phil, I could see him in the mirror, watching me, and I loved every mo-

ment of it. I did this each time we changed outfits and was becoming quite excited at the idea of him watching me. I had never exposed myself this way before but realized that it was a treat I had been missing. When we were done with the pictures that he needed, I asked him if he would like to take some "for the fun of it," which he quickly agreed to.

Once again I went to the cabana to change, knowing that I would be watched, and put on my sexiest swimsuit, a stretchy nylon. Since it is white, the sight for Phil was just what I had in mind. It did not hide much of me at all. After several photos around the pool, I got into the water, being careful not to get my hair wet. I then got out, sitting on the edge while he took pictures of me in my now completely transparent suit. The excitement that I felt could not be described. Here I was, in a suit that showed all of me, being photographed in the open by a man who had by now developed an obvious erection. I had never known this kind of a feeling before. Now, feeling very sexy, and bolder than ever, I took off the suit as he kept on shooting. My poses became wilder, and finally I was fingering myself to orgasm for the camera. I had not intended to become so intense, but I did not regret it. When I had dressed, Phil asked me if I would pose for his camera club sometime.

When I got the pictures, I selected a quiet evening to show my husband the results. I had never seen him become so ex-

cited so quickly. Our lovemaking was wild, and he was almost uncontrollable. He especially liked hearing how I had let Phil spy on me when I changed. It was then that I discovered another fantasy of his. He began asking how I knew that Phil was hard and whether I had helped him get soft. Not knowing how else to answer, I said that there was only one way for me to really know how hard he was. With that, my husband shot his load all over. Continued pillow talk fed his fantasy, and I found myself improvising stories that hinted at sexual affairs. The frequency, duration, and quality of our sex increased, and it became obvious that he wanted me to have sex with another man so that he could watch or hear about it. I began to experiment, to be sure that this was what he wanted. I became very graphic in telling him of affairs I had had before we met, and I noticed that his excitement increased.

One day a male friend of mine from out of town called to invite me for drinks after work. A call to my husband gave me the okay, with the statement that I should have a good time. After we had several drinks, I was ready to go home, and my friend walked me to the car, giving me a more than friendly kiss. I surprised myself by responding to his advances and allowing his hands to wander freely over my body. I reached into his pants and felt his stiff cock and knew that I wanted it. We ended up fucking in his motel room. When I got home, my husband seemed to anticipate what I was about to tell him. Waiting for me in bed, he asked if I had enjoyed myself. I just smiled and, getting into bed, told him that I wanted him to be my second fuck of the night. In seconds he was hard as a rock. He asked me how he could tell if this was the second time; so I told him to taste the come in my pussy if he wanted to be sure. In a flash, his tongue was in me, giving me the best "eating out" that I had ever had. He was harder and bigger than I could ever recall and gave me a screwing that I won't soon forget.

Since that time I've fucked fifteen different men with my husband's permission and encouragement, each time telling him the details. It has been an addition to, not a replacement of, our sex at home. I feel that I am very lucky to have a man like this who lets me have fun outside, with the bonus being that it makes him happy. Besides all else, my own self-confidence is much stronger, and I am a happier and more fulfilled person.

I'll be the first to admit that not all marriages will benefit from this kind of an arrangement, but I suggest that women find out if their men like the idea, and if so, try it. I'm glad I did, and so is my husband. He got a big raise the day after I screwed his boss.—M. P.

Voyeur husbands seem to be a dime a dozen these days. Why don't you make your husband really happy by reserving some certain, special sexual favor for when you're with him, one that you never do with others? O—

Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair

Once Attainable Only in Private Doctor Run "Baldness" Clinics,
Now You Can Receive Biotin Directly Through The Mail!

Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who were losing their hair have flocked to the expensive newly created treatment centers where 'specially trained' personnel apply a Biotin gel to these people's scalps to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

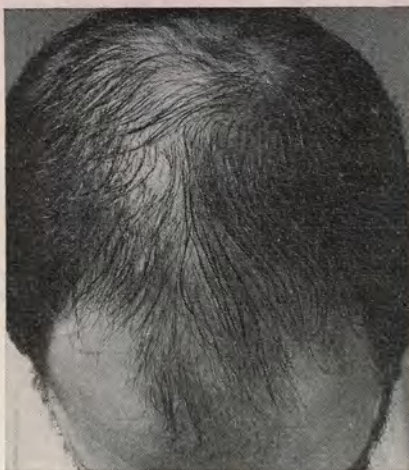
Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel.

Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

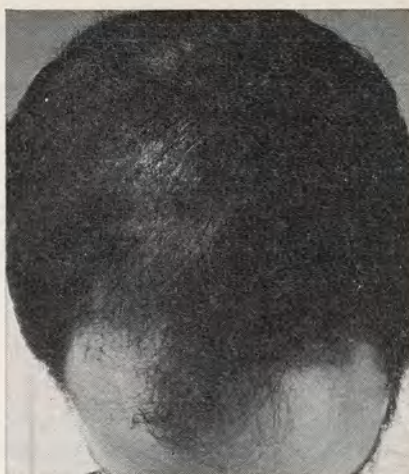
Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

The hair stops growing because the hormone androgen (testosterone) shortens your hair's growing phase. Quite plainly, your hair rests too soon! This is not an unnatural process: almost every man alive has noticed that his hair starts to thin as he becomes more mature . . . and it's the accumulation of the testosterone hormone that does it!

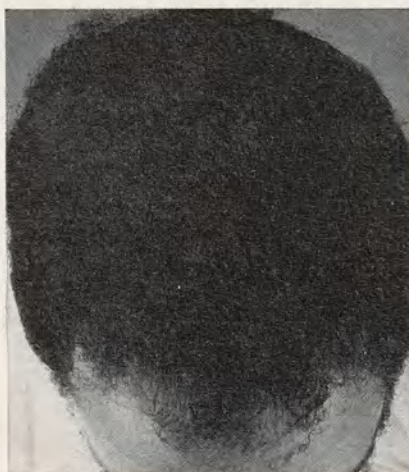
When the testosterone accumulation increases to too great an extent, the hair's growth cycle becomes so very short that only "fuzz" (or less!) is grown! The dormant cycle has taken over. If that's what has happened, or is happening to you, Biotin Solution Hair



Before Biotin Treatment.



After 10 weeks of Biotin Treatment.



After 6 months of Biotin Treatment

Restoration Gel is the remedy.

Biotin Solution combats the testosterone build-up and the hair's normal cycle of growth has a chance to return. If your hair is only "sleeping," Biotin Solution will wake it up, and you'll be on your way to the most fabulous head of hair you can possibly have!

Biotin Solution Controls Excessive Hair Loss, Too!

The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

In the intensive research done with Biotin, in addition to proving Biotin able to catalyze hair growth in dormant scalps, Biotin brought excessive hair loss under control in 9 out of 10 cases!

A Doctor Discovered Biotin's Secret, But You Don't Need A Doctor To Use It.

You can get Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel to use and apply by yourself. You don't need any special training. You don't need any special, expensive equipment. All you need to do is massage a small amount of Biotin Solution into your scalp once every morning and once every evening.

If you're balding, or losing more hair than you should due to a testosterone accumulation, Biotin Solution is exactly what you need!

It's not a magical baldness cure. It's Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel. Backed by science and research.

Use the coupon to order your Biotin Solution today!



(101) Rush ___ jar(s) of Biotin Solution at \$14.95 each plus \$1.00 shipping. I have enclosed ___ in ☐ check ☐ money order
Charge to my _____
Card expiration date _____
VISA # _____
Master Charge # _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. # _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Mail to: *Standard Research Laboratories
P.O. Box 9547
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33310
A product of PH06
STANDARD RESEARCH LABS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

"Joe taught me a lot," says Gilda. "He taught all of us a lot. And the best thing about him, I always thought, was that he enjoyed teaching you how to work hard to make another person look good on stage."

During the first two years of SCTV, Flaherty worked closely with Harold Ramis. "Dr. Jokes, I called him," says Flaherty of his colleague. "He's one of the funniest people I know. See, we don't have a Lorne Michaels, somebody who can make a decision. Harold was the head writer, and he did a lot of that. Now we make a lot of committee decisions, and that can be awkward."

With Ramis gone, the isolation of Toronto is getting to Joe. "We get no feedback, we don't know what people think of us, we don't know what's going on." Flaherty suddenly looks troubled, like a very tall, thin, brooding Jesuit, pondering his doubts. "God, we're in *Toronto*. And that's a long way from New York."

If Flaherty's avuncular kindness holds the group together in some sort of familial embrace, then Catherine O'Hara is the goofy kid sister of the brood. "She has an incredible amount of talent," says SCTV producer Andrew Alexander. "She can take any role and work it for all it's worth." The principal character O'Hara portrays, Lola Heatherton, is, in fact, such a masterful parody of a talentless starlet that it nearly betrays the actress's own performing abilities. "I still am not sure yet of what I'm doing," she confides. "I mean, most of the stuff I've done I've written myself. And that's rewarding. But I'm still just getting into it; I have a lot to learn."

O'Hara came to SCTV straight from high school. Flaherty, who was directing the series' stage show at the time, asked her to understudy for Gilda Radner. "Right away Gilda went to Saturday Night. It was very hard filling in because she had a lot of fans. And it was my first professional job. I don't know how I survived it." She suddenly turns pensive and swallows her Hepburn grin. "Well, I know how I survived it. I *really* needed a job."

If O'Hara's feet seem to be firmly grounded in gleeful pragmatism, Dave Thomas's feet haven't touched terra firma yet. He enters a room with the force of a minor explosion in a tropical war, energetically offering his visitor drinks, cigarettes, *more* drinks, and a tour of his small duplex apartment.

Thomas is working on a screenplay with Eugene Levy. "I write movie scripts by the yard," he says. "Here, look——" Stretched across the bare floor of his study are several yards of what appears in fact to be movie scripts, sheet after sheet, taped together. "I type it in rolls; it makes it seem like

208 PENTHOUSE



The zip-lock bag keeps your smoke fresh and potent. The Mini-Maxi roller and rolling papers help you turn out smooth, even-burning numbers every time. The Oz. It helps you keep it all together.

____ Oz. (Zip-lock bag, Mini-Maxi and 3 booklets of paper) \$4.00*

_____ Oz. T-Shirt (☐ S, ☐ M, ☐ L, ☐ XL) \$6.00*

_____ Oz. and T-Shirt Combo \$9.00*

*Includes shipping and handling
California residents add 6% Sales Tax

Please send check, money order or charge (no C.O.D.)

☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐ BankAmericard exp.date ____[illegible]

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

RIZLA

8601 Hayden Pl. Culver City, Ca 90230

P 6/79 ©1978, Rizla Products, U.S., Inc.

a long manuscript."

In many ways, Thomas is the most ruthless comic on SCTV; his parodies of Bob Hope and Captain Kangaroo (whom he has rechristened "Captain Combat") barely conceal a cynicism that seems to be common to many performers in the SNL-SCTV axis. However, Thomas doesn't foresee his future as being tied to acting. "Eugene and I have this script we're going to start on. But it won't take us out of Second City. We're going to do it at night."

For Andrea Martin, life is a whole-wheat-on-rye sandwich. "I'm at the crossroads of my life," she complains. "It's a lot of trouble, you know? I'm not interested in television very much; Second City gives me enough of that. I think theater people have less ego problem than television people. They don't have that continual recognition thing; it's easier to separate yourself from it."

Martin spends her weekends at Stratford in Ontario, playing straight Shakespearean roles. "It seems strange sometimes to go from Second City to something like that. But I love it; it keeps me sane." She is in many ways a fragile sylph of opposites. "I'm very sensual," she confides, "even when it comes to comedy. But there is a very pragmatic side to me. My bedroom is all pink, and I have various whips in the closet, various—um—devices. I guess that sums up my personality."

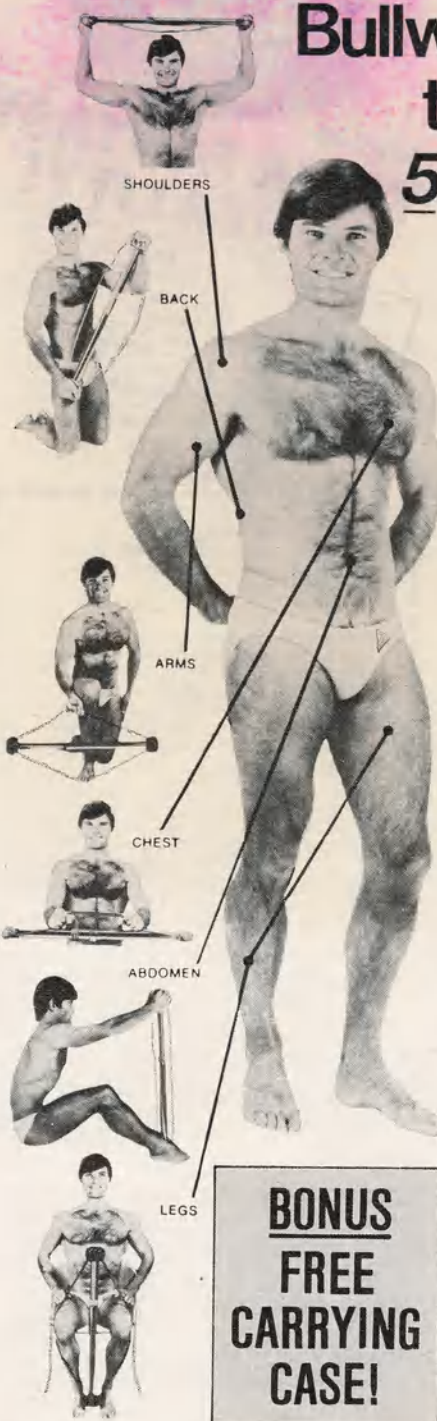
Eugene Levy looms over his lunch like a dour Russian poet come in from the rain. He is in every respect the complete reverse of his characters, Bobby Bittman and Earl Camembert. Where Bittman, with his insipid leer, wears his heavy jewelry like so many trophies around his neck, Levy wears his introspective pensiveness like a war medal. Even the tiresome comparison to SNL seems to arouse in him an intellectual hostility: "They [SNL] can stretch the limits, and they can keep on stretching the limits of television. They have pioneered the way for shows like ours. But a lot of their stuff I find tasteless—I have to say it—and I don't get off on it."

"We rely on characters for laughs," he concludes, summing up the SCTV approach, "not on lines. All we're playing to is the camera, and the camera sees everything."

SCTV is assured of its third season in syndication, but the strain is beginning to tell. The members want to keep their humor tough, to be even more outrageous than they've been, to have more control over their program; they want to prevent what happened earlier this year when the former distributor of the show withdrew a Jerry Lewis Telethon parody because it cut a little too close to the bone.

But more than that, SCTV wants network recognition, a kind of insurance against the geographic and psychic isolation of the Canadian tundra. And many think that the show deserves it. "In terms of being consistently funny," says one Saturday Night Live insider, "it's a lot better than we are. Well, not a lot better. But really good." 

If you're into fitness, Bullworker® puts it all together *in only* *5 minutes a day:*



"Looking for a fitness program that's fast, easy and gets results right away?," asks fitness expert, Bob Breton. "Bullworker puts it all together. In just 5 minutes a day you can give your body a complete fitness workout: shoulders, back, arms, chest, abdomen and legs."

It's fast: each exercise takes only 7 seconds, once a day.

It's easy: any man between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the whole program without getting tired.

You can see your progress right from the very first day on the built-in Powermeter gauge. After two to three weeks of training, most men can expect to measure an extra inch or two of muscles on their shoulders, chest and biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the middle.

And that's just the start: there are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming down any part of your body you want to. What's more, since Bullworker training is progressive, you perform better each time. Yet the training always seems easy since with every workout your strength increases by about 1%—that's an increase of up to 50% in the first three months.

"I earn my living by keeping executives in top shape," says Bob. "My customers want results and they want them fast. I recommend Bullworker for one reason only: because it's the most advanced fitness trainer on the market and you better believe it."

YES! I accept Bob Breton's invitation to try, at your expense the famous Bullworker for a FREE TWO-WEEK HOME TRIAL. The Bullworker must help me achieve a wonderful new-found feeling of strength and health.



**BONUS
FREE
CARRYING
CASE!**

© BULLWORKER SERVICE, 201 Lincoln Blvd. P.O. Box X, Middlesex, N.J. 08846

263DS

Check Payment Plan Below:

☐ I ENCLOSE \$1.00 DOWN

Enclosed is \$1.00 to help cover part of the shipping expenses. If not delighted with results I will return the Bullworker within 14 days and owe nothing. Otherwise I will then pay only \$3.81* per week for 12 weeks. These payments cover the sales price of \$42.50 plus postage and handling of \$4.22 for a total price of \$46.72.

☐ I ENCLOSE \$42.50* NOW TO SAVE \$4.22 SHIPPING & HANDLING CHARGES

Enclosed is full payment of \$42.50.* I save \$4.22. You pay postage & handling charges. (Prompt refund under 2 weeks "guaranteed results" no-risk offer.)

*New Jersey, New York Residents Add Sales Tax.

BULLWORKER SERVICE, Dept. BWD3649

201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box X, Middlesex, N.J. 08846

YES! I accept your no risk 14 day home trial. I am checking the payment plan most convenient to me.

Name _____ Age _____

please print

Street _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

AL

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS!



The Atlas—Straightforward, totally revealing European approach unveils the full story of human sexual development. Includes sections on masturbation, erogenous areas, special love techniques, nymphomania, exhibitionism, and many others. Beautiful full color photographs reveal sexual acts and practices in explicit detail. Money back if not delighted. Nationally advertised at \$16.95. 173 pages. Now Only \$8.95.

Xavier's Supersex—Now the world's most happy hooker tells you point by point how your sex can be better anywhere... Over 200 pages of text and explicit illustrations. Published price of \$20 now available for just \$9.95. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.



Naked Sex Positions—This beautiful and erotic book is fully illustrated by a lovely nude couple demonstrating an astounding variety of sexual positions—sitting, side-to-side, rear entry, standing, acrobatics, and more. Wander through this garden of passion! Just \$5.95.



YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

House of Romeo

Suite 12-F, 112 E. 19th St.
New York, N.Y. 10003
Dept. PH9-Z

Please rush in plain package

- ☐ #614B The Atlas of Sexual Pleasures. \$ 8.95
- ☐ #616B Xavier's Supersex. \$ 9.95
- ☐ #634B Naked Sex Positions. \$ 5.95
- ☐ #638B All three. \$18.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



WHERE YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!



Send for exciting FASHION-FILLED CATALOGS featuring the NEWEST Erotic Sensations in lingerie, foundations, garter belts, wigs & shoes, PLUS hundreds of unusual items available in regular & larger sizes.

CALL for nearest Retail Location (212) 371-6877



MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P-679
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Check Catalog(s) Desired

- ☐ Exotica Boutique Catalog Subscription (\$3.00) (deductible from first order)
- ☐ Sexual Aids Catalog (\$3.00)
- ☐ Catalog of Restraints (\$9.00)
- ☐ TV and Rubber Clothing Catalog (\$9.00) For Men

I enclose \$ _____ in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ MO

(NY Residents please add tax) U.S. Funds Only

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FRANCHISE DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE
write for details

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER

LET'S GET SMALL!

If you would like information about the equipment mentioned in the article on pages 140-143, check the appropriate box and mail to: Maureen Sharkey, PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ☐ Canon | ☐ Nikon |
| ☐ Chinon | ☐ Olympus |
| ☐ Konica | ☐ Pentax |
| ☐ Minolta | ☐ Polaroid |
| ☐ Minox | ☐ Yashica |

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please inquire no later than December 1979.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Your interview with Mort Sahl has helped crystallize many thoughts and feelings for me. Having always been of a contrary nature, I have been enraged to see the total apathy that has enveloped this country. Mr. Sahl speaks of the indirect mockery of "heroes" today. I agree completely. It is time for all people of conscience to stand up and be heard and damn the consequences. I feel that a great deal of apathy today is due to guilt feelings stemming from unrevealed manipulations and opportunistic episodes in this country's history.

One must take into account the fact that all of these past crimes were the actions of the very element that is using our apathy to gain total power and to eliminate freedom. Is it natural cause and effect or deliberate manipulation?

I myself am very much opposed to groups. The only remedy is for the people to realize that they do have the power to make a difference. Only on an individual, day-to-day, personal level can the manipulators be stopped. The American people have always been the freest and strongest people on earth. Will they throw this noble experiment called democracy down the drain for lack of someone other than the manipulators to guide them? The natural evolution of a republic, such as the United

States, is toward the *individual*.

Mr. Sahl, there are people out here whom you can talk to and who will listen. I, for one, am willing to do anything and everything necessary to preserve my freedom and that of my loved ones. I have faith in America and her people.—*Michael Hansen, USMC, San Francisco, Calif.*

The Carter show

After reading the Billy Carter interview (February 1979), I am convinced that he is as phony and venal as his brother in the White House, who is selling this country down the river. I suppose that one of these days he will put Miss Lillian in a cage with Idi Amin and sell tickets for the wrestling match.—*Frank Kelly, Union Lake, Mich.*

Better coaching needed

I am writing in response to Joseph Treaster's article "Violence in Sports" (March 1979).

In the article Mr. Treaster states that high-school athletes suffer the greatest number of injuries because there are so many of them, their bodies are still developing, and they aren't as well conditioned as the older players. I feel that Mr. Treaster left out one very important point: poor coaching has a lot to do with the amount of injuries that these children suffer every year.

Inasmuch as I'm an official and a coach, I've seen how fierce competition has become in sports. It is becoming a contest for

only the strongest. Children are very impressionable regarding sports. It is the coaches' duty and responsibility to teach the basics to every child so that he or she has an awareness of the sport and so the child can grow and enjoy the sport in which he or she is participating.

For example, every year many boys are paralyzed because of football injuries. Many boys are now learning from coaches how to duck their heads, when trying to tackle their opponents with their helmets. Hitting directly with the helmet is just asking for trouble.

Many injuries could be prevented if only there were enough qualified coaches teaching our young athletes. If the quality of coaching went up, that would bring about a new awareness in our professional athletes of tomorrow.—*K. M., Ft. Carson, Colo.*

Tried, tested, and true

I am writing in response to the March psychograph by Frank Donegan, "Can This Relationship Last?" I don't know about my fellow readers, but I took the test and tried to answer the questions truthfully. I have been married a little over four years. I have twin boys and four stepchildren.

I earned a score of seventy-six on the test, which suggested that it was a wonder that my mate and I were still together. What has made me decide to write to you is the fact that about two days after I took the test,

my wife ran off with another man. It would certainly appear that the test hit the nail on the head for me.

But what really moved me was this extraordinary realization while I was taking the test, I was wondering how my wife and I were still together. Keep up the good work on your excellent psychographic series.—S. K., Lock Haven, Pa.

MOANS & GROANS

I am writing in regard to your January 1979 Pet of the Month, Dusty Jackson. I am absolutely appalled at her statement about "eastern dude sissies." Such a statement leads me to believe that in Texas the brains were bred out of Ms. Jackson. If she had ever sampled an East Coast dude, perhaps one would be more than enough. The fact of the matter is that Ms. Jackson just doesn't appreciate class. Obviously, she prefers a wad of chewing gum between her cheeks. In view of my experience with women around the country, I prefer women from the East Coast. I think that Dusty Jackson should stick to the western honky-tonks and stay off the pages of *Penthouse*. I have recently moved to the golden West, and I must say that I far prefer the East and its very stimulating women.—B. R., Alamosa, Colo.

The man doth protest too much, we think. Perhaps your eastern charms haven't won the women of the West as much as you would like. Whatever the case, short of a show-down at sunset, we can only say: to each his (and her) own.

I've been reading *Penthouse* for almost ten years now from cover to cover. Every once in a while, I happen to pick up one of your competing magazines to see whether they have matched your great articles, fiction, interviews, and photography, but I find that they are still lacking the special touch of class that distinguishes *Penthouse* from its many emulators.

After reading the "Moans & Groans" letter in the March "Feedback" column about the Madam herself, Xaviera Hollander, I could not let my pen sit idle any longer. I am referring to the writer's strong advice to get rid of her.

I have known a few friends who confided in Xaviera—with fantastic results. The lady's counseling is direct, sincere, and even, at times, humorous. She does not give advice if she does not feel totally qualified to speak on the subject. She certainly is not "sexually obsessed," but she is a *sexpert*—an authority on the subject of sex!

Get rid of Xaviera Hollander? No way! Give the lady a raise, *Penthouse*, and a big kiss from me. Keep up the good work; you're doing one hell of a job!—G.S., Pensacola, Fla.

Keep those letters coming in! 



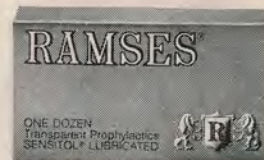
NUDA® THINNER THAN TROJAN-ENZ, SHEIK AND RAMSES.



SHEIK®
AVERAGED MORE
THAN 29% THICKER



TROJAN-ENZ®
AVERAGED MORE
THAN 20% THICKER



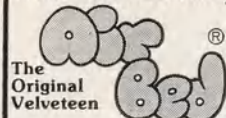
RAMSES®
AVERAGED MORE
THAN 25% THICKER

Usually, the heavier the wall thickness of a condom, the less the sensitivity. That's why we developed Nuda. It's one of the thinnest condoms you can buy. Thinner than these Trojan-Enz, Sheik and Ramses condoms by significant margins. Each Nuda condom is individually safety tested, and lubricated with natural action SK-70®, a modern lubricant. We think Nuda is close to a totally natural experience.

NUDA® ULTRA-THIN. AVAILABLE AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.

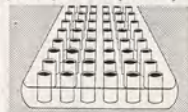
© 1979 Akwell Industries, Inc.

A Revolutionary Sleeping Experience



\$49⁹⁵
from

Lightweight...Sensual...Adjusts to your comfort. An experience in rest or play unmatched by any other support structure. Takes the seasickness, immobility, and weight out of waterbeds, yet offers the same "give and take" sensation. Two people can sleep on a full, queen or king size bed undisturbed by the other's movements. The air coil construction, with multiple controlled air chambers, supports your body evenly and independently.



The AIR BED is the most revolutionary and luxurious way to spend a third of your life. You are gently but firmly supported by 100% air instead of metal springs and stuffing. Many chiropractors agree the structured Air Bed has unprecedented orthopedic value as a permanent mattress.

Store it on a shelf, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes: Twin-39"x74", Double-54"x74", Queen-60"x80", King-74"x80". Inflates in minutes with any air pump or canister vacuum. (Bed comes with adapter) Durable 20 gauge poly vinyl cleans with soap and water. Repair kit included. High Powered Air Pumps. AC pump operates from standard electrical outlet. DC pump operates from auto cigarette lighter. \$29.95 each.

Do not be confused by inferior imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen airbed...once priced as high as \$119.95. Try it for 10 days at our expense. If you are not satisfied, return it within 10 days for a refund.

Please send me the following AIR BED(S):

- ☐ Twin-39" x 74" (Item 2339) \$49.95
- ☐ Full-54" x 74" (Item 2354) \$69.95
- ☐ Queen-60" x 80" (Item 2360) \$79.95
- ☐ King-74" x 80" (Item 2374) \$99.95

Add \$4.95 per bed for shipping and insurance.

- ☐ AC Air Pump (Item 0004) \$29.95
- ☐ DC Pump-plugs into auto cigarette lighter. (Item 0005) \$29.95

Illinois Residents include 5% sales tax.

- ☐ Check or M.O. Enclosed
- ☐ Charge My Credit Card:
- ☐ American Express ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Carte
- ☐ Bank Amer./Visa ☐ Diners Club ☐ Blanche

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

PHMB-244 © CMI PHMC152

CREDIT CARD ORDERS 800-323-2272 Illinois: 312-595-0451
CALL TOLL FREE Telex Orders: 25-5268

790 Maple Lane Bensenville, IL 60106

Contemporary
Marketing Inc.

OH, WICKED WANDA!

BAD NEWS, FELLERS!
WANDA HASN'T TURNED UP
DURING THE PAST MONTH—
SHE'S STILL MISSING!
WITHOUT THEIR LEADER THE
ONCE PROUD CORPS OF THE PUSS
COMMANDOS IS DEGENERATING
INTO A SQUABBLING MOB OF BORED
AND FRUSTRATED FEMALES!

WHADYA THINK YOU'RE
GONNA DO WITH THAT
PIE?

EAT IT!

THAT'S MY PIE!!
I WAS SAVING IT!

LADIES! LADIES! IT'S
FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE
AFTERNOON AND
YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR
CURLERS IN!

WHAT'S
GOING ON?

A FIGHT!

OH, GOODY!

STUFF YOUR
PIE!

WHAT'S IT GOT TO
DO WITH YOU,
CREEP?

GRUD! DON'T
JUST SIT THERE—
DO SOMETHING!

FOR GOD'S SAKE,
FREDDY—WHERE'S
WANDA?

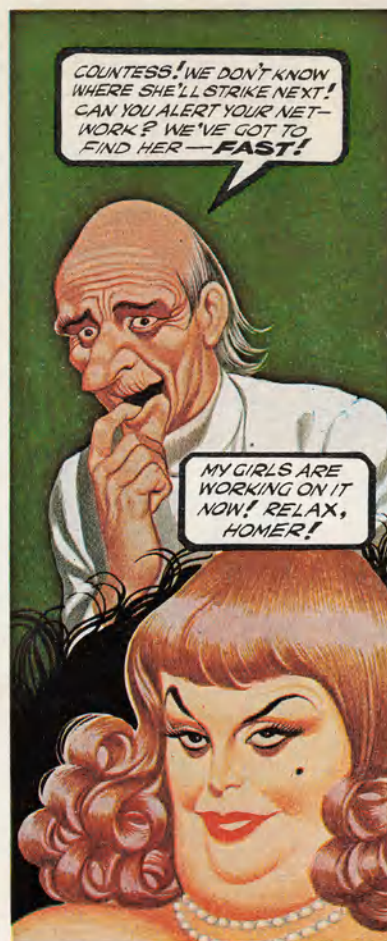
HOW THE HELL
SHOULD I KNOW?

by **FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON**

CRASH!











HOW IS HE, DOC?

PRETTY SHATTERED! DO YOU KNOW WHO DID THIS TO HIM?



I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU MUST BE JOKING!

IT'S TRUE!
BELIEVE ME,
DOC—THAT'S
WHY IT'S TOP
SECURITY!



GENERAL BALLS BRUMMEL
—RAVISHED AND
DEBAUCHED IN HIS HOTEL
BEDROOM BY A **WOMAN!**
I DUNNO HOW HE'S EVER
GONNA LIVE WITH IT!

I DIDN'T KNOW
THERE WERE ANY
WOMEN LIKE THAT!

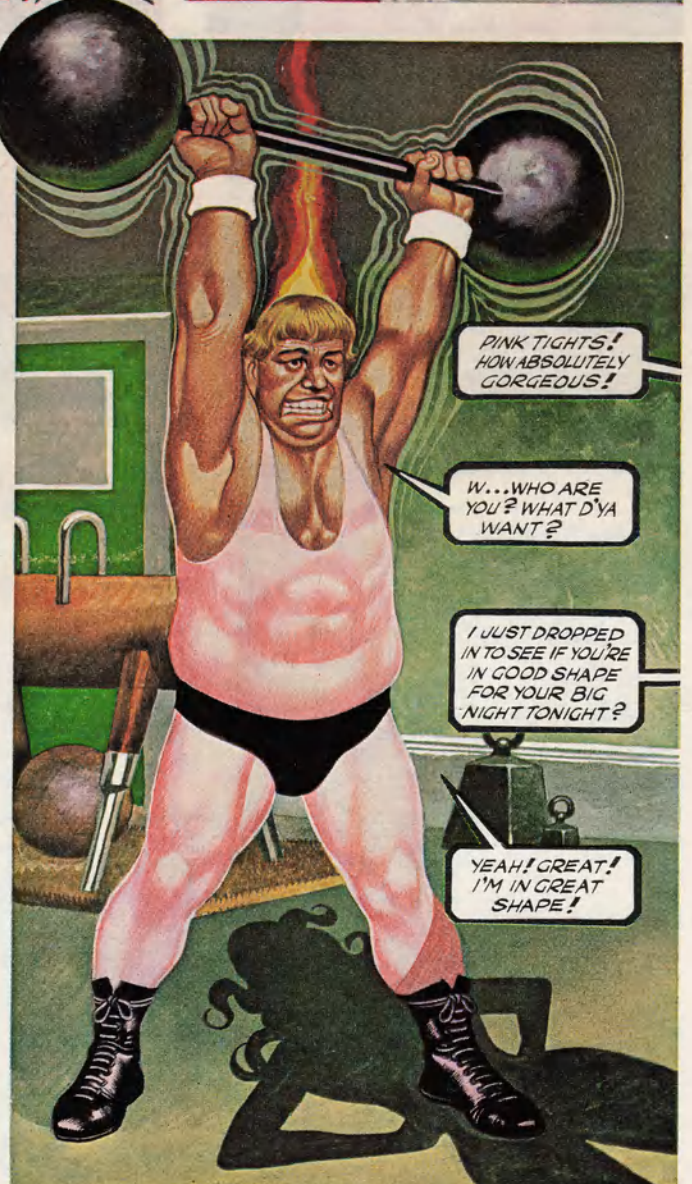


LONDON, ENGLAND, A
COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...

ANOTHER AREA OF
ACTIVITY WHERE THE
MALE SPECIES CAN
STRUT AND POSTURE
AND PRESERVE THE
PATHETIC NEEDS OF
ITS MASCULINITY!

CHARLEY'S
GYM

WRESTLING
TONIGHT
ALGERNON
CRUSHER
McGURK
V
JOCK
THE TURK
McPHEE

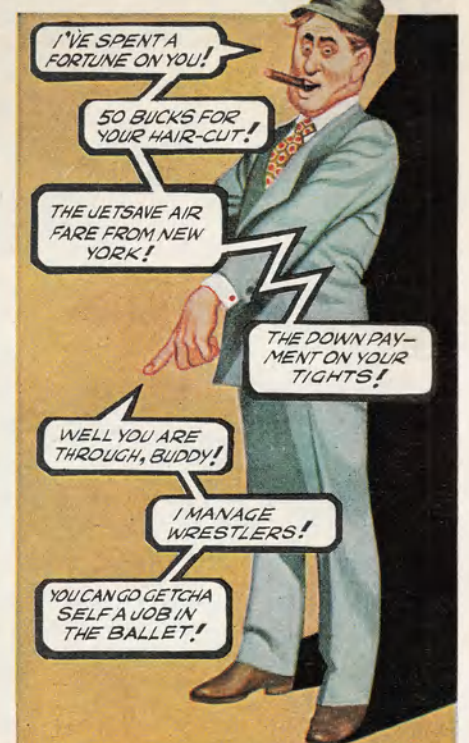
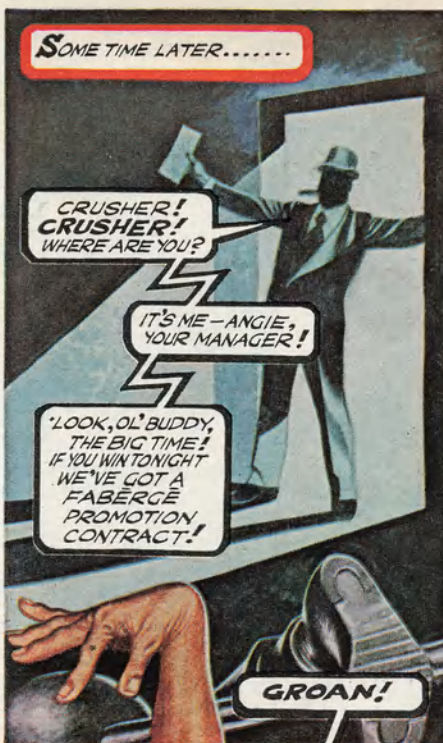


PINK TIGHTS!
HOW ABSOLUTELY
GORGEIOUS!

W...WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT D'YA
WANT?

I JUST DROPPED
IN TO SEE IF YOU'RE
IN GOOD SHAPE
FOR YOUR BIG
NIGHT TONIGHT?

YEAH! GREAT!
I'M IN GREAT
SHAPE!





FOR THE NEXT SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WE HAVE TO THANK THE MIRACLE OF INTERNATIONAL TELECOMMUNICATIONS

LONDON

HULLO, COUNTESS! YEAH, I'M KEEPIN' BUSY, THANKS!

SHE JUST KNOCKED THE HELL OUT OF SOME WRESTLER AN' BOUGHT AN AIR TICKET TO ROME!

WE'VE LOCATED THIS WANDA VON KREESUS WOMAN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR



BERLIN

NICE WORK, LAVINIA — GIVE THE GIRLS A BONUS!

WE'VE FOUND YOUR FRIEND, LITTLE CHICKEN — SHE'S ON HER WAY TO ROME!

LET HOMER FIND HER — I NEVER DID LIKE ROME!



LONDON? GOT YOUR CALL TO BERLIN!

BERLIN? YOU'RE THROUGH TO YOUR CALLER IN LONDON!

BERLIN? PUTTING YOUR CALL TO SWITZERLAND THROUGH NOW!

VON KREESUS SCHLOSS? HAVE A CALL FOR YOU FROM BERLIN!



THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS

GREAT NEWS, COUNTESS! WHERE DID YOU SAY SHE WAS HEADED FOR?

ROME! YE GODS! I'M ON MY WAY!



GET THE PLANE READY — SHE'S ON HER WAY TO ROME!

ROME! WHY ROME?

I DAREN'T EVEN THINK!



OKAY, AIR CREW — ON YOUR FEET!

YOU WOULDN'T GET A CONCORDE PILOT WORKIN' THESE HOURS!

IS A VENGEFUL WANDA ABOUT TO DESCEND ON THE VATICAN? HAS CANDYFLOSS GOT HER FEET UNDER THE TABLE AT NO 13, FORNIKATTENSTRASSE? DOES ANYONE CARE? ALL WILL BE REVEALED — NEXT MONTH!

If you've got it,
flaunt it.



P.M.® Pendant

If you've got it, flaunt it. Wear a stunning, sheik Peter Meter® pendant, discreetly displaying the cemetrical perimeter and length of a man's erection.

Men can proudly, yet silently, boast about their endowment. When worn by women, the Peter Meter® pendant can display their requirements or desire.

Think metric... it's here to stay! Use the handy cemetrical scale on this ad for fast easy measurements. Allow four weeks for delivery.

U.S. credit card holders call toll free
1-800-638-1287 Extension #108

Maryland residents call toll free
1-800-492-1275 Extension #108

Lines open 24 hours a day. 7 days a week.

- ☐ 14K solid gold pendant;
18" serpentine chain — 99.95
☐ Heavy 22K electroplated gold;
18" serpentine chain — 39.95

Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ money order
for \$_____

Washington residents add 5.1 sales tax.

I am also enclosing \$1.00
for postage & handling.

My size (in centimeters) _____ Perimeter _____
Length _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo. _____ Year _____

☐ BankAmericard / Visa ☐ Mastercharge

Send to: M-Co. Inc.

P.O. Box 2148 Spokane, WA 99204

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

are large but do not sag at all (I exercise religiously). My waist is slim, and my firm behind and legs have no fat whatsoever.

One weekend I was posing for Jim, a photographer whom I had worked for several times. Jim is one of the few for whom I do nude modeling. For one series of shots he posed me on a huge, plush ottoman that he had in his home studio. I was wearing a sheer negligee, which was open down the entire front.

Eventually, Jim asked me to caress my breasts and tease the nipples. I hesitated, but he kept urging me, telling me what a wonderful figure I had and how much I should enjoy "loving" it. Slowly, I began to run my fingers over my milky skin. My nipples stiffened, and I felt my vagina begin to moisten; I wanted to stop before my embarrassment showed, but the camera kept clicking away while Jim whispered things like "incredible," "beautiful," and "fantastic."

I had posed nude before, but my poses were never what one would consider highly erotic. But now Jim was telling me—in fact ordering me—to make love to myself. I felt very ashamed and embarrassed, but I couldn't stop my fingers from sliding down my belly to the wet place between my legs. My eyes were tightly closed because I couldn't face Jim, but I could see the flash firing as I lay back, opened my legs, and stroked my clitoris with my fingers, which were slick with my own juices. With my other hand I began to thrust three fingers in and out of my vagina. My pussy began to twitch, and then my whole body exploded in orgasm as I thrashed about on the ottoman, poking, and rubbing my fiery cunt.

My body was calming down when I felt a hand touch mine. I opened my eyes and saw Jim standing between my legs, wearing only a smile and proffering an incredible hard-on. Without thinking twice, I sat up and took the pink, circumcised head of his penis in my mouth. Jim took my head in his powerful hands and literally began fucking my mouth. With one hand I grabbed a cheek of his slim ass, and with the other I tickled his tight, furry balls. As I stroked his anus with one of my long fingernails, Jim's whole crotch seemed to tighten. I felt his cock twitch uncontrollably, and then with a loud groan he delivered a thick, hot load of come down my throat.

Jim pushed me back down on the ottoman and dropped to his knees. He grabbed my thighs and pushed my knees up to my chest. Then he went down on my pussy like a dog on its dinner. I started to come the second his mouth touched my clit, and I didn't stop for what seemed like an eternity.

I was still in a dreamlike state when Jim mounted me and shoved his fat cock into me. I noticed that he was holding something in his hand, and soon enough I realized that it was a long cable release.

MAKE LOVE TO ANYONE YOU DESIRE



And have them at your sexual
command, anytime.. anywhere!!!

"Score" is a powerful new placebo pill especially formulated to turn anyone on. Now you can stimulate and excite anyone you desire. Carefully blended from the most potent and effective erotic spices ever known, "Score" will make any man or woman eagerly respond to your every desire. At last you can enjoy the intimate experiences with the person you've always wanted even if you could not succeed before. "Score" dissolves quickly in any drink or liquid, is tasteless, and completely free from harmful side effects. It works in a plain package complete with instructions. You must be delighted with the results or return within 10 days for a complete refund.

Send Cash, Check, or Money Order to:
Noble Products Dept. P-679
P.O. Box 71, Enola, Pa. 17025

- ☐ 5 Portion Size only \$4.95
☐ 12 Portion Size only \$7.95 (Save \$3.93)
☐ 24 Portion Size only \$11.95 (Save \$11.81)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SUPER VIBE

The amazing dual control, triple action vibrator. It can vibrate with the toughness that you desire or as gently as you require, plus...

Super Vibe thrusts up and down, and...
Super Vibe rotates round and round.

It's premium quality lifelike rubber will give you the erotic experience of a lifetime. Once you've tried it with Super Vibe, you'll never use any other vibrator. Super Vibe is guaranteed to your total satisfaction or return it within 14 days for your money back in full.

Code 457

If coupon is removed, please send check for \$25.70 to VALENTINE PRODUCTS, 175 Fulton Ave. Hempstead, NY 11550

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, Dept. SS-280
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

I've enclosed my check or money order for \$24.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Super Vibe Vibrator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax).

Void where prohibited

Name _____

Signature _____

I'm over 18 years of age

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Sexual Aids:

How to order them
without embarrassment.
How to use them
without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective devices available from around the world. Devices that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps

many doors you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection
Dept. PH-6
P.O. Box 31039
San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am _____ years old.

Signed _____

© 1978 Xandria, 115-B Wisconsin St., San Francisco

SOFT YET FIRM!



• Caress is softer and more pliable than any other vibrator.

• You can fondle and bend Caress.

• You can manipulate Caress to suit your own whims and desires. Caress is firm—like you'd want it to be.

When you receive Caress, you or your lover should hold it in the palm of your hand and feel its divinely exciting texture. Gently let your fingers glide along its length.

Now, allow yourself to experience the erotic vibrancy of its potent energy. Do it! Take firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets.

Don't permit yourself to settle for anything less. Experience "the Delicate Difference." ORDER CARESS NOW!

Valentine Inc. Dept. CR-277

P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$5.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Please rush me Caress—the Vibrator with the "Delicate Difference" in a plain package today.

This offer void where prohibited by law CODE #404

Name _____

Signature _____

I'm over 18 years of age

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Jim was quite a skillful cocksman. He maneuvered our bodies around on the ottoman, taking photographs as we fucked (the camera was equipped with an auto-winder). All the way through our fucking photo-session, Jim's cock never once slipped out, not even when he fired his hot load into me. I wasn't too much help, as I was coming nearly the whole time.

As we dressed, Jim offered me an extra \$100 for my "hard work," but I told him I couldn't take any extra money when he had given me so much pleasure. Nevertheless, about a week later in the mail, I received a set of beautiful prints of Jim and me fucking like animals. Many times I've spent hours with these pictures, masturbating and reliving the whole incredible experience.—
Name and address withheld

Black beauty

I'm an eighteen-year-old male. I've been going to a predominantly black school for six years now and have had a tremendous desire to fuck a black woman—a desire that was only a dream until a few weeks ago.

One night, about six o'clock, I was walking down the road, going to my girl friend's house, when a car approached me. I got a little jumpy because I had a lot of dope and money on me. I was about to cut across a yard when I heard a very soft and sexy voice say something to me. She was saying how she had heard that white boys like to

eat pussy. I walked over to the car when I heard that, and to my surprise I saw that it was one of the foxy black chicks at school whom I'd been flirting with recently.

She asked me if I needed a ride, and I told her "yeah" and hopped in. We soon got to talking and smoking some good grass when she asked me where I was going. I told her I would go wherever she wanted to take me because I was "hers." Hearing this, she said we were going for a ride I'd never forget. As we were driving along, she slid her hand over and started to undo my pants. She then released my aching cock, which was beaming to its full nine inches, looked at it, and licked her lips so sensuously that I almost came right there. But I managed to hold back so as to put my dick to good use later. Abruptly, she pulled into a dirt road and stopped. I went to work from there. I slipped my hand up her top to get a good feel of those big, brown jugs. With my other hand, I took off her jeans and panties and found a very wet cunt. Our lips met in a very deep soul kiss. Slowly, she leaned back and started kissing and stroking my entire body.

She took my straining cock and started to masturbate me between her huge tits while she licked the head with her tongue. Then she slowly took my swollen member between her lips, licking it up and down and catching all the precome drops dripping from the head. Then, when I was moist and shiny, she started blowing me. She

took the whole thing in her mouth and started gently swirling her tongue around the shaft while her head bobbed up and down. I came within a minute in an explosion that drained my entire body of its juices. She sucked it all in and kept on sucking.

While that was happening to me, I was getting the feel of her body. With one hand I softly caressed each breast, especially her stiff, dark nipples. With the other hand I squeezed two fingers into her cunt and slid one up her ass. I felt her body tense as she let out a very loud moan that made my cock rise. With renewed vigor we jumped into the backseat, where I spread her legs as wide as I could get them. After kissing her in appreciation of the best head I'd ever had, I worked my way down from her tits to her sweet-smelling cunt. It was the tastiest pussy I've ever worked on! I ran my tongue around the outside of the cunt lips while every now and then I flicked my tongue inside. By the time I got to work on her clit, she was rotating her hips around my face. Her clit must have been about an inch long, and I started to tease her by flicking my tongue at it. When I sensed she was about to come, I stopped eating her—just as she was begging me to "let me cooommmme." Keeping this teasing up for several minutes, I then really let her have it. I took that clit between my lips and sucked on it for all I was worth. Just as she started to come, I started a low-pitch hum that had her

screaming. Her orgasm must have lasted about five minutes, and her cunt just kept pouring out juices.

After a few minutes of kissing, she straddled my cock and started a very sexy dance while she rode my cock. The sensation of my cock inside her muscular, talented cunt was out of this world. After about thirty minutes of fucking and her coming three more times, I shot my wad inside her burning twat.

We collapsed into each other's arms and into a deep kiss. Then we fell asleep with my cock still inside her. I have to say that the next morning was even better than that night.

I and this lady are very close now and plan to marry in the near future. There is no such thing as racial prejudice between lovers like us.—Name and address withheld

Nightly grind

I've been reading *Penthouse* for about a year and have decided to share an experience with your readers.

To start my story off, I'm twenty-two, and my husband and I are expecting a baby in a few months. Our sexual activity is quite limited, as you might imagine. However, I used to have a really—let's say—"shapely" body. My measurements were 36-23-36. I really had to work at it, though: shapes don't stay the same forever.

One of the main contributors to my shape was multivitamins. They made me very active; so I could exercise. Also very horny: I'd spend all day exercising and thinking of ways to turn on my fiancé. My sweetie would come over every evening about eight. I'd make him dinner, we'd have a few beers, and my parents would usually go out. Then I'd do some erotic dancing for him. (At the time my plans were to become a dancer.)

One night I put on my spike heels and a very short nightie and really "got down." Slowly, I undressed myself, did lots of bumps and grinds, and was really getting off on the speed, too—my nipples hardening and getting warmer. I bent over with my ass in his face and put my hands between my legs and on my ass. I kneaded them gently and rubbed my thighs seductively for him.

My long, dark hair fell loose, sweeping over my knees. By this time I was pretty juicy. Vince didn't say too much, being the quiet, serious type he is. He just watched with those big dark eyes of his. There was one sign of approval, though: he had a big, fat erection in his pants.

Then I went over and started nibbling at his cock through his pants, which made it so hard that it felt like cement. I unzipped his jeans carefully, because he doesn't wear underwear, took out his beautiful dick, and began licking and sucking. My lips were covered with red, glistening lip gloss. (Everyone tells me that I have a very sensuous mouth: my lips are full, with a perfect Cupid's bow. He loves to watch my face while I lick and suck his cock.) I can almost swallow his seven inches when I try. His

VIBRATOR

- Deep, satisfying massage action
- Comfortable—no rough edges
- Streamlined—8"x1 1/4"
- Featherlight • Easy to keep clean
- Completely safe with creams & oils relieves tension • Stimulates circulation

DELUXE SUPER 10" MODEL \$11.95

8" MASSAGER \$9.95
Void where prohibited by law.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO:
Century Products
P.O. BOX 10086 DEPT PH-6
CHARLESTON, S.C. 29411

THE BOOK FOR LOVING COUPLES

Joys of Fantasy

The Book for Loving Couples

"Joys of Fantasy" is a new erotic book that combines exquisite good taste with sexual explicitness. This "Book for Loving Couples" contains more than 100 beautiful, sepia-toned photographs of loving couples experiencing a whole range of sexual pleasures combined with dozens of sexual fantasies described in prose and timeless poetry. This full-size volume is now available from Adam & Eve for just \$7.95. We guarantee that you will be absolutely satisfied with this explicit, beautiful book or your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send just \$7.95 to:

Adam & Eve Dept. PH9-W Box 900
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

OVER ONE HALF MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

NATURAL NIPPLES
Underwired nylon lace half-cups lift the breasts. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with blue trim or Black with red trim.
A #4-5150
32-34-36 B: \$9
34-36-38 C: \$9

MIGHTY MITE
Brief, sheer crotchless panty has high-cut legs, lots of lace. Small, Medium, Large. Package of 3 (1 Black, 1 Red, 1 White). Nylon tricot.
B #3-4478 3 for \$9.50

NEARLY NAKED
Peek-a-boo jumpsuit. Zipper goes under crotch and around back. Shoulders unrie to touch. Sheer nylon tricot. Black or Red. Small, Medium, Large.
C #3-4631 \$14

WITCHCRAFT
Bewitching culotte lavished in lace. Nylon tricot. Black. Sm. Med. Lge.
D #3-4999 \$16

EYE POPPER
Sheer nylon pouch! Opaque nylon knit sides and back. Black, White or Nude. Small, Medium, Large, X-Large.
E #10-0165 2 for \$9
\$5 each

NEXT TO NAKED...
Lace-trimmed bra and G-string. Adjustable straps. Nylon tricot. G-string has cotton crotch. One size fits all. Black or Peach.
F #3-4350 2-pcs. \$14

FRENCH TICKLER
Tease with naked breasts! Sheer sexy nylon tricot and lace. Ribbon tie back. Matching G-string. Red or Purple. One size fits all.
G #5-9447 2-pcs. \$10

WET 'N WILD
Nylon/Lycra® Spandex string bikini swimsuit in Burgundy or Royal. Small (28-30), Medium (32-34), Large (36-38).
H #10-0244 \$10

FREE* CATALOG

with your order or send \$2 for 11 issues (one full year)
\$3 for a two-year subscription

Frederick's of Hollywood
giant fashion-filled catalog
Hundreds of all-girl dresses, shoes, lingerie, foundations, sportswear, more!

SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY IN U.S.A.



C
Sheer!

D
Crotchless!

E
Zips Front To Back!

F
Sheer Pouch For Him!

G
For Him!

H
2-pc. Set!

money back guarantee

©1979 All rights reserved.

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD DEPT. 3706
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028

Please send the following styles (order by Style Number):

Style No.	Qty.	Size	1st Color	2nd Color	Price

I enclose \$ _____ ☐ Check ☐ M. O.
Add \$1.35 shipping charge first item. ©1979
Plus 85c each additional item.
Calif. residents add 6% tax. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!
I enclose ☐ \$2 (11 issues) ☐ \$3 (two-year subscription)

TEXTURED CONDOMS FOR THE SENSUOUS

Now! Sample 7 textured contraceptive brands
(48 textured condoms in all) for only \$12.50

Enjoy famous,
nationally
advertised
condoms
at dramatic
discounts.

Textured
sampler
includes

**Arouse™ Rough
Rider, Trojan
Ribbed, X-T-C™
Stimula and
Climax "4"™**

Other samplers
include **Nuda,
Trojans** and more.

From Federal,
America's oldest,
largest and most
trusted mail order
condom company.
Shipped same day
received. Plain wrapper
assures complete privacy.



INSTANT CREDIT CARD ORDERING... (\$10.00 min.)
CALL TOLL-FREE 800-621-4779

Illinois residents call collect: 312-973-4400

Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. PH679

6652 N. Western Avenue, Chicago, IL 60645

Please rush (in plain wrap)

☐ \$4.00 Adventure Sampler

5 brands — 15 condoms

☐ \$10.00 Sensuous Sampler

30 brands — 50 condoms

☐ \$12.50 Textured Sampler

7 brands — 48 textured condoms

☐ \$22.00 Bonus Sampler

16 brands — 144 condoms (\$42.75 value)

Full color catalog subscription free with order.

Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.

☐ Credit Card Order

M.C., Visa/B.A. # _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

© 1979 Federal Pharmacal



**SEND \$1.00 FOR
THE NEW
VIVA LINGERIE
CATALOG.**

Mail to: Viva Catalog, P.O. Box
6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631

cock has a cute little head that curves slightly upward. My tongue rolled over that, and it got me excited. Pretty soon his moaning and groaning made him sound like a bear in heat.

Next, it was "Oh, babe, I'm coming." I said, "Oh no you're not," and grabbed the fat base of his prick, squeezing hard. I could feel his huge gland pumping away, not being able to shoot the juice. My hand was almost forced open, but I managed to keep it closed until it stopped. I started nibbling on him again. His prick was still hard. I wrapped my hair around his cock, as if I were giving him a shoeshine, and tickled his stomach, too. By this time he was ready to strangle me with that big, fat, throbbing dick. His fingers were sliding in and out of my pussy as I got him soaked to the wrist, practically. The deeper he buried it, the more I swallowed. I found myself fucking frantically, as if I were sucking myself to an orgasm. Then I felt his glands pumping the hot, sweet juice down my throat. His hips were bucking, and mine too, while I came with him and sucked down every drop. I don't know who enjoyed it more.

Obviously, we haven't been carrying on like that since I became pregnant, but no one ever had more fun making a baby than we did!—C.E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Loving reparations

I am a black male, age twenty-two, and I would like to tell your readers about my first experience with a white woman.

I was relatively experienced in lovemaking in high school, having been broken in at an early age by an understanding and horny distant cousin. I played football in high school—well enough to be given a scholarship to a small midwestern college, where I came in close contact with whites for the first time.

I grew up in an inner-city neighborhood composed entirely of blacks and Mexicans. My first year at school, I dated what few black girls there were. I enjoyed myself sexually, but I admit I was turned on by the long blonde hair, the sexy ways, and the trim figures of many of the white coeds who graced the campus. But the word was that the white majority was off limits to the small black population.

By my sophomore year I had made friends with many whites, and my athletic ability had made my face well known about the campus. However, the dating taboo had not been broken. I did, however, become quite friendly with a girl named Lynn. We seemed to get along well and could converse on any subject. I found myself taken with her, but my upbringing and the strong taboos against it kept me from doing anything about it. She was damn cute, though, with a terrific ass, long brown hair, and firm-looking, smallish tits. I knew she liked me, but I knew she was also afraid of the consequences. I would often visit her just to talk, and we became very close friends.

Homecoming week came, with the ex-

ANNOUNCING THE END OF THE QUICKIE.

If you've ever been frustrated or embarrassed by premature sexual climax, Detane can give you safe, effective help.

Clinical studies have shown that Detane can more than double the duration of foreplay and intercourse. And with that kind of control, both partners can often achieve climax together.

Detane is an unscented, invisible gel that acts as both a lubricant and a desensitizer, to give you dependable climax control.

So make the most of your sexual relationship. Extend your pleasure with Detane. Available at drugstores without a prescription.

**CLIMAX
CONTROL
FOR MEN**

For a fuller sex life

DETANE / DESSENSITIZING
LUBRICANT
FOR MEN



LAUGH ALL THE WAY TO THE BEDROOM.

Three bawdy books, TV Sexcapades, with some of your favorite characters behaving like you've never seen them behave on TV (\$8.95). Beauty and the Beast: the way it should have been written (\$5.00). Sleeping Beauty: fairy tales were never like this (\$5.00).

Or get all three for \$15.00 — a savings of \$3.95.

To order, send check or money order. Add \$1.25 per book p&h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Gail Palmer's Pleasure Products

6315 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

NOW GAIL PALMER AMERICA'S FOREMOST WOMAN FILM DIRECTOR IS OFFERING ALL THE PRODUCTS THAT GIVE HER PLEASURE, IN ADDITION SHE WILL PERSONALLY ANSWER YOUR MOST INTIMATE PERSONAL LETTERS. NOW AVAILABLE ON VIDEO CASSETTES IN BOTH VHS AND BETA FORMATS GAILS ACCLAIMED FEATURE FILMS.

ALL TAPE 99.00 UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED

ALL LETTERS ANSWERED IF SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE ENCLOSED WITH \$2.00



BEAST AND THE BEAUTIES
GAIL'S FIRST FILM
MADE WHILE SHE WAS
STILL IN COLLEGE
STARRING TWO OF
HER ROOMMATES AND
A FURRY FRIEND
AVAILABLE FOR
A LIMITED TIME ON
8mm OR SUPER 8 OR
VIDEOTAPE
ONLY \$29.95

G10001



HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY
FILMED ON LOCATION
IN MICHIGAN
STARRING MICHIGAN
STATE COEDS

G10002



**THE NUMBER #1
BOX OFFICE SMASH
OF THE YEAR**
STARRING
CAROL CONNORS

G10003



STARRING
JOHNNY FARSON, SARRAH
DAWCETT, ED THE MAN,
CHUCK BARE ASS,
SAMUEL GOLDICKER

G10004

**HUNDREDS
OF OTHER
TITLES AVAILABLE**

**CATALOG \$2.00
FREE WITH ORDER**

DEEP THROAT
DEVIL IN MISS JONES
GREEN DOOR
RESSURECTION OF EVE
MISTY BEETHOVEN
ROLLERBABIES
LURE OF THE TRIANGLE
STICKY FINGERS
THREE SHADES OF FLESH
NIGHT PLEASURES



G10005



G10006



G10007



G10009



G10010



G10011



G1012

Format: VHS ☐ Beta I ☐ Beta II ☐ 8mm ☐ Super 8 ☐

I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise, all sales are final. Quantity orders invited.

PLEASE PRINT

TITLE _____ CAT# _____

TITLE _____ CAT# _____

TITLE _____ CAT# _____

I hereby declare that I am an adult being over 18 years of age and in my opinion the material described herein which I'm ordering does not go beyond the contemporary standards of my community.

Signature: _____ Note: No order can be shipped without a signature.

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC.

Subtotal \$ _____
interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo. Year _____
Calif. residents add 6% tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance 1.50

TOTAL \$ _____

ADULT MOVIES ON VIDEO CASSETTES

INVENTORY ADJUSTMENT SPECIAL!

PILOT'S GLASSES AT UNBELIEVABLE PRICES!

ONLY \$6.95 

- Impact Resistant
- Polished Lenses
- Handcrafted
- Hardened Metal Frames
- Money Back Guarantee

To order, send check or money order (include \$1.00 for postage and handling) to U.S. Optics, Dept. 53, P.O. Box 14206 Atlanta, GA 30324. (Please specify gold or silver frames.) **SPECIAL:** Order now and get TWO PAIR for \$13 plus one dollar handling charge.

FREE! During this limited offer. Deluxe velour lined protective case. A \$3.00 value.

LIMITED OFFER FROM U.S. OPTICS



**TEXTURED!
FLEXIBLE!
MULTI-SPEED!**

All you could desire in a vibrator. Prominent texturing stimulates your smallest nerve endings. A quick twist adjusts the speed from a gentle pulse to a potent throb. Soft pliable 'nude' rubber bends and caresses—like the real thing. 8" of sheer ecstasy. Batteries included. Satisfaction guaranteed. Void where prohibited.

Free Offer: One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more, FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.

©1978, ROMEO

☐ Vibrator + free subscription, \$9.95 ☐ 1 catalog, 50¢

Send order, name & address to: ROMEO, Dept. PH-18
P.O. Box 200, Carrboro, NC 27510

ROMEO... your source of pleasure

INDULGE

100% pure silk panties.



Two styles: Scalloped nylon lace around leg, black (VM04); also available in beige (VM01). With nylon lace front, black (VM10); also available in beige (VM07). Cotton crotch. \$6 each. Add \$1.50 p&h.

Send to: Viva Lingerie, Dept. S79, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

Note: Health Laws do not permit us to accept returns for panties under any circumstances.

citement of the big game and all, and I didn't even bother to get a date with anyone. Instead I went alone to the dance and looked for Lynn. She wasn't there, though, and I ended up going to her room. She was there alone—crying. I knocked on the door and walked in before she could answer. I immediately asked her what was wrong. At first, she just kept sobbing and wouldn't say, but then she admitted that the reason was that her date had stood her up. I told her that nobody in his right mind would turn her down. She turned around and glared at me and said, "If you thought that, you would have asked me yourself! I waited until Friday, hoping you would!"

I was astonished by her outburst and asked her if that was really true. She told me that she had wished I would ask her out the first time she'd met me; but when I didn't, she settled for just being my friend.

We went for a walk after she had washed her face, and then I invited her to my room for a bottle of wine. I lit a single candle, and we sat and talked. The wine started to get to her, and she began snuggling up to me. In the middle of a sentence, our eyes met, and I kissed her for the first time. Her tongue darted eagerly in and out of my mouth, and I caressed her very tenderly. My hand went inside her blouse, and I fondled her braless tits. I pulled off her blouse and kissed and sucked her small, delicate pink nipples. She then unbuttoned my shirt, looking rather shy, and slipped her

hands inside, playing with my nipples.

In no time at all, we were both naked and playing with each other. I found my way down to her sweet, moist snatch, where I gave her a thorough, good eating out. She moaned and squirmed in ecstasy. She then pulled me up on her and softly called my name. I then entered her and did it gently, as I am quite large. I slowly slid eight inches into her waiting, wet, and hot pussy. The contrast of our different skin colors was exciting to both of us, and we quickly moved together until we both exploded in a tremendous orgasm.

Right after she came, she pulled away from me and went down on my cock, working my shaft with her hand while sucking as much of the circumcised head as she could get into her mouth. It didn't take her long to make me come a second time—and when I did, she swallowed my semen without protest. We then fell happily asleep in each other's arms, awakening twice more to make love during the night. Each time was better than the last.

The next morning we went arm in arm down to breakfast. We got some stares, but in time our friends accepted us. After college we were married, and we are planning to adopt children of all races. We love each other deeply, and we both shudder to think what might have been if we had been afraid to love each other. We think that black and white are beautiful—especially together!

—M.C., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Lewd awakening

I am a college student, and I have a girl friend, Shell, at a nearby university. We didn't see much of each other until she came to see me one day.

It was Saturday morning, and I was just waking up. To my surprise, Shell was there, sitting on the bed. We stared awhile, then she started undressing. I said to her, "Baby, you look fantastic! Good enough to eat!"

I stood up with my dick sticking straight out under my white boxer shorts. It was almost painful for me. My dick and balls ached with a need for her.

As Shell stood there naked, I got down on my knees and fastened my mouth to her glistening, wet vagina. My mouth stayed clamped to her warm, pink flesh. My painful erection was tearing through my shorts as I sucked and licked her clitoris with lip-smacking relish. Shell grabbed my hair in both hands and uttered a little scream, more like a meow, as she forced her crotch forward. I got to my feet and lifted her in my arms, placing her in the bed. Then I slipped out of my shorts. She gaped at my incredible hard-on and athletic legs. She put her arms out toward me like a child. I got on top of her and slowly stuck my penis into her sizzling, wet pussy as far as it could go.

"At last!" I thought excitedly as she twisted and trembled under me. As I fucked with slow, deep strokes, she gripped my back fiercely, clawing my skin (with those long fingernails of hers) and

breaking it in places, causing the blood to flow. The pain excited me even more. I banged her with my rock-hard dick, which seemed to break her down. She moaned, while moving her hips up and down, up and down, timing her movements with mine until, for the first time, we climaxed together. We fell asleep and later woke up and went to dinner.

That night, after a Mexican dinner, we drove back to my house. The dinner was a success. We had sat side by side in a booth, close together. Shell responded warmly as the red wine went to her head. No sooner had I closed the door than I grabbed Shell with both hands and forced my tongue into her mouth. She offered no resistance. I drew her toward the bedroom and began removing her black blouse, revealing that most perfect pair of tits. I stroked and kissed them, flicking my tongue lightly over the nipples. She started pulling at my shirt buttons and unfastening them. Then she ran her tongue down my chest and stomach, which tightened in almost unbearable excitement. My dick strained against my pants as she unzipped them. While I was stepping out of my pants, my dick sprang out like a jack-in-the-box. Shell stared a minute; then she sank down to her knees to wrap her hand around my dick and began to flick her tongue under my balls. I forced myself to pull away because I wanted to see her naked. So I leaned down and removed her pants and undies. Sliding my finger along her clit, I could only say, "Now, baby, now!"

Reaching up, she began licking up and down my thigh, teasing me with her tongue until she took my dick and sucked it, loving the sensation of it throbbing inside her mouth and at the same time squeezing my balls. I bent over and inserted two fingers into her vagina. This was now driving her into a rabid state. We finished it off with her getting down on all fours. Shell spread her knees apart, and using both hands, reaching around in back, she pulled her cheeks wide apart. I knelt down behind her and rammed my dick inside. She gasped suddenly. I began fucking as if the world were coming to an end. Holding on to her tits, I pushed in and out while she let out one wild moan after another. Then, finally, we both screamed out in a double orgasm.—A.D.S., Muncie, Ind.

Matinee performance

Two months ago I met a voluptuous blonde while at a stoplight. We exchanged smiles, and she then motioned for me to pull over. I did and went through the normal chitchat of first encounters. After the conversation I asked her if she would take me up on a dinner that night. I could already see her nipples get hard as they poked through her slinky halter top. She agreed on the date.

The first date had the usual pinch-and-giggle tactics used after dinner. I did not want to promote anything right yet, as I had plans for the future. So I asked Shannon if she wanted to go to a party the next week. She said that it would be great fun. Now, I

The newest Stimula has ribs 138% higher than before.



The new Stimula® Vibra® Ribbed condom now has deeper and bigger ribs to help a woman reach orgasm through maximum stimulation.

Now a man can stimulate a woman at the clitoris, lips and entire length of the vagina in a way no man has touched her before.

Yet it's still designed for sensitivity. Lubricated with warm, dry SK-70®.

Stimula Vibra-Ribbed.
Higher Ribs Than Any Leading
Condom Made In The U.S.A.



Magnified Illustration

Stamford Hygienic Corp., Dept. PH-64
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904
☐ 12 Stimula Vibra-Ribbed Condoms \$4.
☐ 22 Assorted Condoms \$5.
☐ 50 Deluxe Assortment \$10.
☐ 120 Super Deluxe Assortment \$20.

Assortments include:
Rough Rider Stimula,
Nude Hogger, Tahiti, etc.
☐ French Tickler \$1.

Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐
Bank Americard (VISA) ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____
(\$10. minimum on charge cards)

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Money Back guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages.

☐ New 32 page Catalog \$1. (Free with order)

ORDER NOW! AND
TICKLE HER FANCY
WITH OUR NEW OFFER:
(DEVIL'S TONGUE)
A FRENCH TICKLER.
\$1. WITH ORDER ONLY.



Stamford Hygienic ©1979

Take your Fantasies to the limit

Now ANYTHING Can Happen With the Deluxe Pleasure Package! Yes, now you can fulfill your most secret desires... with the **COMPLETE Prelude 3® Vibrator System.** Together, you and your lover will discover and explore a thrilling new world of lovemaking.



• Nationally acclaimed "the critic's choice... the state-of-the-art vibrator." With Prelude 3 you'll discover pleasures you've heard about, dreamt about... and longed to experience.

The Prelude 3 System relaxes, stimulates... then helps you achieve ultimate satisfaction!

A \$49.45 VALUE... ONLY \$39.95

If coupon is missing, write: Sensory Research Corp., 2424 Morris Ave., Union, N.J. 07083

30 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

This offer void where prohibited by law.

The Deluxe Pleasure Package Contains:

- The NEW dual-intensity vibrator... noiseless, hygienic, UL approved. Uses standard outlet.
- The unique STIMULATOR™, available only with the Prelude System, for intense stimulation. Nothing to insert.
- 4 sensuous massage attachments to ease and excite both of you.
- Instruction Booklet.
- INNER MAGIC—Five additional inches of tingling sensation... when you add it to the Special Stimulator.
- INNER DYNAMO—A Sensory exclusive! For utmost sensations, this five-inch attachment adds 10 rows of pliable, vibrating pleasure points.

FREE if you order now:

A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK—The book only another woman could write! Regularly \$4.50.

Save \$9.50 if you act now! Order your complete, deluxe Pleasure Package!

Sensory Research Corp., Dept. PH-906
2424 Morris Avenue, Union, N.J. 07083

I want to take my fantasies to the limit! Rush
Deluxe Pleasure Package(s) (a regular
\$49.45 value) for only \$39.95 ea., ppd.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money order for \$ _____
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge

Exp. Date _____

Account No. _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I enclose \$1 for catalog only (sent free with all orders) In N.J. add 5% Sales Tax

© Sensory Research Corp., 1978

SHAKE UP YOUR LIFE.



800C Executive Personal Vibrator. Full sized 10" \$14.95.

3060 Elite 8" Vibrator. \$10.95.

D350 5" Mini Mystic fits in all spots. \$4.95.

EL22 Electro Love Sex Charmer. A vibrator that

can be in two places at the same time. \$15.95.

3810 Temptation. Two-way vibrator. \$19.95

SVII Soft Machine Vibrator. \$12.95.

51YK Dual Rectal and Cockring Vibrator. \$14.95.

51YK Dual Rectal and

Void where prohibited

Egg Vibrator. \$14.95.

To order, send check or money order to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. Add \$1.50 p&h for each item. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.

GOOD VIBRATIONS
NEW
PROLONG™
PULSATING VIBRATOR
with constant power

We've reinvented the vibrator! We took all the features you like best in battery-powered vibrators—*tubular shape, all over texturing, flexibility*—and combined them with the *high-quality construction, virtually noiseless operation, and constant, reliable power* of electric vibrators. Then we made it even better! We put a silent oscillating unit inside the shaft, powered by a low frequency motor—the hallmark of a quality vibrator. We make it of a soft, fine quality latex so fleshlike it conforms easily to body contours and temperatures. The result—**PROLONG**, with constant power. A vibrator that hums and pulsates, quietly—sensuously, for maximum stimulation, 8 inches long with tender 12-foot cord. Just \$22.50. Your money refunded in full if you are not absolutely satisfied. Four color catalog subscription free with each purchase. Catalog alone \$1. Write: Adam & Eve, Dept. PH9-X, Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510.

OVER ONE HALF MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED © 1979, PPA

GLAMOR EUROPEAN STYLE
by **ESTELLE**

MANTRAP FISHNET BODY STOCKING
Strictly for fun time! Live it up a little in this sensuous **SIN SKIN** in **BLACK** stretch FISHNET. Halter neck style. To fit hip size 34" to 40".
PRICE \$18.75 plus 50c handling charge.

Open Crotch **BLACK FISH-NET TIGHTS \$5.50**

1 Year SUBSCRIPTION TO EXCITING CATALOG OF GLAMORWEAR **\$1**
Estelle (Dept. PT7)
Drawer 1010, Hollywood, Cal., 90028

play baseball at a Pac-10 school and naturally wanted to have some fun. My five good friends, Rob, Terry, Micky, Mark, and Sandy were going to be the audience as they watched me fuck this girl, because they were my teammates. That weekend we planned for my friends to watch through Micky's front window—the action would take place on the leather couch.

I picked up Shannon that night and drove her to Micky's house. (There really wasn't going to be any party.) We got inside and opened a couple of brews and watched television for a while. My cock was rock-hard as I gazed at her crotch. I started soaking through my jeans and could not wait any longer. I started French-kissing her as I gently undid her silky bra, revealing her nice, firm orbs with pert little nipples, which stood at attention. I gently started sucking her breasts as the moaning got heavier. I was all over her nice, tight, little ass, which was very firm. Gently, she slipped her jeans off, revealing the blondest bush I had ever seen. Fingering her clit drew moans and groans, with love juices staining the couch. The aroma of cunt was in the air! I slipped off her black-satin, crotchless bikini bottoms, which were dripping with warm, creamy juice. I gazed up to see ten bulging eyes staring at me!

She then asked me if I had ever eaten a girl before, which was a stupid question, and then proceeded to spread her wings,
228 PENTHOUSE

revealing that beautiful bush with glistening lips. I buried my head in that box and almost drowned. My constantly tonguing her clit with lateral motion while fingering her anus drove her wild. She filled my mouth with warm love juices and an explosive orgasm. Shannon then pulled me up and took my eight-and-one-half-inch hog into her warm, moist mouth.

Her quietly tonguing the shaft and massaging my tight scrotum really got me off. Again I peeked outside to see all five guys beating their cocks with reckless abandon! I then gave them the hook-'em-horns sign, which really cracked them up. All of a sudden I felt a tingling sensation in my pole and had the most explosive orgasm that I ever had. Shannon thoroughly enjoyed this as she gagged and choked on my full wad. We then got in the doggy-style position for the best fuck of my career. She kept looking underneath to see the head of my penis sliding in and out of her hole, making those great slurping sounds! She loved it!

"Oh, Gene, you're so big," and "I love you in me," were typical comments. Our strong, thrusting rhythm made her grab my ass and pull all of me into her. My balls were starting to enter that wet cave.

As my prick bumped the back of her vagina, we simultaneously screamed in joy while coming together. Time seemed to stand still as I shot my wad for a full minute! As we were relaxing, I decided to go into the bathroom. Terry, Micky, Rob, and Sandy

came around to congratulate me through the bathroom window. In an instant Mark came tearing around the corner, telling us to go peek at Shannon. As I peeked around the corner with my friends peering through the front window, we witnessed Shannon banging herself furiously. Her hand was a total blur because of the speed with which she was fingering herself. We stared in total awe! She let out a sudden scream of passion. I acted totally innocent as I walked back in and asked what was the matter. She said she had seen a spider. Nice lie! I scanned her 38-24-34 body as I held her while she dressed. I saw four faces staring at her bush; so I moved her blonde twat as close to the window as I could so that the guys could get a major-league beaver shot, which they did!

While I was driving her home, she jacked me off for another half hour, and my blue jeans became wet with my creamy come. I hope more ballplayers put on a show like this, as it is more fun than fucking a girl in private and is almost like going to the movies.—Name and address withheld on request

Flying high

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old stewardess who sometimes goes to bed with women as well as men. This all began six years ago when Adrienne, a fellow stewardess, introduced me to lesbian love during a stopover in Chicago during a snowstorm. She's

How To Make Love To A Single Woman



Imagine Being Such A Great Lover Women Can See It In Your Eyes!!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women can sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN**. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover that women just can't wait to be with.

OVER 160 PHOTOGRAPHS

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN contains over 160 photos that show you — step by exciting step — how to turn on a woman. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding and caressing a dramatically attractive woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters in this high quality hard-cover book tells you exactly what arouses a woman. You'll learn — in their own words! — women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him.

• Where to touch a woman first • How to make a woman "let herself go" • The aphrodisiac touch • The positions women like best • How to get a woman out of her clothes • What's special about a single woman • How to excite a woman with just words • How to give a woman multiple orgasms • And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with truly exciting photographs!

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN** will teach you **overnight** how to thrill women so intensely they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk. After you've read this book... and looked at the pictures... women will see you in a whole new, exciting way. Don't waste another day of your life. Order **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN** today!

THE EASY WAY TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Now there's a fantastic new record album (or cassette) called **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY**. It will teach you a whole new system for picking up girls — a system that is so *complete*... and so absolutely *foolproof*... you'll soon be picking up girls *automatically*!!! This 40 minute album has eight actual recorded pick-up scenes to learn from. Each pick-up is introduced by Eric Weber, the famous author of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**! Eric explains exactly what to say for each different kind of pick up. You will learn: • How to pick up an

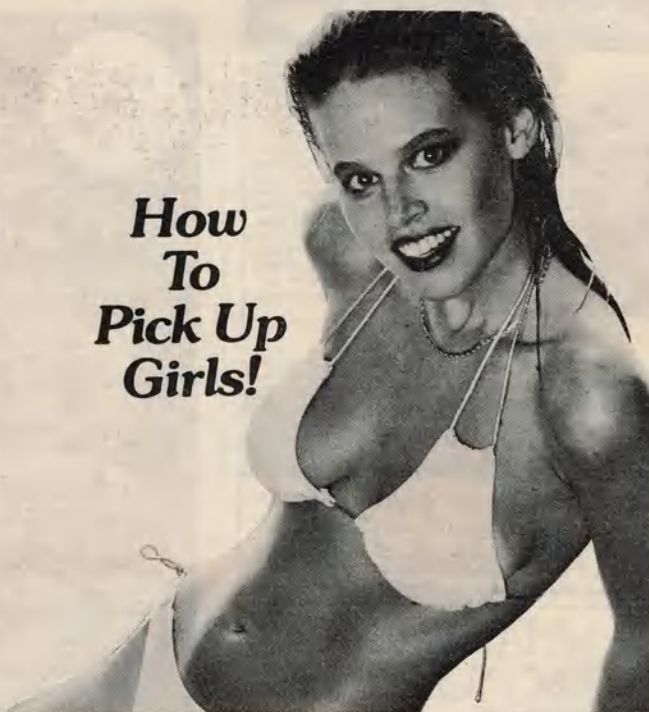
PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY!



art-student in a museum • How to pick up girls in department stores • How to be witty (girls are easy to pick up once you've got them laughing) • How to get a pretty stranger at the beach to put suntan oil on you • How to get a girl out of a singles bar and into your apartment in less than an hour • How to tell when a girl wants to make it just by the sound of her voice. Absolutely *everything* is spelled out for you, from attention-getting opening lines through irresistible closing lines that get you her telephone number, a date, and sometimes even her body right then and there.

Don't make it hard for yourself. Send for **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY** today.

How To Pick Up Girls!



"I Picked Up Two Girls In The Same Night!"

R.L., San Bernadino, Calif.

You saw the smash-hit movie on ABC. You heard all about it from Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin. Now read the book and become an expert yourself. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** features interviews with 25 young, hip, good-looking girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. They explain what makes them excited... **How to make shyness work for you**... Why a man doesn't have to be good looking... **How to do better in single's bars**... Girls' favorite places for getting picked up... **The opening lines that almost always get their attention**... An ingenious way of meeting women at work, at school, on the street... How to develop a smile that can make women feel warm and sexual toward you. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has already helped over 400,000 men do better with girls. Now's the time to let it help you.

Famous author Dan Greenburg, writing in **AVANT GARDE** MAGAZINE, told how **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** helped him pick up a girl just hours after finishing the book. Dan wrote... "**HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me... and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did...**" Of course, Dan's not the only one who picked up a girl using our techniques. Here is what Richard L. of San Bernardino, Calif. writes in:

"I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night. Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I never would have 'picked up' either one of them had I not read your book earlier that day... When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price."

HUSTLER MAGAZINE called **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** "the best" of all the books on the subject. Since you'll soon be picking up just about any girl who catches your eye, we think you'll agree.

NO RISK COUPON - SAVE \$2.00

Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. PH-6
7 West Clinton Avenue Tenafly, NJ 07670

— Send me **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**. I've enclosed \$8.95 + \$1.00 postage & handling.
— Send me **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN**. I've enclosed \$12.95 + \$1.00 postage & handling.
— Send me **PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY**. I've enclosed \$9.95 + \$1.00 postage & handling.

Check here for: ☐ Album ☐ Cassette
— ORDER 2 or more of any of the above items and subtract \$2.00 from your total order.
☐ Charge my credit card:

Mastercharge # _____ Exp. Date _____

Visa/BankAmericard # _____ Exp. Date _____

(sign here if charging on credit card)
Master Charge and Visa/BankAmericard holders (only) may charge by phone.
Call toll free: 1-800-327-1010
In Florida call 1-800-432-2766

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

All Symphony Press, Inc. books are unconditionally guaranteed. If you are dissatisfied in any way just return your book (within 30 days please) for a complete and immediate refund.

CONDOMS GALORE!



Sample the most sensitive condoms—by mail. Only the best features offered—textured, preshaped, ribbed, colors. New SENSATIONS with "Pleasure Peaks." Trojans, Rough Rider, Stimula plus 50 more brands. Send only \$5 for a sampler of 22 nationally advertised condoms. One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, vibrators, men's and women's sensuous clothing and more. FREE WITH EVERY ORDER. One catalog, just 50¢.

Order today: **ROMEO™**, Dept. PH19
P.O. Box 200, Carrboro, NC 27514
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

FIREWORKS!

BUY DIRECT! We ship throughout the U.S. For Price list, send \$1.00 to:

ACE FIREWORKS P.O. BOX 221
Conneaut, OH 44030

"WHAT A FURRY THING YOU HAVE."



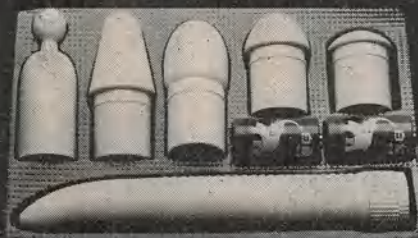
Sensu-Muff™ Vibrator Pouch. Fits 7"-9" vibrators. Send check or money order for \$12.95 plus \$1 for p & h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™, P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.™

6-in-1
Only
\$19.95!

The Sensual Stimulator System

A SIX Piece Component System Designed To Pleasurize, Stimulate, and Massage Every Part Of Your Body!



Using the Multi-speed power pack, **YOU CAN CONTROL:** Six different and specially designed components to glide effortlessly around and into each muscle and allow your hands to roam freely to every aching, tense or pleasure-starved nook and cranny. Enjoy rejuvenating massage action and choose the perfect attachments for deep, tight muscle relaxation. Enjoy the pleasure of increased blood circulation after a hard day. Finish off with our component for surface musculature, abdomen, back and breasts—and leave your body tingling, relaxed and thoroughly satisfied!

Start with a soft purring tingle and increase to dynamic and forceful vibrations. **YOU** are in total control. Six super massagers in one system! And all can now be yours for just \$19.95! Batteries are included so you can begin your exciting adventures immediately upon arrival.

★ **CALL TOLL FREE FOR RUSH ORDERS** ★
WITH VISA OR M.C. 800-327-1010

**21st Sensory Labs, Dept. SS-101
P.O. Box 2541 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017**

I have enclosed a check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$1 postage and handling (\$20.95, N.Y. Residents add sales tax). Please **RUSH** my Sensual Stimulator Kit in a plain package immediately. If I am not delighted I can return it within 14 days for a full refund! (#103)

Void where prohibited

Name _____

Signature (I am over 18 years of age) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge

Acct # _____

Exp. _____ Interbk # _____

**Canadian residents send to: 21st Sensory Labs,
280 Havelock St., Suite 202, Toronto M6H3B9
Canadian orders add 25% to U.S. prices.**

since left the airline, but recently we had a chance to renew our old "ties."

Adrienne is now a legal secretary who is going to law school at night. She's thirty-one and comes from a wealthy family. Not only is she very intelligent, well-spoken, and wealthy, but also she's quite attractive. She stands five feet two inches and weighs barely 100 pounds, with a lovely little body. Her breasts are more like those of a fourteen-year-old girl than those of a woman of thirty-one: small, round, high, and highlighted by pale, pink nipples. They never need support. Her blonde hair is cut short, but it's very stylish. And her fabulously shaped legs lead up to a high, tight, boyish ass. Although Adrienne has some men friends, she prefers women—especially me, I'd like to think.

After landing in New York on my surprise stopover, I called her and she told me to come right over. As soon as I got off the phone with her, I wriggled out of my uncomfortable uniform, bra, and panties and took a long bath, fantasizing about making love with Adrienne later that night.

After drying off, I stood naked in front of the mirror in the hotel room. I'm proud of my body. I'm fairly tall (five feet seven inches) and have long, well-shaped legs. I'm very slim, and my breasts are firm and good-sized (36-C); if a little low slung.

Adrienne was in a good mood when I arrived. We caught up on all the present news and discussed old times. After a 230 PENTHOUSE

couple of tokens of some strong Indonesian grass of hers. I felt as if I were on another planet. I looked over at Adrienne, whose eyes were kind of glassy. She finally focused on me and gave me her "let's do it" smile. She was wearing a tight, sequined lime-green T-shirt. Her nipples were poking through the thin material, just as mine were.

Soon we were snuggled up against each other, and she started rubbing my nipples between her expert fingers, gently pinching them. It sent chills through my entire body. "Let's go to bed," she whispered in my ear. "I want to fuck you." I smiled. We walked into the bedroom with our arms around each other for support, stripped each other, and lay down on her water bed. We kissed each other passionately on the mouth for a while, and then Adrienne got out her ten-inch dildo. (I've found that although two women can get it on together, you really need a dildo for maximum satisfaction.)

I slid my tongue down her stomach and soon parted her labia with my fingers so that I could suck on her moist clitoris. Then, when she was nearly coming, I turned the dildo on, slipped it into her, and moved it back and forth while my tongue stayed vibrating on her clit. She soon reached a crashing orgasm, her body going rigid and her sobbing from joy and relief. Then I greased the dildo up with Vaseline and told her to put it up my ass. I raised my legs in the air a little, opening up my back door for

her. She slid it in with little trouble, and then I lowered my legs back down on the bed. Adrienne's mouth immediately went to my cunt so that I was getting it both ways at once. Needless to say, I came almost immediately, wondering with a laugh what my mother would have said if she could have seen me. (She was a real prude.) I was so grateful that I started kissing Adrienne, her juices on my face and mine on hers. It was incredibly erotic—almost more so than the actual coming.

By then we were so tired that we fell asleep without even saying good night. In the morning I woke up just half an hour before I was due at the airport, so that we had time to hug for only a few seconds. We made plans to see each other soon and were off on our separate ways. So, the next time you hear about how man-crazy stewardesses are, you just might remember that some of us are pretty girl-crazy, too.—L.S. Boston, Mass.

Private screening

My best friend and his wife, whom I'll call James and Janis to protect the guilty, invited me to spend the weekend with them in the city. Before hanging up, James—who looks a bit like a bearded Al Pacino—asked me to bring some of my stag films with me. I sensed I was in for something good; but instead of getting my hopes up, I thought nothing more of it as I loaded my car and hit the road.

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!



By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give S/A Hypnotism an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Silverman Research, Dept. P-679,
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research



How To Make Love To A Single Woman is a picture book of sexual love. This oversized, hardcover edition contains more than 160 luscious, erotic photos of a beautiful nude couple who demonstrate how a woman loves to be loved. In addition, you will learn hundreds of techniques and approaches—from meeting and picking up girls to specific sex techniques—to make you a truly expert lover. Just \$12.95 under our money-back guarantee.

Would you believe 12 variations of the missionary position alone? For the first time we're offering this incredible turn-on of a book just bursting with the most imaginative sex positions ever. Over 250 explicit photos. \$9.95.



\$9.95

DESIRE

This new erotic book from Ron Raffaelli brings your fantasies to life! Beautiful couples and groups photographed with great intensity but exquisite taste by a master photographer. Photos are close-up, explicit and erotic depictions of sexual acts by women and men who really get into it! Over 150 pages of color and black and white photos. \$12.95.

Your money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

Adam & Eve Dept. PH9-Y Box 900
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush in plain package:

- ☐ #647B How To Make Love To A Single Woman...\$12.95
- ☐ #639B Sexual Positions...\$ 9.95
- ☐ #620B Desire...\$12.95
- ☐ #648B Fantasy Collection of All three books...\$27.95
- ☐ Catalog only...\$ 1.00
- FREE Catalog with order... (Catalog only \$1.00)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER ONE-HALF MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS



No.1 Best Sexual Seller
the Complete PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE to SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
OVER 2200 EXPLICIT PICTURES
NOW ONLY \$3.95
SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in SEXUAL PLEASURES
Regain the thrills of sexual intercourse... achieve greater heights of sexual enjoyment and eliminate bedroom boredom forever! You'll find all the answers in words and pictures for a more fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship in the new enlarged "COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE". In addition to the straightforward and honest text you'll see over 2200 explicit pictures—sensual young couples photographed in actual positions of sexual intercourse. Originally made to sell for \$12.95, this new and outstanding achievement is now available through the mail (save \$9.00 if you order now!) only \$3.95 (NOTE: add 55¢ for postage & handling)

You must state you are over 21 to receive this merchandise

PHOENIX DIST. BOX 320 - PN679
Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016



GOOD VIBRATIONS!

Give your favorite person the VIP treatment with this flexible, multi-speed vibrator. It has all the best features. It's flexible and textured. And now it's variable speed! A quick twist at the base adjusts the vibrator from a low tingle to a powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber, it yields to body contours, a full 8" long. Only \$9.95. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full.

Write:
House of Romeo, Dept. PH9-AA
Suite 12-F, 112 E. 19th St.
New York, N.Y. 10003

THIS OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW



THE EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOGUE. EVERYTHING FROM AGONY TO ECSTASY.

Imagine. A sex catalogue worth having even if you never buy anything in it. And yet, once you have it, you'll find it hard to resist doing a little shopping—in the privacy of your home, of course.

The price is just \$3.50, which will be applied to your first order. So send now. This is one catalogue destined to become a collector's item in itself.

Just send check or money order to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd, Dept. LW, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

I'd had a few beers on the way; and when I arrived, I was in pretty good spirits. However, when I entered the house, I found Janis unusually quiet and docile and James just grinning. Well, after a few joints and drinks things loosened up a bit and conversation flowed easier. After about an hour I began to feel normal again until James asked where the films were. I glanced over to Janis to see her reaction, but her eyes were lowered. The atmosphere was so strained that you could cut the tension in the air with a knife. I told James that the films were in the car, and he motioned for me to get them.

Needless to say, my hands were shaking with anticipation as I set up the projector and screen. A fresh joint was lit and passed as the first film rolled. After a few minutes I noticed that Janis had begun to rock in her seat, her eyes glued to the screen. I myself had never been so stoned or horny in my life. I felt a hard-on between my legs, and I knew it would be a good night.

After the film ended, I fixed fresh drinks for all of us, without saying a word. The next film was a hot number starring two girls and a guy. We watched as the two girls on the screen licked each other's pussies and ass holes. Then, when the guy walked in, they turned their attentions to his cock. There wasn't an orifice his tool didn't enter. The film ended with his huge member spraying sperm in the direction of the girls' wagging tongues. When the film ended, the three of

us were breathing so hard that it sounded like a windstorm. When asked whether she had enjoyed the show, Janis muttered yes. Still her eyes did not leave the floor. James then suggested that she change clothes. She obediently left the room. James and I exchanged glances. Nothing needed to be said. There was an aura of sexuality that only an orgy could disperse.

She returned wearing a see-through nightie. I told her that she looked wonderful and asked her to turn around so that we might enjoy all the view. She obeyed. James walked over to her and planted a long, steamy kiss on her mouth. She responded with a muffled moan. As they parted, James told her to give me the same. Her tongue was hot and wet as it explored my mouth. She trembled when my hand fondled her breasts. My head was swimming, and my penis was throbbing like a gigantic, tumescent heart. I couldn't believe what was happening.

James suggested that we move to the bedroom, where we could continue on the water bed. Janis seemed to whimper as we took her hands and led her down the hall. Once we were in the bedroom, James laid his wife down on the bed and I removed her flimsy panties, which were already soaked with her juices. I gazed at her chestnut-brown crotch for a while and marveled at the way the lips seemed to pout through the hair for attention. And she was getting all the attention she could want.

I blew softly on them and ran my tongue up and down the length of her slit. She was one of the sweetest-tasting women I've ever known. Her hips bucked at my face as I tongued and sucked her dripping snatch. I heard her moan as my tongue snaked its way between her buttocks and flicked away at her ass hole, which emanated a wildly erotic fragrance.

Janis obviously enjoyed this because she drew her legs up slightly, offering me better access. By this time she was writhing on the bed like a woman possessed. My tongue was tired from its furious pelvic examination; so James slid his thick, seven-inch prick in and out of her dribbling mouth. I'll never forget the sight of those pouting lips encircling his throbbing tool. She looked as if she'd found the most delicious feast imaginable.

When James noticed that I was transfixed by his wife's obvious talent, he slowly withdrew his prick from her mouth. She looked up at him as if to ask what was wrong. "Suck his cock," James said, as he motioned in my direction. I stood beside the bed in order to drop my pants, and indicated for her to kneel in front of me, which she did without question. Wanting to savor the moment, I held my prick inches away from her swollen lips and teased her with it. When I brushed the glans across her lips, her mouth would open in readiness, as if she could not get enough.

Finally, she began sucking it. I could see



The Mitchell Brothers Present
Marilyn Chambers in
"Never a Tender Moment"

Other Titles Available

Beta: \$79 VHS: \$89 Behind the Green Door,* Resurrection of Eve,* Sodom and Gomorrah,* Inside Marilyn Chambers,* Autobiography of a Flea,* Joy of Letting Go.
 Sip the Wine Beta: \$69 VHS: \$79 CB Mamas*
 Beta: \$69 VHS: \$79 Woman of the Night, Easy Woman, Reckless Claudia, Flesh Factory, Rabin's Revenge

Attend a World Premiere at home...

Too volatile to ever be shown in theatres, this videotape must be experienced in the privacy and security of your own home, where you can participate in Marilyn's ultimate expression of sensuality and witness sexual feats never before recorded!

Produced by the Mitchell Brothers solely for their home video audience, *this tape is not available anywhere else at any price!*

It is only natural that the creative erotic genius of the Mitchell Brothers and the tremendous sexual energy of Marilyn Chambers finally come together once again in this exclusive entertainment spectacular!

Beta and VHS: \$129.

Another Mitchell Brothers Videotape Exclusive
"HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE LIVE!"

The Ultimate Party Movie!

Watch as Honeysuckle performs her own special brand of the ultimate gynecological phenomena! **Beta and VHS: \$99.**

Special Video Recorder/Player Value

RCA VCT 400—\$1050 Programmable 2/4 hour
 You can have this top of the line machine at this special price with a purchase of any 3 Mitchell Brothers videotapes. Price includes shipping and insurance fees.

California residents please add 6% sales tax.

100% Money Back Guarantee

If you don't agree, after seeing any tape, that it should be part of your permanent video collection, return it within 5 days for a full refund!

Please send me the following full color video cassettes or 8mm films: You must be 18 to order this product.

Send check or money order for the correct amount to:

Mitchell Brothers' Film Group

895 O'Farrell Street

San Francisco, CA 94109

For Express Credit Card Service, call:

(800) 227-3142 In California: (415) 441-1930

California residents please add 6% sales tax.

Master Charge/Visa # _____

Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

(Please indicate make and model of cassette player or Regular 8mm/Super 8mm)

COMING IN THE JULY PENTHOUSE



UPI

KHASHOGGI



Ron Galella

DONNA SUMMER



Duncan Patterson

STOCK CAR HEROES



Tony Weitz

THE BREAKDOWN

The Energy Crisis Myth—All the problems of modern life become intelligible, says Jim Davidson, chairman of the National Taxpayers' Union, if you apply the maxim "Everything the government touches turns to crap." The only real shortage of energy today is that which is apparent among the Washington politicians and bureaucrats who have managed to ruin the value of the dollar and create a financial crisis. To cover their tracks and to bail out America's largest banks, they are bombarding the public with talk of oil shortages, the need for sacrifice, and other half-truths—which Davidson explodes, one by one, in "Twenty-five Myths of the Energy Crisis," an important and shocking exposé.

Disco Queen Donna Summer—In the surreal and sensuous world of disco, she's as indispensable as the turntable and as legendary as Travolta. Her music—songs like "Love to Love You, Baby" and "Sweet-eyed Lady of the Lowlands"—has done more for sexual liberation than Masters and Johnson. Yet the idolized sex goddess of the disco says that, if anything, she thinks she's "undersexed." She adds, "I have a very strange thing: I don't like people to touch me at all." In an intimate, exclusive *Penthouse* interview with Eliot Mintz, Donna talks frankly about interracial sex, homosexuality, and the multi-million-dollar business of disco.

The Khashoggi Connection—His detractors call him a flashy Arab; his admirers liken him to Caesar and Jesus. Adnan Khashoggi, Saudi Arabia's sensational multinational entrepreneur, is a cagey Machiavellian middleman who makes friends and influences people with cash instead of using the outmoded Dale Carnegie approach. "With Western technology and Middle Eastern money," says Khashoggi, "we can go places in the new world that is coming." But where does that leave us? Read this fascinating profile from Andrew Duncan's upcoming book *Money Rush* (Doubleday).

Stock Car Heroes—It may look like a fast way to make a buck—or a million. But off the track, racing car heroes pay their dues for their glamorous lives. "Compared with a lot of other sports," says Bobby Allison, "it's a whole week's work in a day." Adds Cale Yarborough, "I've won at times and have been so tired I couldn't get out of the car. You can lose fifteen pounds in a race." Racing expert William Neely takes a rare and intimate look at the mythical men behind the helmets.

The Breakdown—Leave it to underground short-story master T. Coraghessan Boyle to write about a used-car dealer with whom even Tricky Dick would hesitate to do business. "The Breakdown," which is an excerpt from Boyle's hilarious collection *Descent of Man* (Little, Brown & Company), makes our common motorist's nightmare—spending hours in a strange garage because of a broken-down car—seem like an evening at the Ritz by comparison. It's a tale that sounds like Kafka as told to Woody Allen. 

our reflection in the dresser mirror and reached down to gather Janis's long, brown hair so that it would not obscure any of her beautiful face as she worked on my rod. "Take it all," I hissed. She hesitated a moment but then slid the entire length down her throat. The sounds she made as she deep-throated me were unforgettable. As my cock filled her throat, her eyes teared and she emitted what I can only describe as half-choking, half-whimpering sounds. Still she made no attempt to pull away. At one point, by gripping her hair, I held her head in place as I ground my hips to her face for minutes on end. I revelled in the sadistic feelings that came over me as Janis was forced to breathe around my cock. Feeling an orgasm approaching, I withdrew myself from her bruised lips and rubbed my prick on her face, barely able to contain my climax. It was by no means easy to exercise such control.

Then James and I helped Janis off the floor and onto the water bed. We took turns impaling her mouth and cunt, her ravaged body responding to our every thrust. She did everything we demanded without a word of protest. After what seemed like hours of our relentless rotation, James finally shot his load into Janis's cunt. She gasped, reaching simultaneous orgasm.

After James and Janis had gotten their breath back, I asked him to help me turn her over onto her stomach. Then, placing a pillow under her hips, I spread her legs and began to massage her come-soaked pussy until her hips gyrated in response. Moistening my hand with the wetness of Janis's twat, I smeared it between her buttocks. Sensing what was about to happen, she began to plead with James (who by now was holding her shoulders) not to let me continue. Excited by her protests, I spread her buttocks with my hands, poised my throbbing cock at her anus, and slowly slid it in. "Oh no, please, not that!" Janis grunted as her tight sphincter muscles gave way to my merciless thrusts. The more she whimpered, the more excited I became. At first, her face winced each time I slammed my turgid cock up her ass; but as she relaxed and my strokes quickened, it appeared as though she began to enjoy the sensations. She moaned and started to meet my thrusts.

Although I had fully intended to withdraw from her ass and shoot my come on her face, when I looked down to see my cock sliding in and out, the sight was more than I could take. I exploded with the most violent orgasm I'd ever experienced. After I'd emptied my balls, the three of us curled up and drifted off to sleep. The next time someone asks me over for home movies, I'll go. Who says that they have to be boring?—Name and address withheld. 

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$2.00 for **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLERS SINCE 1857

The Frosty Gin & Tonic



Tall, clean-tasting, icy-cold. Made with Gilbey's Gin, of course. The famous frosty bottle pours a gin that's made for mixing. With tonic or juice, in a Martini or Collins, the smooth flavor of Gilbey's always comes through.

Smooth Gilbey's Gin
in the frosty bottle.

Based on latest U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05



Less
than
1 mg.
tar.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

YES, reserve my place in the future! Enclosed is \$18 for a one-year (12 issues) introductory subscription to OMNI at the special charter rate. I save \$6 under what others will pay at the newsstand (\$2 per issue)

OMNI'S MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If at any time during the course of your OMNI subscription you should become dissatisfied—for any reason—you may write us and receive a prompt and full refund for all undelivered issues—no questions asked.

OMNI Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 908, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Mr./Ms

Address

City

State/Prov

Zip/Postal Code

Payment (\$18 for 12 issues) must accompany order.

P0 679

YES!

I'll try it for size. Start my one-year subscription (12 issues) at once. I enclose \$20 and understand that if, at any time during this subscription to PENTHOUSE, I should become dissatisfied, for any reason, I may write you and receive a full cash refund for all undelivered issues, absolutely no questions asked.

PENTHOUSE

Subscription Department
P.O. Box 900,
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Here's my payment of \$20. Enter a one-year (12 issues) subscription in my name. I understand this is a saving of \$5 under what others pay at the newsstand, and includes the giant-size expanded December and January issues.

Name

Address

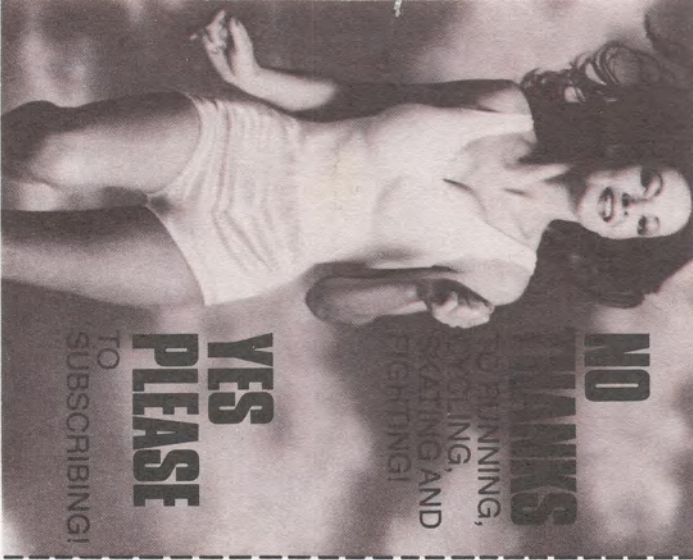
City

State

Zip

Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: add \$6.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping. Payment must accompany order.

PP679



NO

THANKS

TO RUNNING,
JOGGING,
SKATING, AND
FIGHTING!

YES

PLEASE

TO
SUBSCRIBING!

FORUM

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT,
P.O. BOX 930,
FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11737

Send me 12 consecutive issues of FORUM \$12.00—a saving of \$6.25 under what others pay at the newsstand. I enclose my ☐ check ☐ money order for \$12.00 and understand that if at any time during my subscription I become dissatisfied with FORUM I may write you and receive a prompt and full refund on all undelivered issues.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Print clearly please. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: add \$3.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping.

PF679

Infinity

YOUR TICKET TO INFINITY

SPECIAL
CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RATE

12 ISSUES ONLY

\$18

A SAVINGS OF \$6 ON THE NEWSSTAND RATE